

PHOTOPLAY

LARGEST
CIRCULATION
OF ANY
SCREEN
MAGAZINE

OX 3-42
PP 12-44 43 4/L 2Y R
MRS CHAS SLOBERG
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ed with

MIRROR

10¢



ANN BLYTHE
BY PAUL HESSE

TWO GREAT MAGAZINES FOR THE PRICE OF ONE
ABOVE ALL—Condensed Best-Selling Novel Starring TYRONE POWER and JOAN FONTAINE



MARY HAD A LITTLE

(INFERIORITY COMPLEX)

It followed her EVERYWHERE she went.
Boys looked PAST her — not AT her.
GIRLS liked her — because she was NO competition!
She was dainty and sweet.
Her nose was ALWAYS carefully powdered,
And she used just the RIGHT shade of lipstick,
But the KINDEST thing you could say
About her EYES was that they were — well,
Just a — WASHOUT!
One day Mary read a MAYBELLINE advertisement,
Just as you are doing, and
LOOK at Mary NOW!

MORAL: *Many a girl has beaten her rival by an EYELASH!*



Mary's lashes now appear long, dark, and lovely—with a few simple brush-strokes of harmless MAYBELLINE MASCARA (solid or cream form — both are tear-proof and non-smarting).



Mary's eyebrows now have expression and character, thanks to the smooth-marking MAYBELLINE EYE-BROW PENCIL.



For a subtle touch of added charm, Mary blends a bit of creamy MAYBELLINE EYE SHADOW on her lids—her eyes appear sparkling and colorful!



Maybelline



W O R L D ' S L A R G E S T - S E L L I N G E Y E B E A U T Y A I



Smile, *Plain Girl*, Smile...

Eyes Applaud, Hearts follow a Sparkling Smile!

Make your smile your beauty talisman. Help keep it bright and sparkling with Ipana and Massage.

HAVEN'T YOU noticed that it isn't always the prettiest girl who is the best-liked, the most popular?

Heads turn and hearts surrender to the girl who *smiles*! Not a timid, half-hearted smile—but a real smile—generous and gay. A smile that says, "Look, I'm in love with life!"

So wake up, plain girl—wake up and *smile*! You can steal the show if your smile is right. You can be a star in your

own small world—you can win compliments—you can win love and romance.

But your smile must be *right*. It must flash freely and unafraid, lighting your face with beauty. And remember, for a smile to keep its sparkle, *gums must retain their healthy firmness*.

So if you ever notice a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—*see your dentist*! He may tell you your gums are tender because soft foods have robbed them of exercise. And like thousands of dentists, he may suggest Ipana and massage.

Take his advice! For Ipana Tooth

Paste not only cleans and brightens your teeth but, with massage, it is designed to help the health of your gums as well.

**For a Lovelier Smile—
Ipana and Massage**

Massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you clean your teeth. That invigorating "tang" means circulation is quickening in the gum tissue—helping gums to new firmness.

Get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist's today. Let Ipana and massage help keep your teeth brighter, your gums firmer, your smile more sparkling.



A Product of Bristol-Myers

Start today with
IPANA and MASSAGE

The
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

Begins the nineteen hundred and forty-second Annum Domini and the third year of this column.

May our foes wither like the chilled leaves. May Decency find, with renewed vigor, the mislaid path plotted in the year one.

So wisheth the philosopher Leo, Coeur de Lion.



Each of us, in his own way, has his job to do. And ours is to entertain, to divert, to interest, to serve.

We offer the best that the screen can provide. With each year the movies come to fuller flower. In addition to technique they have mastered pace and the tempo of the times.

When you see—and you will see—Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn in "Woman of the Year", note this blending of action, merriment and modernity.



It's the snappiest yarn that has come to the studio editor in many moons.

Spence plays a hail-fellow sports writer named Sam. Kate plays a high-brow political columnist named Tess.

Tess gets pretty stuffy about sports and one day Sam takes her to the ball game where she asks some pretty cute questions, to the disgust of the press box.



It's either war or love twixt Sam and Tess. All's fair in both.

But, baby, what comedy comes out of the mixing of the two worlds—the people and the tall brows. That party where those who came over in the Mayflower rub elbows with the boys who are more on the cauliflower side.

"Woman of the Year" is the Picture of the Year.

—Lea



Advertisement for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures

PHOTOPLAY

combined with

ERNEST V. HEYN
Executive Editor

MOVIE MIRROR

HELEN GILMORE
Associate Editor

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COVER: Ann Sothern, Natural Color Photograph by Paul Hesse

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PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

TAYLOR

'N

TURNER

"You're cruel, Johnnie. You're almost 100% bad. But whatever you are, darling, you're my man!"

They're dynamite in

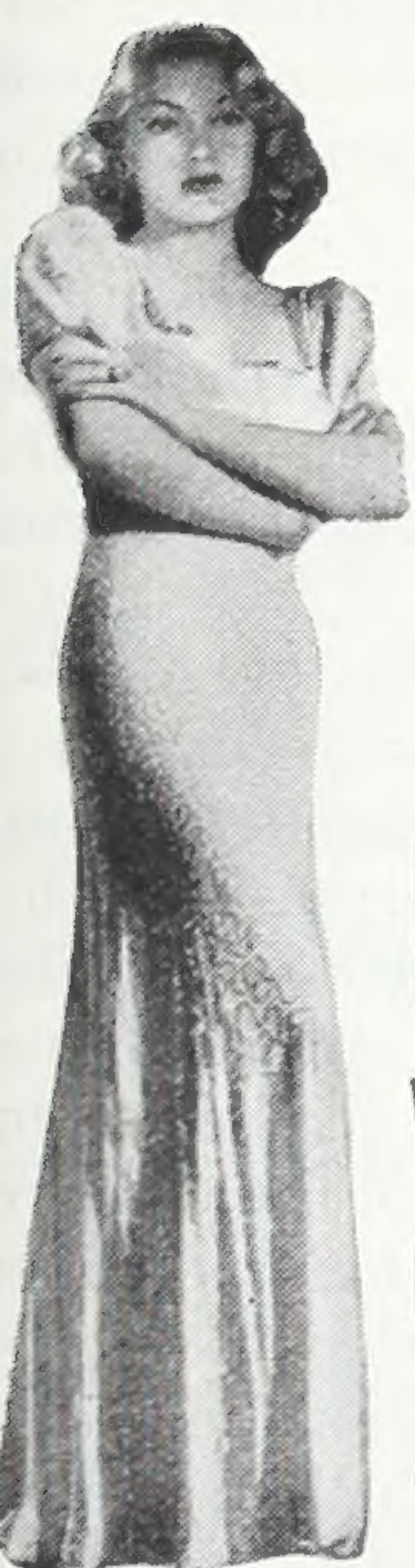
JOHNNY EAGER

The flaming drama of a high-born beauty who blindly loved the most icy-hearted Big Shot gangland ever knew.

A MERVYN LeROY Production with
EDWARD ARNOLD

VAN HEFLIN · ROBERT STERLING · PATRICIA DANE
GLENDA FARRELL · HENRY O'NEILL · DIANA LEWIS

Screen Play by John Lee Mahin and James Edward Grant
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE • Directed by MERVYN LeROY
Produced by JOHN W. CONSIDINE, Jr.



CLOSE UPS

JUST as the democratic world itself is losing some of its fear and sees in the future the true hope of peace and victory, Hollywood is emerging from its small frights at the beginning of this year of 1942 . . . and looking forward to happier things . . . 1941 has taught it much . . . the world's need for laughter, for one thing . . . the world's yearning for youth, for another. . . .

The Bioff case is settled and done with, with Willie duly sentenced . . . anti-Nazi films are done with . . . not because Hollywood doesn't hate Hitler as violently as it always has . . . but because you and I have shown we have enough and to spare of war and hatred and fear from our radios and newspapers daily and that we do not care to go to the movies to get more of it . . . the musical comedies and the comedians, musical or otherwise, are coming in . . . and in its secret councils this January Hollywood now talks of several new personalities . . . and several that are not new but who are changing. . . .

All the "safe money bets" of Hollywood are now being staked on the career of Alexis Smith, that stunning girl who appeared so briefly in "Dive Bomber" . . . as much as Paramount believes in Veronica Lake and Metro believes in Pat Dane, Warners believes—and doubled—in Alexis . . . it isn't because Miss Smith is at once beautiful and "different" . . . so many girls are "new and different" in Hollywood . . . every year in every studio six or eight girls who will fit that description are signed up and almost every year another six or eight girls who formerly could be so designated are dropped . . . can you, for instance, tell me right off quick who is the "T.N.T." girl? There was one, signed and so entitled only last year by a certain studio. . . .

So why does inner Hollywood think Alexis Smith will survive where the others failed . . . for this reason . . . Alexis is a worker . . . she is a worker in the way that Paulette Goddard is . . . and Rita Hayworth . . . and the way Joan Crawford was when she began . . . Alexis takes ballet . . . Alexis takes singing . . . Alexis takes diction lessons . . . she cooperates with the publicity department . . . with the wardrobe department . . . with the production department . . . she is in nobody's hair and in everybody's good graces at her studio . . . and she is in her earliest twenties and very, very beautiful . . . they say Alexis will be an important star within the next two years and they point to Rita Hayworth, the young,



Hollywood's bad boy is John Carroll who sasses directors and clowns his way through things that are serious

AND LONG SHOTS



Hollywood's good girl is newcomer Alexis Smith who is in nobody's hair and everyone's good graces



BY RUTH WATERBURY

cooperative and beautiful, to prove that it can be done. . . .

Hollywood talks anew about Ann Sheridan these evenings . . . Annie who never was very serious about her career until now . . . that is, unless she concealed her real feelings absolutely miraculously . . . the whole town knows, of course, about the pushing around Annie got at Paramount and about the somewhat flukey accident by which Warners decided to make Ann their "oomph girl". . . .

But now that the much-publicized Brent-Sheridan romance is cancelled, all the wise boys see a change in Annie . . . they even wonder if some of the Brent intellectualism, some of the Brent detachment and breadth of view may not have touched Ann. . . .

At any rate, whatever it is, it has made her a different actress in "Kings Row" than she has ever been before . . . she is so good, in fact, that now, long before the film is released and long before her option was due to come up, Warners have signed her for an additional five years . . . making it nine in all that they expect to have her on their lot . . . and as for Ann herself she is studying character make-ups as never before, going in for costume stills, fittings, hair-dos and all the things that hitherto, around Warners, have been the exclusive activities of the Misses Davis and Lupino, who do not regard careers lightly. . . .

AMBITION, energy, self-denial, study . . . those are the winning qualities that turn unknowns into celebrities in Podunk . . . remember the case of Wallis Warfield, that unknown little girl of Baltimore who was to upset the throne of England . . . and these qualities are even more winning in Hollywood . . . but it is hard, indeed, for some personalities to submit themselves to these demands . . . as Lana Turner is learning . . . as John Carroll hasn't yet learned and perhaps never will. . . .

In the inner councils of M-G-M they never expected Lana Turner to become their most important young woman star . . . that spot they had reserved for Judy Garland and after her Hedy Lamarr and after her possibly Ann Rutherford . . . they didn't bet on Lana because of her unpredictable character . . . her moodiness . . . and Lana wasn't prepared to bet much on herself, either, as she proved when she very nearly and very genuinely wavered on the brink of giving up her (Continued on page 83)

MADE FOR EACH OTHER!



MADELEINE CARROLL · STIRLING HAYDEN
TOSSED BY THE TIDES OF LOVE...

IN " **BAHAMAMA PASSAGE** " **IN TECHNICOLOR!**

with **FLORA ROBSON · LEO G. CARROLL**
MARY ANDERSON · CECIL KELLAWAY

Produced and Directed by **EDWARD H. GRIFFITH**

Screen Play by Virginia Van Upp Based on a story by Nelson Hayes A Paramount Picture



ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING



Mickey the Rooney makes up to pep up Virginia Hill's party at the Countess Sonia Cafe. If you want to see the lovely he brought, look on p. 45



Big night for romantic twosome was the opening of the new Trouville Club. Bob Stack and Elyse Knox got handclaps as the most attractive couple

Inside Stuff

BY CAL YORK

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

Some of this Hollywood news will leave you surprised; some will have you very much concerned for your favorites; most of it will have you chuckling right out loud

EVENTS OF THE MONTH: The opening of the new Trouville Club brought out the young people in romantic droves. Happy, as always, were Martha O'Driscoll and her steady beau Richard Denning. Ann Rutherford and her "platonic friendship" beau, Rand Brooks, danced every dance. Bob Stack and Elyse Knox, a lovely, attracted the most attention. What a handsome pair!

The fabulous Virginia Hill, the gal

who arrived in Hollywood unknown and has captured the fancy of the whole town with her lavish spending (Virginia says it's alimony) gave another of her "come one, come all" jamborees and younger Hollywood showed up in costumes that rioted the guests. Mickey Rooney, in wig and blacked-out teeth, won the home-baked bobsled, hands down. Frances Neal and Ava Gardner thought Mickey too clever. That Mickey sure-

ly knows how to pick 'em, all right.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom May, parents of Ann Rutherford's best beau, David May, provided a swellelegant birthday party for Ann with all the younger set gathered round to blow horns, wear paper caps and blow old-fashioned soap bubbles. The happily married young couples, Judy Garland and Dave Rose, Anne Shirley and John Payne, Deanna and Vaughn Paul, had more fun than a barrel of (Continued on page 8)



Bette Davis!

Ann Sheridan!

Monty Woolley!

(He's 'the man')

Jimmy Durante!

There never was a better reason for "going to the movies" ... 'cause there never was a better movie to go to!

The most laughed-at play of our day—with this wonderful Warner Bros. cast (including the play's celebrated star) to make it even greater as a picture!

THE MAN
WHO CAME TO
DINNER

A WARNER BROS. PICTURE from the play by famous GEO. S. KAUFMAN and MOSS HART • Produced by Sam H. Harris
with RICHARD TRAVIS • BILLIE BURKE • REGINALD GARDINER • Directed by WILLIAM KEIGHLEY • Screen Play by Julius J. and Philip G. Epstein



Lew Ayres and Hedy Lamarr get together for charity, meet at the Assistance League to formulate a set of "do unto others" rules

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff



Soap-bubble brigade that celebrated Ann's birthday was led by John Payne with his wife Anne Shirley acting as cheerleader



Above: The younger set dons orchids and comes to the Ciro's party given for Ann Rutherford by the Tom May, parents of her best beau, David May, an incident that made Hollywood start talking about a Rutherford-May Yuma elopement

(Continued from page 6) monkeys and, as usual Mickey, the Rooney, was all over the place. That happy, happy twosome, Jackie Cooper and Bonita Granville, had to leave early because of an early call to the set.

The younger set is writing a new song these days. It's a blues tune called "When It's Early Shooting Time In Hollywood."

Over at the famous Assistance League for luncheon, Cal was amazed

to discover Lew Ayres, Hedy Lamarr, Linda Darnell, Irene Dunne, Jane Wyman and others all gathered about one table. They explained they were the committee to visit the different organizations that receive help from the Community Chest and invited old Cal to join the trek. We missed nothing—the children's hospitals, nursing homes, free clinics and all. If you think Hollywood hasn't a charitable heart, you should have seen us at the

end of that tour, our hearts too full for words. And maybe those stars didn't go forth with their messages of "do unto others" throughout the homes of friends and stars.

At Ciro's the community gathered in the cause of another charitable mission—to bring refugee artists, scientists and scholars to this country, that their cultural achievements may be a blessing to us and the world.

Orson (Continued on page 10)

*"Lovely skin
makes
hearts beat faster"*

MERLE OBERON

ALEXANDER KORDA
STAR

*"I never neglect my daily
Lux Soap ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL"*

1 "Here's all you do to take a Lux Soap facial," says this famous screen star. "First pat Lux Soap's lather lightly in."



2 "Then rinse with warm water —follow with a dash of cool —and pat your face gently with a soft towel to dry."

3 "Now touch your skin. See how softly smooth it feels—how fresh it looks! This facial's a wonderful beauty care. Try it!"

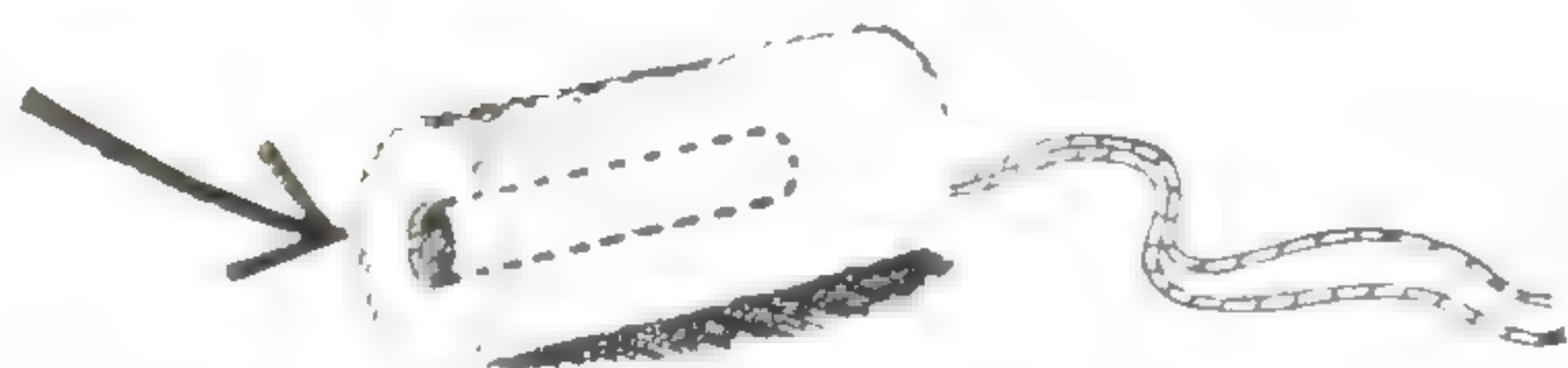
9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap — It's PURE! It has ACTIVE lather! It's MILD!

Have you ever used Internal Protection?



Tampons are no mystery these days. Every month more and more women discover the wonderful freedom of *internal* sanitary protection. But in choosing a tampon, make sure it's truly modern, scientifically correct. Only Meds—the new and improved Modess tampons—have the "safety center."

"Safety Center"? What's that?



The "safety center" is an exclusive Meds' feature that nearly doubles the area of absorption. This means Meds absorb faster—and so surely—you can forget needless fears. Meds are made of the finest, pure cotton—they hold more than 300% of their weight in moisture.

A woman's doctor did it?



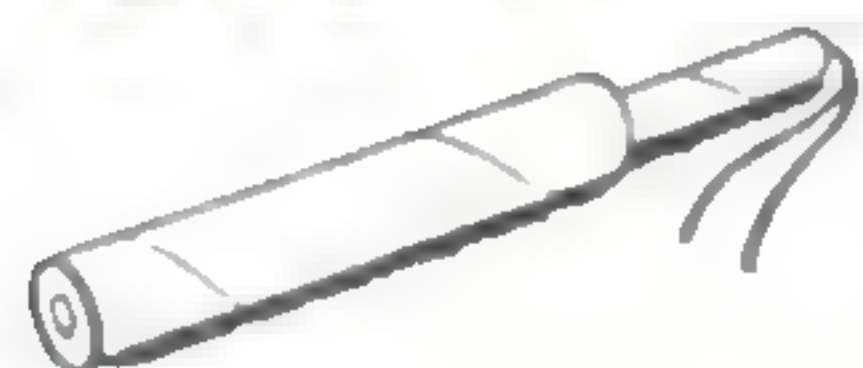
Yes, a leading gynecologist—a woman's doctor—designed Meds. They are scientifically shaped to fit. As for comfort, you feel as free as any other day! Nothing to pin! Nothing to bulge or show! No odor worries! Easier to use, too—each Meds comes in a one-time-use applicator that ends old difficulties.

But don't these special features make Meds cost more?

Not at all! Meds cost *less* than any other tampons in individual applicators. No more than leading napkins. Try Meds and compare! You'll be glad you did.

BOX OF 10—25¢ • BOX OF 50—98¢

Meds



The Modess Tampons



CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

Seeing stars on Santa Claus Lane: Irene Rich is Grand Marshal of Hollywood's big annual Christmas parade

Santa Claus lost the lime-light when Rochester, in boss Benny's car, whizzed by. Back-seat driver is the imposing Carmichael



(Continued from page 8) Welles and Ida Lupino presided and never has Cal heard more stirring speeches than the ones delivered by these two. We motioned to Hymie to catch with his camera the little byplay as Orson passed Dolores Del Rio, to face his audience. Reaching down he tenderly kissed her hand. What a gallant gentleman that Welles genius!

Hedy Lamarr with Tim Durant was the center of all eyes. John Carradine with his droopy face foliage drew a lot of giggles; Rudy Vallee created a stir by escorting a blonde for a change; Mickey, the old Romeo, brought those two lovelies, Ava Gardner and Anne Harris; Eddie Lowe and Lady Furness accompanied funny man Frank Morgan and his wife. When Hollywood puts its mind and heart into a thing, you can be sure it carries through to a successful finish.

Cal Calls on Alice: The minute we heard her voice on the phone we knew it was Alice Faye. "If you're not tied up this afternoon come on out," she urged. "Haven't seen you in ages."

We needed no more invitation than that, for Alice Faye Harris is one of our favorite people and kindest friends. And besides, we confess, we were curious to see how Alice, who knew only the bright lights since she began with Rudy Vallee's band at fifteen, was taking her self-imposed year of exile.

Out Ventura Boulevard to the scattered little community of Encino we jogged along, thinking of Alice and her past unhappiness.

A left turn brought us into a country lane and at its end, nestled against a hill, was Phil Harris's house, the one Alice had moved into after her mar-

riage to the band leader.

We could hardly believe our eyes. The quiet, calm self-confidence of Alice, the beauty and taste of the home, redone by Alice, rose like a misty dream between this new mature Alice and the one we'd known years before.

She spoke of her year out for motherhood. "I think I've earned it, don't you?" she asked anxiously. If Alice hasn't, no one has. But time out for motherhood isn't the "thing" in Hollywood, with stars working within a few weeks before the baby's arrival. The loss of salary, the fierce competition among stars plus the chance of being forgotten by the fans keep them going — sometimes beyond their strength.

All these have been put behind by Alice. Having a baby is to her the greatest blessing in the world and Alice is willing to take any chance for its sake.

Phil came in while we were there and let old Cal tell you this: We drove back down over Laurel Canyon in the purple glow that passes for twilight out here with the assurance that we'd seen that rarest of rarities in Hollywood—a couple with complete content and happiness in each other.

But how many stars in Hollywood ever achieve that?



Grinning Hope greets his grinning public on Santa Claus Lane clad in satin, riding a swayback horse. Other star paraders included Burns and Allen, Edgar Bergen and C. McCarthy, Baby Snooks and Daddy

Guess What? Barbara Hutton gave Cary Grant a complete new dining room, done by a famous decorator, as an "appreciation" gift. Guess Barbara appreciated Cary's gesture in *Arsenic And Old Lace*." Cary gave his entire salary for this role to charities (see page 67).

Incidentally, Barbara is growing too thin these days for even fair looks. Her Hollywood friends are concerned over her frailty.

Lt. Fairbanks is Seasick But a Success in the Navy: "The Corsican Brothers," Douglas Fairbanks Junior's next film will show that energetic son of an athletic father bounding about the decks of a rollicking pirate ship with gusto. The vessel rolls and plunges like a runaway whale in the heavy seas of the story. And young Doug is as serene as a Bishop at a sea party.

Not so undisturbed by the wild waves is Lieutenant (junior grade) Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., United States Naval Reserve, according to word received from Iceland, where Doug came ashore recently after his first cruise on one of our battlewagons patrolling the North Atlantic.

"I was seasick several times," glumly admitted Doug to reporters at Reykjavik, U. S. base in Iceland. "And I was pretty scared a couple of times when our rolling destroyer was hunting U-boats," Junior was frank enough to confess. "But," he added, "the Captain told me that everyone was scared the first time."

Whether or not Lt. Fairbanks is a

Even at winter parties— it's August under your arms!



Guard popularity, prevent underarm odor with Mum!

WINTER is a season of wonderful parties and wonderful times, if a girl is *popular*! So don't let underarm odor come between you and social success. In winter, as in summer, guard daintiness with sure, dependable Mum!

Even though you see no warning trace of moisture, underarms always perspire. Heavier clothing and heated rooms encourage danger for the girl who foolishly thinks that, in winter, she doesn't perspire!

Everyone does! That's why it's so foolish to trust just a bath to *keep* you sweet. A bath only removes past perspiration,

but Mum prevents risk of future underarm odor. Use Mum for:

SPEED! 30 seconds to use... protects for a whole day or a whole evening

SAFETY! Mum has won the Seal of the American Institute of Laundering as being harmless to fabrics. And Mum won't irritate skin, even after shaving.

DEPENDABLE! Mum guards charm, not by stopping perspiration, but by preventing odor all day or all evening. Mum is pleasant, creamy, fragrant—you'll like it! Get Mum from your druggist today!

WINTER WARNING: DAIN'TINESS IS NOW IN DANGER!



For Sanitary Napkins
More women prefer Mum for this use, too, because it's gentle, safe... guards charm. Avoid offending—always use Mum.

Product of Bristol-Myers

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Accept this Gift
with our compliments!
GLOVER'S
for Lovely Hair



JEAN PARKER — appearing in Paramount's "No Hands on the Clock" — uses GLOVER'S once a week — leaves it on hair overnight — shampoos next morning.



Use GLOVER'S Medicinal Treatment, with Massage, for Loose Dandruff, Itchy Scalp and Excessive Falling Hair!

Movie stars know the importance of using the right treatment! If you've tried scented hair preparations without results, switch now to this famous MEDICINAL Treatment, used by millions. Try GLOVER'S, with massage, for Dandruff, Itchy Scalp and excessive Falling Hair. You'll actually feel the exhilarating effect, *instantly!* Ask for GLOVER'S at any Drug Store.

SEND COUPON TODAY

Here's a convenient way to convince yourself! Send today for a generous complete FREE application of Glover's Mange Medicine—also the New GLO-VER Beauty Soap SHAMPOO—in hermetically sealed bottles. This gift is distributed by coupon only. Complete instructions and booklet, The Scientific Care of Scalp and Hair, included FREE!

Two Bottles, FREE! Glover's Mange Medicine and the New GLO-VER Beauty Soap Shampoo, as pictured. SEND COUPON TODAY!



FREE!
COMPLETE
APPLICATION

Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR
NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

GLOVER'S

Glover's, 460 Fourth Ave., Dept. 552, New York
Send FREE samples, Glover's Mange Medicine and new GLO-VER SHAMPOO in hermetically sealed bottles. I enclose 3¢ to cover postage.

Name _____

Address _____



CAL YORK'S
Inside Stuff

Two stirring speech-makers for refugee charity: Ida Lupino and Orson Welles



Byplay at the same event. Passing Dolores Del Rio on his way to the platform, Welles reached down and tenderly kissed her hand

good sailor, he certainly is a success as press and public relations officer aboard the destroyer, a duty to which he has been assigned for three months.

At Reykjavik, where the Icelanders have been grumbling over alleged lack of consideration and courtesy by American troops stationed there, Fairbanks was a one man good-will mission. Hundreds of Icelandic girls lined up in front of his hotel, seeking autographs as avidly as the Broadway brigade of fans who congregate on the pavement outside New York's "21." Admirals, resplendent in gold braid, won no second glance from the Icelanders. But a Hollywood star in a Navy uniform was enough to start a near riot in Reykjavik.

Fireman, Spare My Patience: The funniest story of the month was told Cal by our friend, Bill Powell, who had just returned from Del Monte.

Bill and his wife had gone for a walk and upon returning to their hotel bungalow discovered the living room ablaze. Bill leaped into action doing his bit to extinguish the fire. Other hotel guests set to work aiding fireman Bill, each assuming the other had notified the fire department.

Finally, Bill rushed to the phone and rang the hotel office. "Isn't somebody going to do something about this fire?" he demanded.

The management, not catching on that Bill's bungalow was about to burn down, apologized for the "de-

lay" and promised to right matters at once. They did, too, providing a climax that movie comedies would envy. They immediately sent a boy over with an armload of wood and kindling for Bill's fireplace!

Cal's News Items of the Month: While Gene Autry was in the East, his beautiful \$250,000 mansion in North Hollywood burned to the ground. Fortunately, Gene had transferred most of his priceless trophies to his beautiful Valley ranch.

A sign over the Twentieth Century-Fox door of Count Oleg Cassini, who is designing clothes for "Tales Of Manhattan," reads "Miss Gene Tierney not allowed in this office during working hours."

Miss Tierney's the Count's wife. If you want particulars on the Tierney-Cassini setup, see page 28.

Mischa Auer, Russian comic, and Joyce Hunter will honeymoon on a personal-appearance tour.

When Ruby Keeler, divorced spouse of Al Jolson, married John Lowe, Pasadena socialite, it became, as usual, a family affair, with Ruby's brother Bill acting as best man, her sister Gertrude, matron of honor, her sister Helen, chief spokesman to the press, and her mother in the front seat nodding her approval. 'Tis said Ruby relinquished heavy alimony from Mr. Jolson to wed Mr. Lowe.

Hollywood chuckled over the fact levelheaded Roz Russell refused to

allow her honeymoon to interfere with business. Three days after she'd arrived in Miami with bridegroom Freddie Brisson, Roz wired Hollywood about an available part in the "Tales of Manhattan" series, the seven-part episode of a dress suit. These Hollywood gals just can't keep their minds off business—honeymoon or no honeymoon.

Reginald Gardiner, who is attempting to rekindle the spark with Hedy Lamarr, called on Hedy one evening and discovered her girl friend Ann Sothern was to be on hand for the evening. For three hours Reggie entertained the ladies with his imitations. As he rose to leave he said, "Next time I'll bring along a boy friend for your girl friend."

See, fellows, it even happens in Hollywood.

Cal hears Annie Sheridan is seeing less and less of George Brent. After all, a gal can't give the best years of her life to a confirmed non-marriage addict with all the Army, Navy, Air Corps and Marines ready and waiting.

Lili Damita has filed those divorce papers against husband Errol Flynn, alleging great mental and physical anguish, plus suffering and extreme cruelty at the hands of Mr. Flynn, who plays only dashing gallant heroes on the screen.

If this ain't a woild!

The cynical Mr. Sanders, who dotes on anecdotes relating to his extreme sinfulness in life, turns out to be a normally happy man, according to latest reports. The bride is said to be Elsie Larson.

Boasting, Georgie, or just wishful thinking?

Ted North and Mary Beth Hughes are the newest romantic pair with that wedding-ring ceremony on their minds.

Wendy Barrie is sporting topaz

Beauty plus talent equals a good pose at a Ciro's party: Edgar Bergen, Fay McKenzie, Billy Gilbert



New Loveliness Awaits You! Go on the CAMAY "MILD-SOAP" DIET!



This lovely bride is Mrs. E. C. Thuston, Jr., of Birmingham, Ala. who says: "I'm so proud of my complexion since I changed to the Camay 'Mild-Soap' Diet!"

This exciting idea is based on the advice of skin specialists—it has helped thousands of lovely brides!

NEW LOVELINESS may await you in the Camay "Mild-Soap" Diet. For you may be blissfully unaware that you are cleansing your skin improperly. Or that you are using a beauty soap that isn't mild enough.

Everywhere you'll find charming brides like Mrs. Thuston who have trusted the care of their complexions to the Camay "Mild-Soap" Diet. All are visible

proof that this thrilling beauty treatment really works for loveliness!

Skin specialists themselves advise regular cleansing with a fine mild soap. And Camay is not only *mild*—it's actually milder than the ten famous beauty soaps tested. That's why we urge you to "Go on the Camay 'Mild-Soap' Diet!"

Be faithful! Use gentle Camay night and morning for 30 days. With the very first treatment you'll feel your skin glow with new freshness. Then, as the days go by, thrilling new loveliness may be yours!



GO ON THE "MILD-SOAP" DIET TONIGHT!



Work Camay's milder lather over your skin, paying special attention to the nose, the base of nostrils and chin. Rinse with warm water and follow with thirty seconds of cold splashing.



Then, while you sleep, the tiny pore openings are free to function for natural beauty. In the morning—one more quick session with this milder Camay and your skin is ready for make-up.

These organdy curtains (cost, \$2 25 a pair) were washed. Linit-starched. ironed 18 times. . . Not a sign of fabric wear even under the microscope! Tests by United States Testing Co., Inc. Test no. 24747 December 2, 1941)



Organdy Curtains Like New After 18 Launderings

Comparative Starch Tests Prove Linit-Starched Fabrics Last Longer

Do *your* curtains have the crisp, fresh, cheerful look of brand new curtains *after 18 washings*? . . . Better switch to Linit—the friend of fine fabrics! Linit penetrates the fabric, starches *evenly*, covers tiny fibres with protective coating. Curtains starched with Linit not only *look* beautiful, they *stay* clean-looking longer; iron easier, too.

ALL GROCERS SELL LINIT



**PENETRATES THE FABRIC
PROTECTS THE FIBRES**

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

Right: Ciro's sits up and stares at Marlene Dietrich in a shoulderless dress having dinner with French star of the moment Gabin



The Mocambo gets a shock when it gets a look at a new Lupe Velez, dignified and blonde, with writer Erich Remarque

hair, of all things, which reminds us that Hollywood beauties are running every which way these days, trying to decide on a permanent hair color. Reason? Hair dye is growing scarcer due to defense needs for chemicals.

Joyce Matthews up and got married to funny man Milton Berle. Counting ever-present Mama, it looks like a permanent threesome.

Buy Wifee a Lollypop, Boys: The eyebrow-raising tendency among eligible Hollywood males to take child brides is spreading in all directions at once, leaving the young ladies in their twenties with something to think about.

It was the thing, in Grandma's day, for a girl to marry early and settle down. A young woman of twenty-three or twenty-four was well on her way to a stolid old-maid-hood. Then ideas changed and sweet sixteen went back to her basketball playing.

But look at Hollywood today. Bill Powell in his late forties marries Diana Lewis, scarcely twenty, and proves youth and middle age can live

happily together. A writer who was interviewing Bill one day heard a commotion out in the hall.

"It's probably Mrs. Powell sliding down the bannisters," Bill explained philosophically to the visitor.

"Back to school for three weeks more," was the Board of Education's verdict for Jean Wallace after her elopement with Franchot Tone. Jean, who wasn't quite eighteen at the time, was compelled under the California law to finish her school course under a tutor. And Franchot himself is a lad in his late thirties.

Ken Murray, fortyish and funny, and his eighteen-year-old bride Cleatus Caldwell are very happy. "She offers no objection to my pipe smoking," Ken told us, "and I'm careful not to knock over her blocks."

Nineteen-year-old Judy Garland became the bride of thirty-some-old Dave Rose, and sixteen-year-old Lois Andrews not only married Georgie Jessel, who is comfortably ensconced in his middle years, but has now become the mother of his child.

If this keeps up, there's no telling where it will end, perhaps with the Meglin Kiddies becoming the idol of the Hollywood stag row. It's tough on the gals past their teens, but maybe there's logic in the idea of catching gals young enough to train 'em in a man's way of life.

Well, well, toodle-oo, old Cal has a date with Baby Sandy. See you later.

Night-Club Flashes: Ann Sheridan was voted the glamour beauty of the month when she appeared at Ciro's with Cesar Romero. Never has Ann looked so radiantly lovely. Even the stars present stopped to gape. Incidentally, a near-riot was started when a fan, pressing near Annie for an autograph, attempted to unclasp the fastening to her beautiful necklace. The police yanked the too-ambitious fan away and Ann in triumph marched in to the chorus of "ohs" and "ahs."

Lupe Velez, on the other hand, went

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR



A "listen, my son, and you shall hear" pose of veteran Basil Rathbone giving newcomer Glenn Ford a business earful during luncheon at the Brown Derby

almost unrecognized with her blonde hair, of all things. The dignity of Lupe since she has fallen in love with Author Erich Remarque is almost as startling as her former outbursts. Folk out here just can't believe it's Lupe.

Marlene Dietrich, who was formerly the girl friend of Erich, is still limping slightly from her accident. Her limping partner is still French Jean Gabin who, for all his savoir-faire, seemed slightly uncomfortable at Marlene's extreme décolleté!

Mr. and Mrs. John Wayne, seldom seen away from home, made a rare appearance at the Mocambo.

Cary Grant Talks To You: We roamed out on Warners' "Arsenic And Old Lace" set and chanced upon Cary Grant. The talk fell to vacations and then to New York. Cal asked Cary if he really had fun when he went to New York. He threw up his hands in horror at some of the memories, especially at his experiences at the hands of those rude fans who are the abomination of the true and loyal fans whom stars love.

"It's our big cities that are bad," he said. "And if they're tough on a guy like me, what must they do to someone like Gable?"

Maybe if all you real and genuine fans could pass along a rebuke to the rude ones, it might help the situation.

As We Go To Press: Fans and friends of Jackie Cooper were distressed at the news of his mother's death. Mrs. Bigelow, only thirty-six, had guided her son's career through his "Our Gang" days, his success in "Skippy" and "The Champ," to his present popularity. For many months Jackie has known that he and "Mom" were fighting a losing battle, though he never told her. Nevertheless, no amount of preparedness in facing death makes the blow any less crushing when it falls. This will be a lonely Christmas for Jackie.

**HIS *BEDTIME* STORIES
WERE ABOUT OTHER WOMEN!**

...It's a gay and giddy tale of love
whispered at twilight...to put a
smile on her lips...a gleam in her
eye...and a laugh in your heart!

Fredric
MARCH *TELLS* *Loretta*
YOUNG

A
Bedtime Story

with **ROBERT BENCHLEY** · ALLYN JOSLYN · EVE ARDEN · HELEN WESTLEY

Screen play by Richard Flournoy · Story by Horace Jackson and Grant Garrett · Produced by B. P. SCHULBERG

Directed by **ALEXANDER HALL** · A COLUMBIA PICTURE

Speak FOR YOURSELF

One sure "Yes!" to a reader's suggestion for Richard Carlson would come from his wife Mona



\$10.00 PRIZE Try It Sometime!

I'M starting a one-woman campaign for M.S.M.F. in America. M.S.M.F. stands for More Sincere Movie Fans. This hysteria at the sight of a famous profile is deadly to a sincere fan and my town needs educating badly.

To begin my campaign, I've started writing sincere letters, after each movie I see, either complimenting or criticizing as honestly as I know how the performance of the two star players. To my surprise I've found that a star appreciates sensible letters and the one star who answers by return mail, with a personal letter, is the much-abused Robert Taylor. The letters aren't mimeographed either; they refer to my letter in detail, showing that my sincere words were read and appreciated. Try it sometime . . . instead of asking for a lock of hair, a fifty-dollar loan or the ring he wore on his little finger in the last picture, give him your opinion, honestly, and you'll be repaid by a sincere, friendly and appreciative letter.

Who wants to join me?

OLETA AUBREY,
Oklahoma City, Okla.

\$5.00 PRIZE Three Cheers for American Pix

THREE cheers for motion pictures! They have thrilled me to the core With epics like "The Big Parade" And a hundred thousand more! I recall "The Covered Wagon" Of those golden silent days When the "Birth Of A Nation" thrilled me

In a hundred different ways. I have watched our nation's struggle In its fight to make men free. I know the blood that freely flowed;

It flowed for you and me.
I landed with the Pilgrims,
I fought at Bunker Hill,
I heard a speech at Gettysburg
That's ringing through me still!
In days of dark depression
When we all felt pretty glum,
The movies picked our spirits up,
And made our heartstrings hum.
So, in a tragic world today
Our movies represent
The American Way in the U.S.A.
And its spirit one hundred percent.

CLARE NEUSER,
Scranton, Penna.

\$1.00 PRIZE Dear Hollywood—

WHY not give George Montgomery a real break? I think that he is just about the best thing

that has happened to Hollywood in a long time. Besides roles in a few B pictures and gadding about with debs and glamour girls, George hasn't been doing right by the public.

For gosh sakes don't stick him in a cowboy outfit! I can stand Gary Cooper and a few of his type in a ranch role, but not that heart-breaking Montgomery man.

Ohhh! to be able to see him in a real Charles Boyer type picture. Of course, I wouldn't want George to set the world on fire, but he does deserve a much better break and I'm willing to bet that he could set more than one feminine heart aflame.

The men have luscious Lana Turner, so c'mon, share and share alike, give us dames a terrific Montgomery picture.

D. L. WETZEL,
Browning, Mont.

\$1.00 PRIZE Upsetting Pedestals

AFTER seeing the great Spencer Tracy in "Dr. Jekyll And Mr. Hyde" I feel that if ever I read again that he is the best actor on the screen I shall promptly burn the magazine or paper that says so. The entire audience, when I saw this film, roared with laughter at the man's grimaces and his ridiculous would-be faunlike leaps over railings and chairs, à la the young Douglas Fairbanks the First. Only that gay gentleman did such things in comedies and Tracy meant his actions to be taken seriously!

The film was a poor mixture of pseudo-Freudian psychology, of course, and that gave the poor actor a bad handicap to start with, but even that big a handicap couldn't excuse his downright ham acting. He was simply out of his depth in the Stevenson story, although there are some

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR awards the following prizes each month for the best letters submitted for publication: \$10 first prize; \$5 second prize; \$1 each for every other letter published in full. Just write in what you think about stars or movies, in less than 200 words. Letters are judged on the basis of clarity and originality, and contributors are warned that plagiarism from previously published material will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Please do not submit letters of which copies have been made to send to other publications; this is poor sportsmanship and has resulted, in the past, in embarrassing situations for all concerned, as each letter is published in this department in good faith. Owing to the great volume of contributions received by this department, we regret that it is impossible for us to return unaccepted material. Accordingly we strongly recommend that all contributors retain a copy of any manuscript submitted to us. Address your letter to "Speak for Yourself," PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR, 122 East 42nd St., New York City, N. Y.

actors in Hollywood who wouldn't have been. Robert Montgomery could have played it—he has enough sophistication to do it well.

I think Louis Hayward could have played it well; I wish the film-makers would realize the sterling values of this young actor and give him parts worthy of his ability. William Powell could have done it—yes, the comic Mr. Powell. He once did serious plays on the stage and did them well. He has suavity and understanding and he wouldn't have been, like Tracy, lumbering and crude. Nor would he have been funny.

WALLACE KIRK,
Oxford, O.

\$1.00 PRIZE Love Interest

LET'S not have any more of Ruth Hussey and Melvyn Douglas as romantic leads. "Our Wife" should convince the producers that while both are excellent comedians they definitely do not win the audience's interest in love scenes. Miss Hussey is beautiful, but her manner is far too brittle to make her acceptable as a romantic heroine. And Melvyn Douglas—despite the fact that he has been cast as the loving male in scores of films—is definitely not the actor for such parts.

In this respect, there is an interesting comparison involving another current film, "Unfinished Business." Both films have very thin plots and very ordinary ones. Yet "Unfinished Business" is lifted to the place of a great picture because of the personalities of Irene Dunne and Robert Montgomery. Love scenes between them are superb.

So please, Hollywood, take a hint from the many people who feel the same as I and keep Miss Hussey and Mr. Douglas in the comedy-characters which they do so well.

M. SIMMS,
New York City.

\$1.00 PRIZE How About It?

RICHARD CARLSON definitely has earned more recognition from Hollywood than he has thus far received. How he could use a good meaty role like, for instance, that of Kenneth Roberts' new hero, *Oliver Wiswell*!

Hollywood must have considered making a picture from this grand novel, but if the picture is made, probably some established star will be given the top spot. It seems producers should know by this time that the quickest way to make a new star is to put a comparatively unknown but talented person in the leading role of a big picture, particularly one made from a (Continued on page 98)

WHAT'S SHE GOT THAT I HAVEN'T GOT?

SHE'S DISCOVERED A SECRET you should learn, my dear . . . the secret of combating body odor and at the same time adorning her skin with the fragrance men love! You see, it's no longer necessary to use an unpleasant smelling soap!

YOU MEAN THERE'S A NICE-SMELLING SOAP A GIRL CAN DEPEND ON TO-ER-PROTECT HER AGAINST OFFENDING?

O-O-O-H! I JUST ADORE CASHMERE BOUQUET'S COSTLY PERFUME SCENT! DOES IT LAST?

YES, INDEED . . . just use gentle, fragrant Cashmere Bouquet Soap. Revel in its rich, cleansing suds that banish body odor and leave your skin enticingly scented with a subtle, protecting fragrance!

DEFINITELY! In fact, that exquisite, lingering scent is the success secret of many a romance! And thousands have proved to themselves that Cashmere Bouquet is *one* perfumed soap that won't irritate their skin!

THANKS FOR THE TIP... AND HERE'S ONE FOR YOU! SMELL THE SOAP FIRST BEFORE YOU BUY... YOU'LL INSTINCTIVELY PREFER CASHMERE BOUQUET!

THAT'S A SWELL IDEA! It's always a pleasure to give a smart girl like you a glamour hint . . . to tell you about the lovelier way to avoid offending . . . how to be safe with Cashmere Bouquet . . . and about its costlier

perfume! Don't forget, there's no finer complexion care than Cashmere Bouquet, every day . . . it's *one* perfumed soap that can agree with your skin! Better get half a dozen cakes of Cashmere Bouquet Soap—now!

Cashmere Bouquet Soap

THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING

CALLING THE TURN ON A BIG PICTURE



THERE are Western stars and **WESTERN** stars but there is only **ONE GENE AUTRY!** **GENE** IS back on the screen with his **MOST** exciting and entertaining **PICTURE** yet! "**DOWN MEXICO WAY**" is the **TITLE** of this newest **THRILLER**—and

GENE'S great **SUPPORTING CAST** includes **SMILEY**

BURNETTE **AND HAROLD HUBER** for **LAUGHS**—and **FOR** romance, **THERE'S** that **BEAUTIFUL** **NEW** discovery, **FAY MCKENZIE,** **WHO** was a **SENSATION**

ON the stage **IN** "Meet the **PEOPLE**" and will be even more **SO** when **GENE** starts serenading **HER** with hit songs such as "Maria **ELENA**" and "Down Mexico Way" **AND** lots more—all of which goes **TO** make this one absolutely the **BIGGEST** and **FINEST** of all **THE** many hits **IN** which **GENE** **HAS** appeared.

IF you don't see this picture and **HEAR** these songs, you will be **MISSING** a real movie treat. Like **ALL** of **GENE AUTRY'S** hits, **THIS** one is



A REPUBLIC PICTURE

BRIEF REVIEWS

✓ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED

✓✓ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "OUTSTANDING" WHEN REVIEWED



No dialogue necessary: Lana Turner and Robert Taylor don't talk, just act in a scene from M-G-M's "Johnny Eager"

ALL AMERICAN CO-ED—Hal Roach-U.A.: Johnny Downs dons women's clothes and enrolls at a strict girls' school in order to get even with the school for having cast aspersions on a near-by male student body. Frances Langford sings, which is easy to take, but it's a non-entertaining little musical. (Jan.)

✓ **ALOMA OF THE SOUTH SEAS**—Paramount: Dorothy Lamour is back again in Technicolor and her sarong. Jon Hall is the native who returns from the states with his new education to take over his post as ruler and marry his betrothed, Miss Lamour. But jealous Philip Reed has other ideas. (Nov.)

✓✓ **APPOINTMENT FOR LOVE**—Universal: Charles Boyer is at his smoothest in this gay movie as the playwright who marries a successful doctor, Margaret Sullivan, who puts into practice all her scientific theories about marriage and takes her own apartment. Both Reginald Denny as the "other man" and Rita Johnson as the "other woman" are splendid. It's sparkling as your Christmas tree. (Jan.)

✓ **BADLANDS OF DAKOTA**—Universal: Straight-shooting Western, with Robert Stack as the Easterner who marries his brother's (Broderick Crawford) fiancée, Ann Rutherford, which starts all the rumpus. Richard Dix is Wild Bill Hickok, Frances Farmer is Calamity Jane, and Addison Richards is Custer. (Nov.)

✓ **BELLE STARR**—20th Century-Fox: The notorious woman bandit of the 1860's has been so whitewashed that much of the punch of the picture is lost. Gene Tierney plays Belle, who turns out to be a gently bred Southern girl who attempts to re-fight the Civil War. She marries Southern rebel Randy Scott and participates in his escapades until she finds out his cause is only a front for thieving and killing. (Nov.)

✓ **BIRTH OF THE BLUES**—Paramount: In this good-natured, easy-going movie, Bing Crosby, a Southern lad, finally rounds up the first white band to play blues music and, through the aid of Mary Martin's singing, gets a hearing. You'll like every minute of it, the music and the cast, which includes Brian Donlevy and Rochester. (Dec.)

BLONDE FROM SINGAPORE, THE—Columbia: The ever-present jewel thieves are here again in this tired plot, with Florence Rice as a scheming actress who swipes the pearls from Leif Erikson and

Gordon Jones, and then sets out to win Alexander D'Arcy, only to find herself in a spot. (Nov.)

BURMA CONVOY—Universal: Fast-moving, timely melodrama about the truck caravans bringing supplies along the dangerous Burma Road. Charles Bickford is the leader of the truck drivers, Frank Albertson his younger brother, and Evelyn Ankers provides the heart interest. (Dec.)

✓✓ **DIVE BOMBER**—Warners: Timely, informative, and entertaining is this picture about the experimental work of flight surgeons in the Naval Air Corps. A feud between Errol Flynn and Fred MacMurray is the framework for beautiful aviation shots. Alexis Smith registers as a comer, and Ralph Bellamy and Regis Toomey lend grand support. (Nov.)

DOWN MEXICO WAY—Republic: When Gene Autry discovers his townsfolk have been gypped by a band of crooked movie promoters, he rides right over into Mexico to round up the varmints. Fay McKenzie is pretty and talented as Gene's new leading lady and Smiley Burnette is right in there pitching. One of the best of the Autry pictures. (Jan.)

✓ **DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE**—M-G-M: Although this is its third screen version, it's a gripping, compelling, interesting picture. Spencer Tracy as the scientist overacts every now and then. Lana Turner is beautiful, but it's Ingrid Bergman who walks off with the movie. (Dec.)

✓ **DR. KILDARE'S WEDDING DAY**—M-G-M: The sudden, tragic death of Laraine Day, fiancée of Dr. Kildare, on her wedding day comes as a jarring shock. Through the comfort offered by Lionel Barrymore as Dr. Gillespie, Lew Ayres as Kildare is finally able to return to work after his grievous loss. Nils Asther is very good. (Nov.)

✓✓ **DUMBO**—Walt Disney: All the whimsical charm that Disney has lavished on his past fantasies is embodied in this heart-touching story of Dumbo, the baby elephant whose ears cause him to be spurned and despised until he learns how to fly. It's warm and appealing and funny, beautifully drawn and executed. (Jan.)

ELLERY QUEEN AND THE MURDER RING—Columbia: Ralph Bellamy is again the famous detective who solves some murders in a hospital, but it's the side-splitting performance of two dumb bunnies, Paul Hurst and Tom Dugan, who play

their roles straight, that provides riotous fun. (Dec.)

FLYING BLIND—Paramount: Loads of noise and thrills and romance are packed into this thriller about spies and intrigue on a honeymoon air express. Richard Arlen is the pilot who neglects his romance with Jean Parker until they find themselves in a plane with villains Roger Pryor and Nils Asther, and daffy bride Marie Wilson. (Nov.)

GENTLEMAN FROM DIXIE—Monogram: When Jack La Rue is released from prison he returns to his brother's stock farm down South where he finds villainous John Holland, who originally framed him. Marian Marsh is his brother's wife, and little Mary Ruth, who's an accomplished musician, is her stepdaughter. (Dec.)

HENRY ALDRICH FOR PRESIDENT—Paramount: Jimmy Lydon, as *Henry*, handles the frustrations, trials and tribulations that confront him when running for student body president with all the finesse of a veteran. Great support in June Preisser, Mary Anderson, Martha O'Driscoll and Vaughan Glaser overcomes the weaker moments.

HONKY TONK—M-G-M: A rambling story about a Western con man, Clark Gable, who with his pal Chill Wills, gets elected the big boss of a town and taxes the people into rebellion. Lana Turner's a nice girl from Boston and the daughter of Frank Morgan, whom Clark marries on his way up, and Claire Trevor is the dance-hall girl. (Jan.)

✓ **HOT SPOT**—20th Century-Fox: When Victor Mature, Alan Mowbray and Allyn Joslyn turn waitress Carole Landis into a glamour girl and she's found murdered, Mature and Carole's sister, Betty Grable, become suspects and are relentlessly pursued by menacing detective Laird Cregar. Cregar is terrific and it's a fast-moving, suspenseful picture. (Jan.)

✓✓ **HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY**—20th Century-Fox: An Academy Award contender is this great human-interest document of a boy's life in a Welsh mining town. Marching through the beautifully directed story are the father, Donald Crisp, and the mother, Sara Allgood, with their sons, among them Patric Knowles, John Loder and Roddy McDowall. Maureen O'Hara is the beautiful daughter and Walter Pidgeon the preacher. Flawless and spellbinding. (Jan.)

INTERNATIONAL LADY—Edward Small-U.A.: Beautiful spy Ilona Massey leads George Brent of the F.B.I. and Basil Rathbone of Scotland Yard in a merry chase from London to Lisbon to America, as the two men attempt to find a gang of saboteurs. The two detectives are charming and witty and Ilona is delightful. Gene Lockhart is also very good as the wealthy pro-Nazi. (Jan.)

KID FROM KANSAS, THE—Universal: A blight, sabotage and all kinds of trouble hit the banana plantation of Leo Carrillo; and Andy Devine and Dick Foran receive the blame for it all until Foran escapes from jail and uncovers the real rascals. A lot of action is mixed up in the story and the trio of actors do right well. (Dec.)

✓✓ **LADIES IN RETIREMENT**—Columbia: This famous stage play is superbly translated to the screen with a never-relaxing suspense. Ida Lupino is mainly responsible for its compelling quality of repulsion and sympathy, as the companion who ruthlessly murders to provide a home for her mentally ill sisters. Louis Hayward, too, rates honors, as does Evelyn Keyes as the maid, and Edith Barrett and Isobel Elsom. (Dec.)

✓✓ **LIFE BEGINS FOR ANDY HARDY**—M-G-M—*Andy* grows up the hard way when he takes a fling at earning his own living in New York; and hunger, a gold digger and the tragic death of a friend teach him a much-needed lesson. Mickey Rooney is tops as *Andy*, as is Judy Garland as the annoying girl friend. Pat Dane and Ray McDonald rate plenty of raves. (Nov.)

✓✓ **LITTLE FOXES, THE**—Goldwyn-RKO-Radio: An Academy Award contender is this gripping tale. Bette Davis as the ruthless *Regina* holds her own with such members of the New York stage cast as Patricia Collinge, Charles Dingle and Dan Duryea. Herbert Marshall is perfect as the sick husband and newcomer Teresa Wright is a coming star. (Nov.)

✓ **LOOK WHO'S LAUGHING**—RKO-Radio: Laughs follow one after the other in this unsophisticated comedy about a radio entertainer, Edgar Bergen, who with Charlie McCarthy lands in a small town where he helps Fibber McGee and Molly defeat a couple of land sharks. Lucille Ball and Neil Hamilton add to the fun. (Dec.)

✓✓ **LYDIA**—Korda-U.A.: Different, fascinating and heart-warming is this flashback review of the suitors in one woman's life. The men who loved Merle Oberon but failed to win her are Joseph Cotten, George Reeves, Hans Yarrow and Alan Marshall. All give fine performances. (Nov.)

✓✓ **MALTESE FALCON, THE**—Warners: This is one of the best mystery pictures since the first "Thin Man" and a masterpiece of well-sustained and acted entertainment. Mary Astor enlists the help of detectives Humphrey Bogart and Jerome Cowan in her efforts to recover a priceless falcon statuette. Sydney Greenstreet offers some-

(Continued on page 103)

Come out in *English Tint*

THE PERFECT ENGLISH MAKE-UP



BE STARTLING WITH THIS NEW, MORE DELICATE KIND OF BEAUTY—WONDERFUL FOR ALL BUT THE VERY DARK

If you're tired of being just like everybody else—if you'd like to be admired—adored—perhaps loved anew—cover your "just nice" skin with that clear, fresh "English look" the whole world envies. Princess Pat English Tint performs the lovely miracle—instantly.

First, you set your cheeks a-bloom in the fragile tints of the English hedge-rose with Princess Pat English Tint Rouge. It's the most flattering shade ever created.



Next, you change your complexion into one of true British clarity with Princess Pat "light-as-air" Face Powder, in the shade that becomes you most. You'll know which to choose.

Then, Princess Pat English Tint Lipstick (liquid or regular) to give your mouth the most "delicious" color it has ever had. Oh! How sweet!

Wherever you buy cosmetics, you'll find Princess Pat English Tint. Get yours at once! Thrill everyone with your new "English look"!

*

Send for Complete English Make-up Kit

Yes, a complete Princess Pat English Tint make-up kit—everything you need for real English complexion loveliness. Contains trial size English Tint Rouge, a creamy lipstick, a box of Face Powder to match and Liquid Liptone. An extraordinary offer—a "make-up" you just have to have. Send name and address together with 25c to cover partly postage and packing. Address Princess Pat, 2709 S. Wells St., Chicago.

PRINCESS PAT

For faces of fashion

So you want to be pretty!

You can be if you give yourself a personal
check-up on this important make-up point

Candidate for
the role of Maria
in "For Whom
The Bell Tolls":
Fay McKenzie

Rate yourself a big round zero...

—if you're not "fussy" about the way you put on your lipstick. Take Fay McKenzie—she's a fussy one, and she's also one of the prettiest girls in Hollywood. She's getting herself talked about right now as Gene Autry's leading lady in "Cowboy Serenade"; she's getting a lot of handclaps for the way she's decorating magazines (you can see her in another light on page 13).

Watch her put on lipstick; be amazed at the pains she takes; you'll get back a grin and some good pointers. "I know it looks fussy," she says, "but I think lipstick is the key to good make-up. If you go wrong there, you're all wrong. You simply have to find the right color, key the rest of your make-up to it and then take time to put it on correctly."

So, when you go into your lipstick act, be sure you do it under a bright light and that you stage a close-up with your mirror. Follow the natural outlines of your mouth, use your finger to spread the rouge softly over the lips and be sure the color is carried out to the extreme corners. Most important, have a variety of lipsticks so your color matches your outfit.

Give yourself a pat on the back...

—know the trick of painting your upper lip just a bit more heavily than your lower one. Also, be smartly aware that the lines of your lips should always turn up; otherwise you'll look like a candidate for the title of saddest girl in the world.

Put on the dunce's cap...

—if you haven't realized that you can get a very glamorous effect with lipstick if you use a darker rouge as base and then apply the correct color over it. Keep to the old theory of rouging, then applying a bit of powder, then rouging again. You'll be good for a whole evening under the bright lights without having to re-do your mouth make-up. Incidentally, you will never, of course, apply a new make-up over the old; there's nothing that makes your mouth look more old-shoe than fresh lipstick applied without a previous thorough clean-up job.

Rest assured...

—that you and your lips will look smooth if you catch on to the cure-all for winter's chapped lips: Cream or lotion rubbed into the lips every night as faithfully as you rub it into your hands.

Go around wearing laurel wreaths...

—if you know all about the tricks lipstick colors can play on you. For instance, you'll seldom wear a blue-toned lipstick in the daytime but you'll always wear one when you're going to shine under those modern artificial lights. If you don't believe it, try wearing an orange lipstick under today's bright lights and watch that lipstick do an unglamorous fade-out.

Get yourself in the leading ranks of the Army...

—by playing hostess to them in the recreational groups that are springing up all over the country. Be like Fay McKenzie again, who's acted as one of fifty Hollywood hostesses to the U.S.O. at Ciro's: Make your lips look pretty by smoothing just a bit of lustrous cream over your make-up, keep smiling with the corners of your mouth up, dance with these gallant defenders all night long, and keep both yourself—and your make-up—wearing well.

BY
GLORIA
MACK

Silkier, Smoother Hair...Easier to Manage Lovelier Beyond Belief!



New hair-do with soft, natural-looking wave and curls . . . by Thomas Frank, famous Chicago hairstylist.

Amazing improvement in Special Drene Shampoo! Now contains wonderful hair conditioner to give new beauty thrills!

● If you haven't tried Special Drene lately—since it has that thrilling hair conditioner in it—you simply can't realize just how much lovelier your hair *can* look! Because it now makes the most amazing difference—leaves hair so much silkier, smoother . . . makes it behave better, fall into place more beautifully, right after shampooing!

Reveals up to 33% more lustre!

Yes! In addition to the extra beauty benefits of that amazing hair conditioner, Special Drene still reveals up to 33% more lustre than even the finest soaps or liquid soap shampoos! For Drene is not just a soap shampoo, so it *never* leaves any dulling film, as all *soaps* do! Hair washed with Special Drene sparkles with alluring highlights, glows with glorious, natural color. Do you wonder that girls everywhere are so delighted with

this new improved Special Drene Shampoo?

Unsurpassed for removing dandruff!

And when it comes to removing dandruff, no special "dandruff remover" shampoo known today can beat Drene! You know how important *cleansing* is in removing dandruff—so just remember that for cleansing Drene is supreme! Try improved Special Drene right away—or ask your beauty operator to use it!

LOOK FOR THIS PACKAGE!

All Special Drene now at your dealer's in the blue and yellow package is the new, improved Special Drene containing

HAIR CONDITIONER

and is for *every* type of hair . . . dry, oily or normal. Just look for Special Drene—in the blue and yellow package!

Avoid That Dulling Film Left
By Soaps and Soap Shampoos!



Don't rob your hair of glamour by using soaps or liquid soap shampoos—which always leave a dulling film that dims the natural lustre and color brilliance! Use Drene—the beauty shampoo with the exclusive patented cleansing ingredient which cannot leave a clouding film! Instead, it reveals up to 33% more lustre!



THE SHADOW STAGE

REVIEWING MOVIES OF THE MONTH

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, outstanding



Film of finished deftness: Shirley Temple and Laraine Day in M-G-M's "Kathleen"



Wit, dancing, beauty and fun: Zorina and Bob Hope in "Louisiana Purchase"

✓✓ Kathleen (M-G-M)

It's About: A little rich girl who married her dad to the right girl.

THOSE who said Shirley Temple was no longer a favorite with the fans may now eat humble pie. Shirley at twelve is a better little actress than ever before, having lost all her baby mannerisms and gained not only poise and self-assurance but a new beauty and charm. We base these assertions not only on our own opinion but on those of the preview fans who actually cheered Shirley after the showing.

Like a glove the story fits Shirley's needs. It has her the lonely, motherless child of well-to-do Herbert Marshall, missing her father's company and loathing the snooping companion-housekeeper, Nella Walker. When Miss Walker is finally sent packing, Laraine Day, a doctor of child psychology, replaces her.

In the meantime, Mr. Marshall decides to marry Gail Patrick, of whom Shirley disapproves. In her place, the little girl schemes and plans to put Miss Day whom Shirley has come to love.

There's an air of finished deftness about the whole story that radiates well-being, good humor and charm.

Felix Bressart is splendid as the antique dealer and friend of Shirley's.

Your Reviewer Says: A honey with a honey.

The Best Pictures of the Month

Ball Of Fire

Kathleen

Louisiana Purchase

They Died With Their Boots On

One Foot In Heaven

The Chocolate Soldier

Best Performances

Barbara Stanwyck in "Ball Of Fire"

The professors in "Ball Of Fire"

Shirley Temple in "Kathleen"

Richard Whorf in "Blues In The Night"

Errol Flynn in "They Died With Their Boots On"

Fredric March in "One Foot In Heaven"

Nelson Eddy in "The Chocolate Soldier"

Rise Stevens in "The Chocolate Soldier"

Robert Young in "H. M. Pulham Esq."

Don Ameche in "Confirm Or Deny"

Elizabeth Bergner in "Paris Calling"

✓ Louisiana Purchase (Paramount)

It's About: The schemes hatched by the fall guy for conniving crooks.

FROM the stage comes the musical hit, "Louisiana Purchase," to wrap itself around three intriguing personalities, Bob Hope, Vera Zorina and Victor Moore. With the aid of Irene Bordonni they shuffle off to Buffalo and all points west for a well-rounded, deliciously curved comedy. It is not the most hilarious picture we've ever seen or even the fun-fest it could have been, but it will do nicely until Paramount's producer, Buddy DeSylva, gets the hang of movie comedy.

Hope is made the butt of four Louisiana crooks who call themselves The Louisiana Purchasing Company. When U. S. Senator Victor Moore comes down to investigate the company, poor Hope is on the spot until he conceives the idea of framing the Senator into compromising situations with Vera Zorina, a scheme that backslaps Mr. Hope in his scoop-faced pan.

Hope scores with his wit and Zorina with her dancing. Rare beauties polka-dot the screen here and there to lend intrigue to the whole Technicolor scheme of things. The Mardi Gras scenes are especially colorful.

Your Reviewer Says: Fun, color, music, beauty—the 4A Muses.

(Continued on page 24)

FOR COMPLETE CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES SEE PAGE 99

To make 1942
your greatest entertainment year!

20th Century-Fox is now producing
these grand, new pictures you'll soon
be seeing in your favorite theatre!

ASK YOUR LOCAL THEATRE MANAGER
WHEN HE'LL SHOW THEM!



TYRONE POWER
in

SON OF FURY

The Story of Benjamin Blake
with

GENE TIERNEY

Produced by DARRYL F. ZANUCK



**BETTY GRABLE
VICTOR MATURE
JACK OAKIE**

in

**SONG OF
THE ISLANDS**

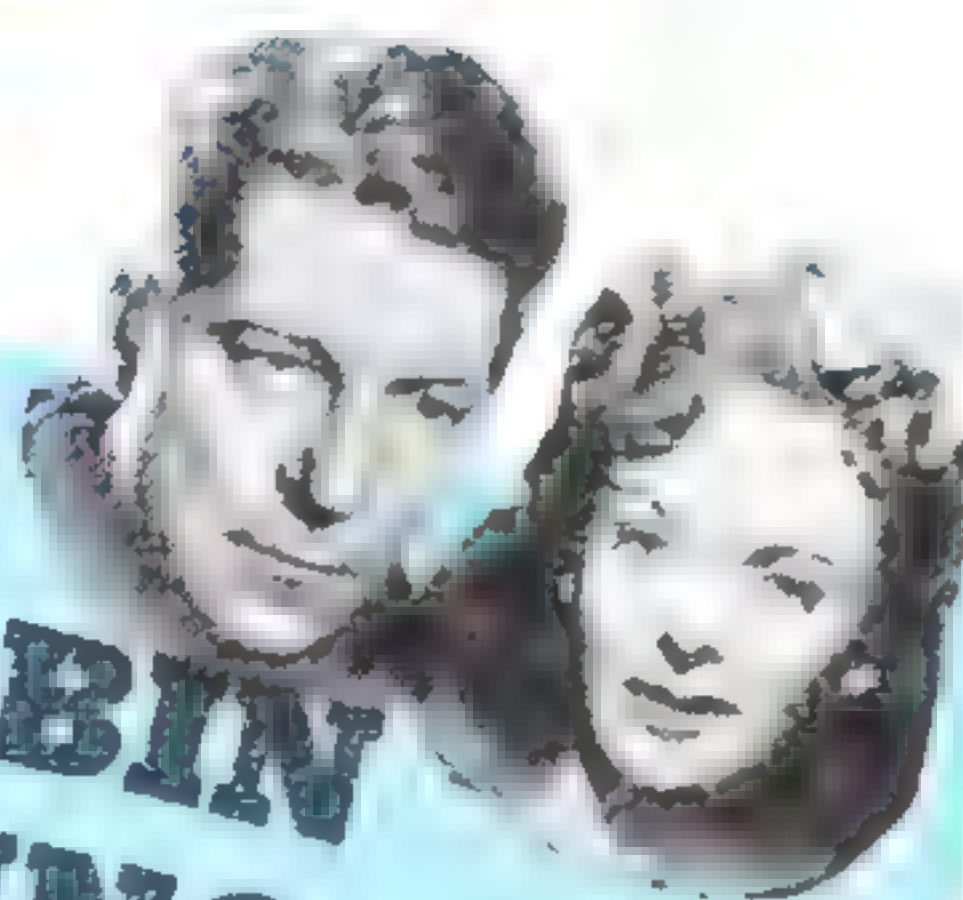
in **TECHNICOLOR**



GINGER ROGERS
in
ROXIE HART

with

**ADOLPHE MENJOU
GEORGE MONTGOMERY**



**JEAN GABIN
IDA LUPINO**

in

Moontide

with

CLAUDE RAINS



**Rita
HAYWORTH**

in

MY GAL SAE

in **TECHNICOLOR**



in **TECHNICOLOR**



JOHN PAYNE · MAUREEN O'HARA · RANDOLPH SCOTT

in

**TO THE SHORES
OF TRIPOLI**

NOW! STIRRING THE HEART OF THE NATION!

HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY

Produced by DARRYL F. ZANUCK • Directed by JOHN FORD

THE SHADOW STAGE

Timely excitement: Elizabeth Bergner and Randolph Scott in "Paris Calling"

Startling and different: Barbara Stanwyck and Gary Cooper in Goldwyn's "Ball Of Fire"



(Continued from page 22)

✓ Paris Calling (Universal)

It's About: *French sympathizers, with the aid of an American aviator, conspire against the Nazis.*

A REVEALING insight into the news behind the news is this picture of French sympathizers who work secretly to throw off the burden of the Nazi yoke. Elizabeth Bergner, as the wealthy French girl who throws in her lot with the secret French sympathizers, is terrific.

Randy Scott as the American flyer with the R.A.F. and Basil Rathbone as the Frenchman who betrays France are very good.

Lively moments, timeliness of theme and an aura of excitement dress this story in thrilling garments.

Your Reviewer Says: Thumbs up.

✓✓ Ball Of Fire (Goldwyn-RKO)

It's About: *Consequences when a professor meets a night-club floozy.*

WHEN Mr. Samuel Goldwyn shears the lullaby gaps from this wildly hilarious comedy, he'll have on his hands a picture startling, new and different in idea.

Gary Cooper, the slow-burning "Ball Of Fire," and Barbara Stanwyck, the night-club babe, go to town with two wild performances. If you don't break your funny bone laughing, we miss our guess. Gary is one of a group of professors slowly and laboriously compiling an encyclopedia.

As the English professor, Cooper sets out into the city to broaden his knowledge of slang. His roamings gather in Stanwyck, on the lam from the police. What happens to the professors, especially Gary, under Stanwyck's guidance, shouldn't happen to the seven dwarfs.

Kathleen Howard, Allen Jenkins and the professors lend tremendous support. With those bad, draggy moments eliminated, this should prove a ball of fire at the box office.

Your Reviewer Says: The answer to the \$64 question.

✓ Confirm Or Deny (Twentieth Century-Fox)

It's About: *An energetic head of an American news service in London.*

HERE'S just about as peppy and active a little piece of timeliness as has been catapulted out of Hollywood in a long time. Don Ameche, the human dynamo of an American news service in London, injects so much nervous energy into his work the audience is pitched to a high C tension throughout.

The attempts to keep open for business despite the bombings keep the news service two crater leaps ahead of Hitler, with Joan Bennett, John Loder, Raymond Walburn and Roddy McDowall caught up in the scramble. Joan Bennett is very good in her role of the English girl employed by the service. Roddy McDowall, who valiantly sticks to his post, and Arthur

Shields, as the blind newspaperman, are both splendid.

It's firecracker fare, so don't expect to relax or sneak any catnaps.

Your Reviewer Says: Zip-p-p-p.

✓ Sullivan's Travels (Paramount)

It's About: *A would-be tramp who achieves his wishes.*

A MESSAGE picture that denounces messages is the theme of this rambling, somewhat garbled story; it's entertainment that somehow misses greatness.

Joel McCrea is a rich young Hollywood motion-picture producer who wants to make a message picture labeled "Brother Where Art Thou?" Persuaded he knows nothing of the hardships of life, Joel sets out in rags, equipped with a ten-cent piece.

Landing back in Hollywood, he picks up an extra girl, Veronica Lake, and this time the two of them start out on the bumming road, like two derelicts. In Hollywood again, Joel sets out a third time on his philanthropic mission, gets knocked out, lands in a prison road gang and eventually emerges to forsake his morbid picture ambitions for comedy.

One of the most powerful moments ever filmed is the scene, played—and sung—by the Hall Johnson Choir, in a Negro Church.

Your Reviewer Says: See it—for that moment.

(Continued on page 106)

TATTLETALES OUT OF SCHOOL: Thomas Mitchell is not popular among the press, though they agree he's one of the best actors in the business.

The town actually has the nerve to link Mickey Rooney's name with Norma Shearer's name romantically. And there are actually some people who are silly enough to believe it.

Friends are hysterical over the gift Bing Crosby brought his wife from South America. It's a mahogany footstool, of all things. Try wearing that to Ciro's!

The feud between comics Bob Hope and Red Skelton has calmed down to a tornado. It began when one of Bob's radio gag men deliberately bolted over to Skelton's side.

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

Gable has a red face. For once he thought he knew better than wifey. Carole advised him to buy up nails for use on the ranch before defense priority set in; he didn't think the buying of nails very important. Well, finally came the time when Mr. Gable needed nails badly and was grinding his teeth because he hadn't bought any.

Whereupon, Mrs. Gable led him out to the barn where she'd hidden 2,000 pounds of nails, bought at seven cents a pound. Hollywood stores are now phoning Clark offering seventeen cents a pound for the nails!

Two girls who have ruined their good looks by dieting—Judy Garland, who has added ten years to her age through loss of poundage, and Ilona Massey who now possesses only a shadow of her former beauty.

Olivia de Havilland takes her dinner along in a hamper to Ciro's, so strict is her diet. Olivia's date these nights is usually Roger Pryor, estranged husband of Ann Sothern.

The town is giggling over Fred Astaire's odd experience. Fred, who is completely sold on the acting ability of Joan Leslie and is so anxious to have her for his next leading lady, was afraid to leave the deal to agents and decided to phone Joan himself. Her sister answered the phone.

"Oh, I'm sorry, Joan can't come to the phone now," she said. "She's upstairs doing her homework!"



NEW!

Pond's Dreamflower Powder



New Dreamflower Shades—
cunningly blended not to stodgily match your skin—but to give your face a look of starry-eyed, colorful freshness!

New Dreamflower Smoothness—
clinging as a cloud. To veil your face with a "soft-focus" finish—tender . . . young . . . infinitely caressable.

New Dreamflower Box—adorably garlanded with tiny blossoms too precious for this earth! Lovely big box—only 49¢! 2 smaller sizes, too.

"Pond's new Dreamflower shades are new and completely delectable . . . and the box is the daintiest, most feminine thing I've ever seen!"
—MRS. FREDERICK DU PONT, JR.

Romantic "Find"!



NEW Pond's "LIPS"

—stays on longer

5 "Stagline" shades!
(Be sure to try exciting magenta-toned Heart Throb—it's the season's hit color!)

2 BIG sizes Unusual values!

Free—All 6 new Dreamflower Powder shades

POND'S, Dept. 8 MM-PB, Clinton, Conn.

I want to see how the new Dreamflower shades and smoothness make my skin look lovelier. Will you please send me FREE samples of all 6 Dreamflower shades?

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

(This offer good in U. S. only)

HE'S THE DREAM GUY, ALL RIGHT!

(but he walked right out of the dream)



JTS

Saturday

Helen, my pet -

What a houseparty! Wait until I tell you what's happened. That Dream Guy I'm always talking about has come to life! Actually! He just popped up suddenly out of thin air. And of all places - on a Pullman!

I had just got settled for the trip, when I happened to glance up. And there he was - two chairs away - the most bee-u-ti-ful, gorgeous, deep-bronzed male a gal ever yenned for... looking right into my eyes with a sort of I-haven't-eaten-in-three-days look.

His name's Cary Forrester. And he lives up near here. He's the Dream Guy, all right...with spangles! I can't remember very much of anything that we talked about...except that when he said he was going to be on this houseparty, too, I thought, "Fate, you've got a finger in this... and who am I to fight you!"

Got to rush now and get beautiful for a dance tonight. Wish me luck, Hel!

Joan



JTS

Wednesday

Helen -

What did you mean by that note - "See page one of this week's Post"? That's a Listerine advertisement about bad breath. Surely, you're not trying to tell me that mine's that way?

Or are you?

I just can't believe that about me...but then I can't see what else you could possibly have meant.

I hope it's not what you really were hinting at. But, if it is, it's certainly going to be the last time anybody'll ever be able to say a thing like that about me.

Joan



JTS

Monday

Dear Helen -

I guess maybe I shouldn't have written to you about Cary. Something's happened - he's changed completely.

It happened so suddenly, too. The other night, at the dance, he was wonderful! I don't think he danced with another girl all evening. And once, when Dick Haley cut in, Cary looked as though he wanted to haul poor Dick outside and quietly murder him.

Finally, Cary said to get my wrap because we were skipping out for a drive. We'd hardly started before he wanted to stop and kiss me. So he did. And then, just as suddenly as that, everything changed. He let go of me and just sat there, staring ahead down the road. Pretty soon he said something about it was getting late and we'd better get back.

You can't imagine how different he was. He acted as if I wasn't even there. And he's hardly noticed me since. What could the matter be, Hel? Is it because I let him kiss me? What could it be?

Joan



JTS

Friday

Hel, darling -

It's all right! Everything's wonderful, marvelous, gorgeous again! Cary's just the way he was that first day on the train - only even sweeter and kinder and nicer. Gosh what a guy he is!

I nearly die when I think how close I came to losing him. You were right - about that note, I mean. I'm sorry if I was stuffy about it. I couldn't be more grateful now to anybody for anything. Because it was your hint that I use Listerine that made everything all right again between Cary and me.

We're coming home tomorrow. I mean Cary's driving me home tomorrow. He wants to meet you, of course. He says he hopes you won't mind too much having to find a new roommate in the Spring.

Joan



ARE YOU OFFENDING RIGHT NOW?

- The insidious thing about halitosis (bad breath) is that you, yourself, may not know when you have it. But, don't fool yourself—others do!
- Sometimes, of course, halitosis is systemic. But most cases, say some authorities, are caused by the fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation... then overcomes the odors it causes.
- So why not take the easy and delightful precaution which has

become a daily "must" with so many popular and fastidious people? Simply rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic, morning and night, and before business and social engagements.

• This wonderful antiseptic and deodorant quickly makes the breath sweeter, fresher, less likely to offend.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Missouri

LISTERINE for halitosis (bad breath)



When We Look Back

IN DAYS like these, with our country at death grips with the Axis, it seems singularly unimportant that in a few weeks the Academy will give its annual awards for the best pictures and achievements of the year. And yet looking back in later years, the trivia of these days will take on a certain bemused interest.

Will any of the pictures which you and I saw during 1941 live in our minds through the explosive years ahead of us? Which have qualities that will make them sufficiently memorable so that when we look back they will come to life again?

Each year *The Film Daily*, trade paper of the industry, asks the editors of America to vote on the ten best pictures of the year. Putting aside any technical considerations—or several of the pictures which I know are memorable had to be excluded from the famous *Film Daily* poll because they were released a little too late in the year—let's look 'em over.

"Dumbo" you will always remember for its exquisite tenderness as well as for its great good humor. Who can ever forget the enchanting absurdities of little *Dumbo*, the flying elephant?

"Citizen Kane," much discussed, much censored, will be remembered because of its superb adroitness in using an episodic technique in masterful dramatic fashion. Everyone who saw the picture, even those who didn't like it, had to admit that here was a new mind, a new imagination at work.

Man's relations with the beyond would not seem a subject for a constantly amusing and always believable picture, but that is exactly what "Here Comes Mr. Jordan" turned out to be. It is memorable not only for Robert Montgomery's and James Gleason's spirited performances but also for the most original story of the year.

For its dramatic intensity we shall surely remember "The Letter" and the fine acting of Bette Davis and the late James Stephenson.

Better than the stage version, "The Philadelphia Story" should be remembered as the best comedy of manners of 1941.

For propaganda which really came off and at last

showed some sign of hope for the misled German people, "Underground" belongs on this list. For propaganda combined with swell melodrama, "Night Train" wins special mention.

Also tied to the events of today but to be remembered chiefly for its poignant, heart-rending love story, "Hold Back The Dawn" cannot fail to live in our minds.

Using as its theme the richness of the lives of simple people, "How Green Was My Valley" left me feeling that I had shared the daily living of those in that little Welsh town. I'm sure I shall never forget the experience.

TO ROUND out the ten most memorable pictures of the year—and it is by no means the least because it is mentioned last—let us include "Sergeant York." Patriotism can so easily be made maudlin or jingoistic; this picture made it something simple and moving, something important in the heart of a man—so important that for it he is willing to compromise with his ideals.

Yes, the Academy will be choosing the best picture of the year, best performances, et cetera; certainly they could do no better than to pick "Sergeant York" for the best picture and Gary Cooper for the best male performance.

Last year they picked James Stewart for "The Philadelphia Story," which makes it impossible for Katharine Hepburn to win it this year for the same picture. Due to the fact that technically the picture was released in 1940 she will be out of the running for a 1941 Award, which to my mind is a pity because she deserves it. But there is an easy second choice—the performance of Olivia de Havilland in "Hold Back The Dawn."

And for the finest character performances, Donald Crisp in "How Green Was My Valley" and James Gleason in "Here Comes Mr. Jordan" should vie for the honors.

This year a child has given a great performance and I hope the Academy will remember it—that of Roddy McDowall in "How Green Was My Valley."

When we look back in later, more peaceful years, the details of many of these pictures will be forgotten. But for one reason or another I believe each one of the ten will be remembered.

Ernest V. Heyn

This is how it really happened



No one ever before went to Gene Tierney and asked her for the real story of her marriage to Oleg Cassini. So now, in appreciation, she gives us the dramatic truth



Gene's mother commented on Oleg: "He's the only person who calms you down"

BY
JAMES REID

I DEFY Hollywood gossip-mongers, or my family, or anyone else to break up my marriage. I'll make it last if I die in the attempt!"

Gene Tierney's eyes flashed green fire. She had just read another story about her marriage to Count Oleg Cassini, written by someone who had never seen her about it, and the star of "Son Of Fury" was smoldering.

"I've been told that I should laugh at these stories, but I can't. They burn me up. My marriage means too much to me for me to laugh when things that are not only untrue, but unfair, are printed about Oley and me.

"I'm fed up with these sob stories about The Poor Little Rich Girl, Whose Hasty Marriage to The Foreign Nobleman Has Made Her a Countess—But Isn't Likely to Make Her Happy.

"I didn't marry Oley for his title. For one thing, he won't have a title after November first, when he becomes an American citizen. And he didn't marry me for my money, because I don't have any money except what I earn—and he earns a good living, too. Also, we didn't elope two weeks after first meeting. We went together for six months before we married.

"People seem to have the idea that I married a suave, elderly gentleman and that he married a naïve young schoolgirl. To be exact, Oley is twenty-eight, and I was twenty-one

on November the twentieth.

"Sometime, somewhere, I wish somebody would get the whole story straight."

It sounded as if she might be in the mood to give the story.

"I've always been in the mood to give it," she said. "I don't know why people have preferred to make up their own stories, instead of asking me for the real one. Maybe they've been afraid I would be afraid to give them the facts."

Gene smiled at the ridiculousness of her having any timidity on that score. And she looked positively happy to see us produce paper and pencil, ready to take notes.

She started at the beginning.

"We met at a party that Johnny Maschio and Connie Moore gave—last December," she said. "I was invited because Johnny was my agent. Oley was invited because he had designed Connie's clothes for 'I Wanted Wings.'"

"Sometimes I wonder if he would have been interested in me that evening—if he hadn't liked what I was wearing. He asked me for a date. I told him that my time was pretty well taken up. Then he asked if he couldn't have my phone number, at least. I was reluctant to give it, because I wasn't particularly attracted to him—I didn't think he was handsome—but I did tell him the number, finally.

"A couple of nights later he phoned. I knew he was going to ask for a date again and I wanted Mother to talk to him and tell him I was busy, but she thought I should tell him myself. Ironical, isn't it, that Mother didn't try to discourage him then and there?

"So I went to the phone and, sure enough, he asked me for a date. And I kept saying, 'I'm so sorry—but I am so busy.' He kept me on the phone two hours, refusing to take 'No' for an answer. Finally, I gave in. I said, 'All right.' And came away from the phone, mad at myself for saying that. But"—she smiled—"I'm not mad about that any more.

"Our date was for New Year's Eve. We were going to Ciro's. So I dressed in something I considered pretty elegant—an evening gown in the Empire style, à la Josephine, which I had designed myself. I thought I'd let him know that I was a designer, too. In fact, I almost took up designing as a profession, instead of acting. I would have, if I had listened to my father.

"So I came forth in my Josephine gown—and I was greeted by this expression of dismay on Oley's face. 'Where,' he asked, very pained, 'did you get that horrible dress? It's not for you. It's much too extravagant. You look like Betty Boop in it. You should wear very simple things. Please, won't (Continued on page 70)



Clark Gable: Must
have TV necessity



Barbara Stanwyck:
An award's coming



Jane Sherman: Will
be the queen of—



Elliot Flynn:
Will be a star



Jane Crawford:
Surprise 1942

HOLLYWOOD

By MATILDA

Events — some happy, some ominous — as seen by a

It is 1942. Hollywood, beware! Once more I consult my charts in order to look into the future and warn the stars of coming events. But, before I unfold the future for you, let's take a look at the February issue of Photoplay-Movie Mirror for 1941. I turn to page 72 and quote from "Hollywood, Beware In 1942!":
Katharine Hepburn: "The tempestuous Katharine Hepburn appears to come out from under the bad aspects which have been dogging her for some time. During most of 1941 she is under good vibrations so far as her public and her career are concerned." "The Philadelphia Story" brought Katharine back with a loud explosion

of praise from both critics and public. She appears to have mended her ways and her manners with the press and with Hollywood in general and according to the last reports I received Katie has the world and her studio by the tail.
Myrna Loy: "Professionally Myrna is under fine aspects . . . Her private life, however, is something else again. The position of her stars shows tension, conflict and serious misunderstandings in the home." (Editor's note: After this article was written, Miss Loy announced that she and husband Arthur Hornblow Jr. would separate.)
They separated, went back together



George Montgomery:
He shouldn't marry



Judy Garland:
Watch out, Judy!



Bette Davis: It's
all Mary's fault



Shirley Temple:
A secret mission?



George Sanders:
He's in love

BEWARE IN 1942!

TROTTER

reliable astrologer in the '42 futures of your favorite stars

again and there have been reports of a second separation. More about this later.

Shirley Temple: "What is going to happen to Shirley Temple? . . . Saturn in Taurus in bad aspect to her other planets puts her under a temporary eclipse for the next few years and no matter what she does in a professional way, or how well she does it, she will meet with adverse criticism and unpopularity. It would be far wiser for Shirley to retire to private life until midsummer, fall or winter 1943. At this time she will have all the appeal of a new and delightful personality."

Well, up to the time this article is

being written (early November, 1941) there has been newspaper talk of radio programs, contracts with picture studios and great plans for Shirley but a single picture, "Kathleen," is all of note that has materialized for the child and on that the public has not yet had an opportunity to give its verdict.

I have at last obtained what I believe to be Shirley's accurate birth year and will discuss her future later.

Clark Gable: ". . . popularity and box-office appeal not only through 1941 but for many years to come."

Did he ever have more box-office appeal than in "Honky Tonk?"

(Continued on page 73)



THIS ABOVE ALL



NOT by coincidence, it was the day France capitulated to Germany in the Forest of Compiègne that Prudence Cathaway joined the WAAFs—the Women's Auxiliary Air Force. She signed up as an ordinary private, which was a severe shock to her family, whose influence could easily have got her an officer's commission. Her Uncle Willfred summed up the general feeling as Uncle Willfred always summed things up, neatly:

"For generations, Prudence, the Cathaways have been leaders, not followers. In joining this women's army as a private, a common private, you are deliberately throwing aside the hereditary instincts that entitle *all* Cathaways to lead."

Nevertheless, because Prue felt she was no better than Annie, the local scrubwoman, simply because her family was old and rich and Annie's wasn't, she held to her decision. She was assigned to the camp near Gosley, in Kent. It was a collection of brown wooden barracks set on the edge of the downs and peopled by girls who had been, in civilian life, waitresses, chambermaids, stenographers, debutantes. Violet Worthing, who occupied the bed next to Prue's in the dormitory, was "local." She was a big, healthy girl with scrubbed-pink cheeks and she confided that her young man was Joe Telson, who was also local and was going to join the Navy soon. Violet hoped to bring him to the point of proposing before he left. She was puzzled and a little hurt when Prue showed no interest in finding a young man of her own. In Violet's philosophy, there was little point in joining the WAAFs and wearing a nice uniform if you didn't hope to catch a man thereby.

Prue had been at the camp a week

Tyrone Power as Clive: He had a nice face. Nose a bit too fine, mouth a little large, eyes—the eyes were like his voice, tired

If you've decided it isn't right
for you," he said, "we can pack
up and go." But, being a woman,
she stayed. He was the one to go

Screen play by R. C. Sherriff. From
the novel by Eric Knight. Directed
by Anatole Litvak

Fiction Version by
NORTON RUSSELL

when Violet came into the dormitory
one evening, almost in tears. It was
Joe's last night in Gosley, his last
chance to propose. And instead of
seeing her alone tonight, he was go-
ing to bring a chum.

"Joe loves me right enough," Violet
complained bitterly, "but he's just
scared stiff about marrying. So he
brings along a chum to walk between
us!" She leaned forward in sudden
appeal. "Prue—won't you do some-
thing for me? Come out tonight and
take Joe's chum away. Please! I just
got to get Joe alone!"

Prue hesitated, wanting to refuse.
All her training, the ghosts of every
snobbish ancestor, said that to go out
with a man she had never met was
common—common. Perhaps that was
why she agreed and was with Violet
when night had fallen, outside the
camp gates. Joe and Joe's friend were
only darker shadows in the black-out.
Violet assumed command as soon as
introductions were accomplished and
almost dragged Joe, panic-stricken
and helpless, down the road. His
friend made an uncertain movement
to follow them, but Prue stood where
she was and said firmly,

"There's a concert in the camp this
evening. Would you like to go?"

"If you want to. I really don't care."
His voice was indifferent, tired; and
it was not the kind of voice that
should have been either. It was a

Copyright 1942 by Twentieth
Century-Fox Film Corporation

ILLUSTRATIONS BY VINCENTINI

Joan Fontaine as Prue:
She was delicate, fine-
boned, her face haloed
by crisp golden curls





There was a silence. Prue was there in his arms, wraith-like in her soft negligee

young voice that had forgotten it was young.

"Or perhaps you would rather walk?"

"I've just told you. It doesn't matter. I don't care."

They walked for a time in silence. Then he said, "Is this what you usually do when you come out like this?"

Sharply—"I don't usually 'come out like this.'"

"Oh." He considered that for a few paces. "Then why am I specially honored?"

"If you really want to know, I came to help Violet be alone with Joe. Or didn't you know Violet and Joe were in love?"

"I didn't," he said.

Far away, the eastern horizon was aglow with flickering, uncertain light. Searchlights swung back and forth through the air. The mutter of gunfire came to them across the empty fields. "They're bombing Dover," he said. "Or maybe Canterbury."

"They'll be bombing our camp one of these days." Prue's voice trembled a little.

He laughed shortly. "Don't worry! They're not going to waste bombs on a WAAF camp . . . Cigarette?"

"Thanks."

In the brief flare of the match he saw her face for the first time—delicate, fine-boned, haloed by crisp golden curls. "What's the English aristocracy doing in the ranks of the WAAF?" he asked.

"Are you one of the aristocracy haters?"

"I neither hate nor admire them," he told her. "I ignore them."

He lit his own cigarette then and she saw his face. It was a nice face. The nose was a bit too fine, the mouth a little large, the eyes—the eyes were like his voice, tired. He was dressed in shabby, poorly cut tweeds.

"You're bitter about something," she said. "Isn't there anything you believe in?"

He blew the match out, curtly. "I believe in people who know what they're doing—and where they're going. Precious few of 'em around, just now."

At ten o'clock they were back at the camp gates to meet Violet and Joe. All about them were couples kissing good-night in the darkness, ignoring the lack of privacy. He hesitated, then self-consciously pulled her to him and kissed her on the lips; she responded automatically, unthinkingly.

"Can I see you again tomorrow night?" he asked.

"I don't know. I may be busy."

"I'll wait for you here. If you can't come . . ."

"If I can't come—then what?"

He turned away to join Joe. ". . . It won't make any difference."

Prue lay awake for a while that night, in her cot next to Violet—who was happy now, for she and Joe were engaged. In the darkness against her closed eyelids she kept seeing his face, briefly illumined by the tiny flame of the match. Her lips framed his name: "Clive. Clive Briggs." It was an ordinary name. (Continued on page 87)

Frame for Fame

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR'S

Exclusive

Color Portrait Series:

Nelson Eddy

Big name on the roster of stars appearing, via the CBS Sunday night coast-to-coast broadcasts, on the Gulf Screen Guild Theater; now playing, on the screen, in M-G-M's "I Married An Angel"

page 35

Hedy Lamarr

Appearing in M-G-M's "H. M. Pulham Esq."

page 37

Rita Hayworth

Appearing in Columbia's "You'll Never Get Rich"

page 40

Errol Flynn

Appearing in Warners' "They Died With Their Boots On"

page 42



hels on Today



"What have I got in common with that glamour puss?" said Ann. "Me like that Maisie!" exclaimed Hedy incredulously. So they passed without speaking. Then they met. . .

When G-Girls get together

In plain female circles this is called "letting down the pompadour" on the Ann Sothern-Hedy Lamarr situation

NEVER let it be said that it can't happen here.

We mean a lasting friendship between two G-girls—glamour girls to you. And long may they scintillate in their sequins and silver fox! Ever since Theda Bara beaded her first lash, you've heard tell that the dear girls are just sweet cinema sisters under the skin. As closely attached as the Siamese twins! But invariably, it seems, a friendship between Muzzie May Robson and Jane Withers is the kind that really rates.

All of which compels us to point with pride and perplexity to those two luscious ladies. To Ann Sothern and Hedy Lamarr. In the face of it all, they've managed to become friends. Good friends. A less grue-

BY JERRY ASHER

some twosome we hope never to meet!

By every law of human nature there's as much apparent reason for Ann and Hedy to be friends as there is for Dietrich to play Little Eva. When the possibility of such an alliance was merely mentioned, the misses Sothern and Lamarr all but held their pretty noses and shrieked. You see, each gave the other a nice juicy pain in the neck. And then they were introduced.

For almost two years Ann and Hedy used to pass each other daily on the M-G-M lot. Hedy, who is actually shy in the presence of strangers, never knew whether to speak. Ann, creating

the impression that she was mentally on the China Clipper, was usually concentrating on memorizing her lines. So they didn't think too much of each other—if they thought of each other at all.

At the time both girls were studying with Phyllis Laughton, a top Hollywood's dramatic coach. Knowing them so well, it was Phyllis who first suggested that they'd like each other. Ann listened politely to Phyllis. Ann looked bored. Hedy smiled sweetly. And changed the subject. Strange as it may seem, Ann and Hedy don't have many close friends. Phyllis knew this. So she persisted.

"But w-w-why?" Ann would ask, a slight note of irritation creeping into her voice. (Continued on page 85)



dyhaman

WILL YOU EVER BE RICH?

No matter how small your budget, you can say "yes" if your rainy-day ritual is at all like the ingenious \$ systems of these young stars

BY MARIAN RHEA

THEY were having a huddle on the "Sweater Girl" set at Paramount—Eddie Bracken, June Preisser, Betty Jane Rhodes, Phil Terry, Bill Henry and Ella Neal—six attractive young starlets typical of this rising generation of Hollywood celebrities. All around was the confusion of setting up a new scene, but it didn't make any difference to them. They had something else on their minds and that something was business. Business with a capital "B." The all-important business of handling that weekly pay check.

They were serious about it, too—plenty serious. Time was, perhaps, when Hollywood movie stars spent their money for Moorish castles and pink automobiles and yachts as big as battleships. Time was when Hollywood movie stars gave not a thought to the future. Tomorrow could take care of itself. But, as little June Preisser was saying in the huddle—

"Tomorrow didn't take care of itself. They found themselves down and out and on the county, lots of 'em. It was pitiful. It still is. Me—I'm saving my money! When I get too old to work, I'll buy me a chicken

farm or something and live on that!"

At this point there was a certain amount of derisive laughter at thought of Junie's managing chickens. Nevertheless, the group thought the idea was all right. They were agreed that money, at least some of it, is made to be saved! No living on the county for them, or at best on the largesse of the Screen Actors' Guild! Young as they were, imbued as they were with the joys and irresponsibilities of youth, money was nevertheless important to them in a way you didn't expect it to be. It was important to save!

"It isn't how much you save," Eddie Bracken threw in. "It's making yourself do it regularly, come hell or high water!"

The others agreed and from here the conversation progressed to how they were doing it. Savings bank, life insurance, annuities, bonds, commercial enterprise? Each had his own ideas, of course.

For instance, Bill Henry who is, as you know, a married man with an

infant son, manages to save about thirty per cent of what he makes. Of that, one third, or ten per cent of the whole, goes into payments on an educational endowment policy which in sixteen years will send Bill Jr. to college and on a \$5,000 endowment policy to start young Bill out in business after he is through school.

"I don't think you should have kids unless you fix up their future pretty well," Bill remarked. Of the remaining twenty per cent saved, half, or another ten per cent of the whole, goes into government bonds and the rest into a bank savings account. Bill also keeps a special savings account from which to pay his income tax each year so that his regular budget isn't upset.

EDDIE BRACKEN said he saves about twenty-five per cent of his salary. Of this, a fifth, or five per cent of the whole, goes into what he calls his "director fund." You see, Eddie has one real ambition in life: He wants to be a screen director. Everything else he does is only a means to an end. During the making of "Sweater (Continued on page 79)



Eddie Bracken's method prevents his having to do things on a shoestring



Bill Henry's money scheme will secure Jr.'s future

Married or not, June Preisser will be independent

Twenty-five a week for life—that's what Lynn Bari will have someday



Nell O'Day: Specialist in how to have cash on hand



Smart Susanna Foster has a two-way trick on finances



John Shelton figures he has the "safest" investment



Budgets drive Anne Shirley's husband John Payne crazy; he has a new method



Rita Hayworth

PORTRAIT of a shy glamour girl

Rita Hayworth does a lot of things in public just to make her feel important. But in private she's quite different!

BY JOSEPH HENRY STEELE



Read and marvel: Best-figure-girl Hayworth wears filmy black lace—or the equivalent—only when posing for publicity. Above: With husband Ed Judson

SHE doesn't know how to cook. Her husband calls her Angel Face.

Her bust measures the same as her hips—thirty-four inches.

She is always imagining that people do not like her.

She was christened Margarita Carmen Cansino.

She was born in a hospital, never wears a corsage, and has a disconcerting habit of humming when someone is talking to her. She is frightened by thunder.

She took the Rita from Margarita, adopted her mother's maiden name, Hayworth, because she wanted to avoid being typed as strictly Spanish. She is five feet, five and one-half inches tall and never answers letters promptly.

She has a passion for garlic and raw onions.

She frequently sleeps in the raw during hot weather and goes to church an average of twice a month. She uses a heavy perfume.

She doesn't like pork.

She is very fond of shrimp cocktails, never takes long walks and is given to worrying about herself. Her wedding ring is a plain gold band.

She knocks wood, is superstitious about a hat on a bed, and declines

sailing invitations because she gets violently seasick.

She dislikes cats, has never gone skiing, and prefers stretching out in bed when reading. Her favorite comic strips are "Flash Gordon" and "Blondie."

Rita Hayworth prefers pajamas to nightgowns—usually tailored and in stripes. Her eyes are hazel with brown pigments.

She makes geometrical doodles while telephoning.

She abhors having a clock near her, goes to bed at irregular hours, and is overly quick in criticizing other people's mistakes. Her childhood idol was Billie Dove, the silent film star.

She has a habit of biting her cuticles, and believes that human snobbery is artificially acquired.

She rarely uses a cigarette holder. "Only in public places when I want to feel important."

She loves playing wild poker for ten- and twenty-cent chips, and never remembers the name of the person she's introduced to. She religiously sees every Bette Davis picture.

Her father is Eduardo Cansino—third-generation star of the Spanish dancing family. She weighs a hundred and fourteen pounds.

Her hair was black but for photo-

graphic reasons is now reddish auburn with blondish highlights. Her husband is E. C. Judson, an oil executive.

She swims well, dives badly, and deplores her excessive reticence. She drinks three or four glasses of milk a day.

She once stopped at a motel and swears she'll never do it again.

RITA HAYWORTH sleeps on her right side, takes about an hour to fall asleep, and would like to be a nurse in the event we go into war. Her husband has always encouraged her being a glamour girl.

She is usually punctual, graduated from high school and is invariably dressed on time while it is her husband who keeps her waiting.

She never diets.

She cannot crochet or knit.

She adores strapless evening gowns but does not possess one. She likes sardines, oysters and the Russian Ballet.

She cannot read music. She has a mania for buying shoes and hats, seldom wearing any of them. She is made very nervous by heated discussions.

She goes to a masseuse twice a week, eats (Continued on page 68)



Errol Flynn

The Editor receives an APPEAL

S. O. S. WINGS CALLING!
Come behind the editor's desk
for a moment and grapple with
the problem that faced us recently

After fishing for an inspiration
we finally sent the following reply

—and received in answer
this letter —→

PUBLIC & PRESS RELATIONS
Headquarters, March Field
Riverside, California

Lt. L. J. Doyle,
Public Relations Officer.

October 24, 1941

Ernest V. Heyn
Photo-Play-Movie Mirror
E. 42nd Street
New York City, N. Y.

Mr. Heyn:

Thanks very much for your offer of cooperation which is much appreciated by this office.
In regard to personnel on the Post with Hollywood "connections", believe that I am the only soldier fitting that description, having worked in pictures for several years, as Peter Ashley. As a matter of fact, while under contract to the brothers Warner for the year prior to my induction into the Army, I met Jerry Asher, who originally suggested I communicate with you. Meantime, we will forward any good celebrity shots, which, with Jack Benny and many other scheduled big time air shows in the offing, should be good for a starter.

Sincerely,

James Guston
PVT. JAMES GUSTON

There it was. James Guston—son of the Swedish consul to Yokohama—who, when asked if he had any famous ancestors, wrote, "I've been afraid to check up on 'em."

Our dilemma is now solved. We'll be glad to give California's March Field a break, Private Guston. Here it is:

TO THE MEN OF MARCH FIELD, HOME OF THE
FLYING FORTRESS—ALL THE LUCK IN THE SKIES!
WE KNOW YOU'LL "KEEP 'EM FLYING!"

We received a telegram →

ERNEST V. HEYN EDITOR PHOTO PLAY AND MOVIE MIRROR
122 E 42 ST NEWYORK NY:
=MY FRIEND JERRY ASHER SUGGESTS I COMMUNICATE WITH YOU
REGARDING HOLLYWOOD TIE UPS WITH MARCHFIELD AIR CORP BASE
WOULD APPRECIATE ANY SUGGESTIONS YOU OFFER FOR IMMEDIATE USE
AS FEATURES ARE BADLY NEEDED AIR CORP NOT AS YET PUBLICIZED
AND OFFERS INNUMERABLE ANGELS "LETS HELP KEEP 'EM FLYING"
=PRIVATE JAMES GUSTON PUBLIC RELATIONS OFFICE
MARCHFIELD CALIF

PRIVATE JAMES GUSTON
PUBLIC RELATIONS OFFICE
MARCHFIELD
CALIFORNIA

GLAD TO HELP THE CAUSE ANY WAY POSSIBLE BUT
OF YOUR LITTLE INFORMATION TO GUIDE US. HAS ANY ONE
MAKE A STORY? ANY CONNECTION IN HOLLYWOOD THAT WOULD
WE CAN DO. LET US KNOW IF THERE IS SOMETHING DEFINITE
BEST REGARDS.

ERNEST V. HEYN
PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR

Peter Ashley! That name rang a bell. We reached into the drawer and pulled out a story we had on young contract players in Hollywood, showing their trials and—for the few fortunates—their triumphs. Here's what we found: The biography of a young hopeful who'd changed his name from Guston to Ashley:

BIOGRAPHICAL QUESTIONNAIRE

Please answer the following questions as completely as possible, as all information contained is to be used as a source for Pen Magazine and Newspaper stories:

Date 3/18/40

- Screen name? Peter Ashley
- Real name? James J. Guston
- Who changed your name and why? J. J. Warner
- Height? 6-1 Weight? 170
- Color eyes? Brown Color hair? Brown
- Nationality? American
- Where were you born? New York City
- Date of birth? Jan 1st 1916
- What schools did you attend; please name them:
Grammar school St. Joseph's - Yokohama
High school American School in Japan - Tokyo
College: U.S.C.
- What high school or college sports did you participate in?
Base - Sports - Swimming
Boxing - Soccer at all
- Did you take part in school dramatics and what parts did you play?
Very little in school - Pasadena
Playhouse - and theater
- Please give us any interesting data regarding your relatives:
(a) Were any of them theatrical people? None
If so give particulars: They continue to be
amateurs
- What was your father's business or profession? Swedish
Consul in Yokohama
(a) Have you any famous ancestors?
Give details: I'm keen afraid to
check up on 'em
(b) are your parents living? Yes
(c) Mr. & Mrs. Guston

G. B. Guston



Peter, in bellhop
make-up, with star-
let Peggy Diggins

It's Hollywood's



Hollywood hasn't made up its mind what to think about Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul and the other follow-suiters



What gives in the Paulette Goddard-Charles Chaplin situation? The colony's attitude on this is a great big surprise



What about Katharine Hepburn? Hollywood thought one thing; the public thought another; Katie showed up Hollywood

WHEN Benjamin Franklin said, "We must all hang together, or assuredly we shall all hang separately," he was expressing the motion-picture credo some years in advance. For it's Hollywood's private opinion that "United we stand, divided we fall" and the only fault to be found with this maxim is that, to date, the uniting force has been not one of courage but of fear. They've stuck together from fear of almost everything; gossip, blackmail, bad publicity, stories, pictures and the bad men within the industry. These last have been the worst of all and instead of running them out of town they've pandered to

them and huddled with them and listened to them until it will take years to work off the hangover and get back onto the road of sanity.

As an example of what I mean, let's take a prominent agent I know, a man with all the charm, personality, beauty of physique and mental accomplishment of one of the lower order of primates. This gent wakes screaming in the night, dreaming that he's missed some important opening or official function and he'd rather be dead than to appear at such occasions unaccompanied by one of the ruling beauties. He has a list of the most beautiful girls in town, numbered from one to ten. His secretary

has a duplicate list. The day before the function he "picks a number from one to ten" according to his mood, the secretary phones and the lady attends the party with him. Why? Because the poor darling is anxious to climb to stardom; she doesn't really believe he can, or will, help her, but she's deathly afraid he can and will harm her if she refuses. Occasionally one on the list makes the grade—more often she doesn't.

If Hollywood had taken the bold stand it's adopted since that Washington investigation, now that the labor racketeers, Bioff and Browne, have been sentenced, we wouldn't be sitting back with our necks pulled in,

Private Opinion

—that these piquant secrets and question-mark rumors should be kept from the public. But dauntless Hopper smoked them out

By Hedda Hopper



Damita: Even ex-husband
of Flynn admitted openly
that what she did was eminent-
on the fair and square

Keeping everyone guessing is
Mickey Rooney who has a cer-
tain light in his eye but can't
make up his mind. Or has he?
And is it Ava Gardner, the
gal he's looking up to at
the Mocambo? Below: One
bugaboo was broken recently.
Result: Joan Fontaine's do-
ing some heavy pleading con-
cerning husband Brian Aherne

waiting for the next axe to fall.

The Hollywood Women's Press
Club certainly started something
when at their last meeting they de-
cided to give out awards for the best
loved and most cooperative stars and
also their own booby prizes for those
who cooperate least or not at all. Of
course they had their tongues in their
cheeks but they weren't quite pre-
pared for the avalanche that de-
scended upon them (to their secret
amusement). Studio after studio
called and said, "You aren't going to
mention our Miss so-and-so as the
least cooperative, are you?" Certain
stars whom they'd been inviting for
the past four (Continued on page 93)

FEBRUARY, 1942



BOB STERLING-

NEXT

FOR

Fame

What happened in *Ciro's* that night made all Hollywood stop and stare. Then they started to talk — of the very things you're about to read

BY HELEN LOUISE WALKER

Guaranteed to dispel any doubts about the Sterling qualities: "Dr. Kildare's Victory"



CIRO'S, in Hollywood, is pretty blasé. Goodness, it ought to be by now! But there was a flurry even in this diamond-studded joint a few weeks ago when Louis B. Mayer, entertaining a party there, rose from his chair and circled the room with a blushing, certainly a good-looking young man, introduced him to everyone in the place and announced expansively, "This is Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's next big male star!"

Now, this was big news in anybody's night club and the customers all put down their glasses and their forkfuls of boned squab and stared and stared and stared.

The flustered young man was Bob Sterling. Mayer's party was in Bob's honor and the entire affair seemed a sort of official debut for Bob and an admonition to the world at large to keep an eye on him from now on.

As this is written, young Sterling, slightly bewildered and brushing the stardust from his eyes after playing what he says was "a real love scene with Garbo—even if it was just a little one," is taking stock of himself, trying to figure out what comes next and, still more important, what he has learned from what came before which will help him from now on.

On his list of things-to-be-remembered for his own profit he has jotted "successful hitchhiking, selling things, sorting people out, learning from the wallops and learning not to expect what you probably won't get!" That last sounds a little morose, but there's a reason and we may as well start to sort this all out.

It all started, really, back in New Castle, Pennsylvania, when he was offered a three-week vacation from his job, without pay. It was the

"without pay" clause that got him down. For Bob had been making his own way since he was a shaver and he didn't consider a vacation, without pay, as a vacation. He considered it, in his lofty way, a "layoff."

"A vacation," he said, logically enough—and to the boss, too—"is something you get for nothing as a reward for having worked your head off all year. A layoff is either an act of God or it's a raw deal and, whichever this is, I think I'll quit."

So he went home and said to his mother, "I think I'll go to Hollywood." She said, "I've been thinking that you probably would. When do you start?" Bob said, "In about half an hour." And his mother went tootling off to see that he had some clean socks to take along.

It was all as simple as that. But not quite so (Continued on page 95)



66 Louisiana 99

The best buy you've had in years is this exposé of "Louisiana Purchase," which covers Bob Clown Hope and uncovers—well, just take a look

It has nothing to do with history books; this "Louisiana Purchase" is a political sellout of a mythical New Orleans to the tune of Irving Berlin songs. Mr. Hope chortles his way through the film version of the stage hit as a rugged State Representative

His aides-de-camp—not mythical—are Margaret Hayes and Kay Aldridge who cling strongly to their ideals (above). Two of twelve girls chosen from 800, they passed tests on beauty of face and figure, song and dance talent, appearance in Technicolor. Margaret came from Paramount's contract list; Kay was a famous model. Jean Wallace (right) started in the film as an unknown newcomer; ended up as the new wife of Franchot Tone

Lovelies



Fashion shows are things of beauty—that is they are until Bob Hope gets into them. He turns the "L.P." one into a comedy riot. Star poser is Blanche Grady, former N. Y. showgirl-model



Chicago's contribution to the "Louisiana" lineup is Alaine Brandes (left), former model. She came to Hollywood two years ago, was voted by photographers the most photogenic of the younger players, now gets her first chance as a satin satellite of the ermined Mr. Hope

Sixth in the rounded dozen is Katharine Booth, who came from the studio's contract list. Over them all reigns Hope, who sings, dances (the first time in films) and, as usual, loses most of his furs and feathers, this time during the big Beaux Arts Ball

First sit-up-and-take-notice role was that of the warped little Cockney who overshadowed "The Light That Failed"



Hollywood read the reviews, felt something big was happening, knew it when they saw her as the insane Lana in "They Drive By Night"

Today in "Ladies In Retirement" she becomes Bette Davis' one rival for honors as Hollywood's top emotional actress



BY HOWARD SHARPE

Here, but for the advice of Louis Hayward, might Ida still be: A bleached exponent of flapper appeal, which is what '34 Hollywood made her

She leads as normal a life as any Hollywood woman, except for four things. And, oh yes, a fifth — her marriage, which is just a little bit different



Ida - the mad Lupino

SHE was fifteen, then, when she came to New York, bound for Hollywood; and the way she looked, as she sat on the rail of the *Berengaria* pulling her skirts higher for the ship photographer's cheese-cake art, was a scandal for a child that age. Even for a young miss of seventeen, which she said she was, it was too much. She looked sexy, which meant, in 1933, as much like Jean Harlow as possible. Ida looked very much like her indeed.

Her hair, if anything, was more platinum. Her clothes were cut for a Harlow-like figure: nature had given Ida that, all of it, plus eyebrows, which she had discarded in favor of pencil lines. Hollywood, when she got there, did one double-take and typed her at once. "We will bill her," they said, "as a kind of Jazz-age holdover, only up-to-date—a depression flapper, because that's what she is."

But, as sometimes happens, Hollywood was wrong, and she wasn't at all; and the next two years were misery after the varnish of newness wore off. She took a house with a swimming pool, because one did. Her mother lived with her, not only because a girl had to have a mother in Hollywood but because Ida was fifteen, and After All. She bought a big car, a radio-phonograph with a stack of hot-sweet records—no "classical" music, she couldn't abide the stuff—and an apron. She went to previews in the big car, she gave parties in the house and around and even in the swimming pool, with the phonograph going all night long. The apron she brought out on occasion to wear while she beat with a spotless spoon at the bottom of a spotless, empty cooking pan over a cold stove. Studio photographers snapped her then; the pictures looked very nice, although completely un-

real, on pages of magazines opposite pictures of her in a Harlow evening dress. The stories accompanying the photos were titled "Frankly Foolish," "Lupin' The Loop To Hollywood," and "You've Got To Be Naughty To Be Nice." Once somebody fell into her pool, fully clothed, whereupon the newspapers said you had to allow yourself to be pushed, with all your clothes on, into Ida Lupino's pool, and not get mad afterwards, or Ida wouldn't like you. There was a story about that.

Also, on occasion, she made moving pictures for Paramount in which she invariably played an American girl with a slangy accent. The studio said she had the best American-girl accent on the lot, which always amused her because she was a true Cockney, born within sound of London's Bow Bells. No, the studio said, you are what you are and as such you are perfect, and there's no point giving



A Lupino-Hayward pose in their courting days. He started by telling her to wash her face

you parts where you have to act. That would ruin you as a property. No, once and for all . . .

So that she was unhappy really, bored and furious and homesick for England. Jack's letter, the one that asked her to marry him, came on an afternoon when things had been particularly bad. She took it into the garden to read. The postmark said Baden-Baden, which surprised her mildly; she thought he'd got back from his tour before this. She sat sideways on the edge of a chair, tapping the rim of her sun glasses absently against her teeth as she read the impulsively written pages, all seven of them.

After she had finished she looked very hard, for a minute or two, at a blackbird on a eucalyptus limb, trying to concentrate on the bird. But it wasn't any use.

When her mother, Connie, went into the garden later Ida was holding both hands over her face, but the tears were dripping dismally down the backs of them, even so. She had never been one to take emotion lightly, and she did not take it lightly now. You could hear what Ida Lupino thought of Hollywood if you stood in Santa Monica that night. When she was finished, a little quieter,

she told Connie she was going back to England, going home. To Stanley, her father. To Jack.

"What," Connie asked, nervously peeling the polish from her nails, "will Paramount say?"

"As if I cared!"

But she did. She was honestly glad when her bosses, sentimental to the last, told her to try it for three months. "If you still mean it then, we'll tear up the contract," they said; after she'd thanked them and been shown to her car they turned quietly to each other, smiling. They knew what London, contrasted with Hollywood, would do to a girl of Ida's spirit.

Still, they couldn't know that one evening, even while she and Connie and a servant were packing trunks for the journey, a cablegram would come, saying incredibly that Jack had had an accident in Germany, cycling one day; that he was dead, that details would follow by mail, that . . .

"All right, don't read any more of it," Ida said. She was holding a silk blouse in her hand; she folded it, tore it neatly in two, folded it again and placed it precisely into a corner of her steamer trunk. "Stanley's meeting the boat train, didn't he say? Don't forget that

packet you've tied up for him. Put it in the big case."

"I'll do that now," Connie whispered, although she had done it the night before.

Ida returned to Hollywood before the three months were up. The second night, at the Savoy Bar, in London, Stanley had told her she would want to do that. "It's your new life, your whole new world," he'd said, grinning cheerfully at her over his glass. "You've had a rotten do, Ducks, but you'll pop back and things'll be better, wait and see."

And she did, and they were. For one thing, she met Louis Hayward.

The new house she took was in the Outpost, clinging to the side of a hill and boasting a wandering sort of garden that fell precipitately into that belonging to the house below. Louis owned the house below. On the rare occasions when she paused to think about it, she knew that he was also English, also of her profession, and that she had met him once, briefly, three years since on an Elstree sound stage. They had not hit it off. He had thought her a silly punk kid, and she had found him offensively arrogant.

Sometimes, though (it couldn't be helped, living so close and all), they met in the late afternoon when both were out walking dogs.

The cliché situation of the friendly pooches' cementing their owners' friendship did not work in this case, since the animals loathed each other on sight and frequently fought, with both Ida and Louis commanding their respective pets to desist from slumming and come away from the rabble.

But once Louis stood alone, just around the bend of the road as Ida's collie led her along it. It was one of those evenings, with a white moon washing the whole incredible California backdrop in a chalk light, silhouetting Louis to his advantage, making him look alone and—somehow—bereft. Suddenly contrite, Ida pulled the collie back.

"Is—your dog in hospital?" she asked.

"He's languishing in his house," Louis said; adding, as if pleased with the thought, "Securely chained, too."

"How really beastly of you," Ida told him warmly.

"You don't know the circumstances. He ate part of a neighboring clergyman last night, and this is his punishment. Besides," said Louis, "I've had in mind to give you a talking to, lately. Come along, Lupino."

"Likely!" she said, with the sound of the Bow Bells in her voice. "'Oo are you telling 'come along,' I'd like t'know?"

There was, then, the delicious

rightness of his accent in return, the perfect adenoidal Cockney usage that only the English, somehow, can achieve: "Come off it, 'oo d'you think you're coddin'? Keep a civil tongue in your 'ead, Miss."

"Very well, Mr. Hayward," she said, almost demurely.

They talked late that night, and the next; and six nights later they talked again, on which night they fought heatedly into the small hours. "It's so wrong, the whole thing," Louis kept insisting. "Don't you see? You look such a fright . . . Let that hideous hair grow out to its natural color, get some decent clothes. . . ."

"That's fine for you to say!" she screamed, hating him terribly, utterly unaware that she was falling in love with him. "You're a man, you don't have to worry about bleaching, you look the same always, you're no great shakes yourself, blast you!"

HE said other things, during the months that followed—while she fell in love with him irrevocably, and admitted it to herself, and while she worked to acquire that thing called personal integrity, incalculably valuable. . . .

"Wash your face," he said, referring to the ridiculous make-up she wore.

"Look," he said. "No, don't pull your hand away. I'm being friendly . . . there's a period in life when things have to come to *you*. Do I sound like a third-rate lecture? Sorry. But they do, and you have to sit back for them. Wait for them *now*, Lupino."

"I can't!" she told him, then.

But she did. She waited for sixteen extremely long, frantic months, while nothing happened, nobody telephoned her, no one hired her; while her professional standing, her career and her ego went to pod; and while not a single person, except Louis, believed in her at all.

That was in 1937. Ida Lupino had had, altogether, four years of a kind of success which was almost big, not quite. She was not ever a star. Paramount remembered her during that time, which was the trouble; they remembered her, as something in the past, a personality who had been terrific, but wasn't any longer.

Louis said, "Change over. You're phony now. Let your hair grow out. I'll stick by you."

He stuck by her, which was the wonderful thing about it all.

That, and a mild attack of infantile paralysis, of all things. She caught this particular bug during an epidemic current at the time; and it was a poor thing of a germ, as germs go, although even in its debilitated state it was busy enough to put Ida to bed for three months. She came out of the illness with no bad effects and

with a great new gift, a talent she hadn't known she possessed. Delirium merged into simple fever, which became, finally, the colossal boredom of the bedridden. She had, of course, heard wild and lovely music during the delirium; but, with the diminishing fever, a few majors joined the original minors; when, at last, she was simply, dully recuperative she could remember the melodies. They were new, enchanting, even brilliant, she decided, as she lay listening to her memory singing them.

The ennui was a good thing, then. She knew comparatively little of music—good music; but she had to do something, which meant (at that moment, to the magnificently neurotic child she still was) composing. Fortunately, Ida Lupino was born with a rare combination of abilities: Intelligence, imagination, an ear attuned to almost-absolute pitch, the memory of an elephant, and discrimination. She heard music; she had inherent good taste about music; and, forthrightly, jumping over the dull long learning period, she started creating music.

To the surprise of everyone, including Louis, it was pretty good. She wrote fifty songs during her time out from pictures.

When Paramount signed her again, for three pictures a year, people read the two-line paragraph about it in *Variety* and with gasping yawns turned to the film sections of their morning papers. Until, one morning, the reviews of "The Light That Failed" appeared. "Here," said the reviewers happily, "is an actress who can imbue an overworked role with new spirit, new meaning."

This development was not impromptu on Ida's part. She was prepared, when the chance came. Seven years before, Director William Wellman had promised her the part of *Bessie* in that picture, if he ever made it. When she heard that now, finally, he had got round to it, Ida went over to Paramount (where she had not made a picture for months) and raised what is technically known as a stink. "He *promised!*" she told them passionately. They put it up to him, whereupon he admitted that he had. He was a man of his word, even in Hollywood.

She couldn't let him down.

A lull of six months followed that role of *Bessie*, for no logical reason; then Warners came to her with a story called "They Drive By Night." She did not make the other two pictures for Paramount. She was too busy becoming a great new star, under a great new Warners contract.

They were very dressed up that night; Louis in tails, Ida in a new Irene number. Louis had the town car, liveried chauffeur and all; reservations at the five smartest clubs in town

had been made earlier by phone; and his orchids nestled sumptuously on Ida's furs. "Looks, sounds and feels like a celebration," Ida commented. "Why?"

"You're going to be proposed to," he said.

"What, again?"

"This time I mean business. You remember I said pride had a lot to do with us and marriage? Well, I've got 'The Duke Of West Point' under my belt now. The reviews on it are good and it means a new contract, I think. And *you* had to come back. You've done that. Can you think of a single good reason . . . ?"

"No," she said, looking at him invitingly. He accepted the invitation.

"Tell him to drive us back home," she said (*Continued on page 105*)

Lupino-Hayward happy-marriage picture: They look over their grounds





Joseph Cotten, young, handsome, blond, wants to stop wearing Gay-Nineties rigs and begin making love to heroines

Round-Up

A see-for-yourself proposition as to

Opera à La Hollywood

HAVE you ever met an opera star face to face, in the broad daylight—without the trappings and trimmings of a *Carmen* or *Delilah*? If not, let me present to you one of America's best—plain everydayish Miss Rise Stevens who could be you or I or the girl who works on the seventeenth floor of any office building. There is no folderol nonsense about this American young lady who happens, through fate's kindness, to be occupied in the business of singing. And what singing, as you jolly well know if you've heard Miss Stevens in the delightful picture, "The Chocolate Soldier," with Nelson Eddy.

Born in New York in a typical average American family, Miss Stevens attended various grammar schools about the city, graduating from the New Town High School at Elmhurst,

A strange man gave Rise Stevens a gingham rabbit; she ended up by taking him on for better or worse



tha O'Driscoll wants to be
t-free; she evolved a
ue dating plan to insure it



Philip Reed's a bachelor, a "best"
tennis player, a violinist. He's
also set in his ways; he admits it



Evelyn Keyes can't think up a good
alibi for her actions at night clubs
so she stays home and reads instead

Of Pace Setters

y, out of 100 candidates for special introduction to you, these five winners were chosen

New York. At ten she discovered the golden flute of magic within her throat and made her first public appearance singing, over the air, on the Sunday morning "Children's Hour." At seventeen she played the mother in the school's version of "The Chocolate Soldier," little dreaming, as the books say, that one day she'd be the glorious heroine of the same operetta in the glamorous town of Hollywood.

Following school Rise was engaged for the Opera Comique series at the Heckscher Theater in New York. Her voice stood out like an orchid in a landelion bed, so much so that Madame Anna Schoen-Rene who heard her, was dumbstruck at the knowledge that Miss Stevens had never had a lesson. Instantly she set about arranging for her protégée a special scholarship at the Juilliard School of Music.

Then something happened that threw three gadgets out of line—Miss

BY SARA HAMILTON

Stevens, ambitious and poor, turned down an offer from the Metropolitan Opera Company. She felt it had come before she was quite ready for it. In 1935 she went abroad for the first time, studying at the Mozarteum School at Salzburg and trying to arrange for engagements with people who didn't want to arrange any such thing.

In Paris, while she was practising one day, a man knocked on her door. Questions followed and the music-loving neighbor immediately arranged for concerts throughout the small towns of Czechoslovakia and Hungary for Miss Stevens.

A year later she made her big European debut at Prague in the opera "Der Rosenkavalier," singing the role of Octavia. Walter Szurovy, a handsome, blond Hungarian actor,

who had heard of the young American who was about to appear as "Mignon," went backstage to see what all this talk was about. Rise, reposing in her draped vehicle, was waiting to be hauled onto the stage. The actor tweaked her protruding bare toe. Rise's amazed face poked through the curtains.

"Here, good luck to you," he said in his native tongue and threw into her carriage a gingham rabbit.

Later, of course, they were married. They are immensely happy.

Triumphs in South America followed, with Rise the first North American to appear at the famed Teatro Colon at Buenos Aires. Europe, America, South America again hailed the young star and, finally and at last, she felt ready to accept the Metropolitan offer in New York.

M-G-M first heard her lovely voice during her San Francisco opera



Martha O'Driscoll, girl who bowls over bowlers with her high score, takes in the Trouville Club opening with young Richard Denning

engagement on the West Coast. A test followed and the delightful "Chocolate Soldier" resulted.

She has ideas, sound, sane and American. She believes, for instance, that opera should be given to the people, those who really love it, at prices reasonable enough that all may hear it. Opera itself should progress as an art as other fields of entertainment have. The Government, if necessary, should get behind it, forming opera stock companies across the land.

She approves the swinging and jazzing of operatic airs. It's the people's way of interpreting good music, she feels.

She gives orchids to Benny Goodman for his knowledge of music and feels Mr. Goodman is capable of conducting a symphony orchestra, so deep is his knowledge of music.

Yes, she's one of us, her fans, this brown-eyed, brown-haired young lady with the voice. And if we have our way, we'll have less nonsense and more of Rise Stevens in pictures.

Gentleman of the Old Sowf

The oddest thing that ever happened to Joe Cotten was Orson Welles. The two, complete strangers to each other, met when a humorous slip

made during a serial radio show threw the two spectators into hysterics. An usher promptly threw the gentlemen into the alley and thus was born a partnership that has lasted through hell and high water—mostly high and very hot water.

Joe had come up from Petersburg, Virginia, his home town, to New York to be an actor. Walking into Mr. Belasco's office he asserted that he would like very much to become an actor.

"Very well," Mr. Belasco agreed and that was that. Joe was an actor, understudying Lynne Overman in "Dancing Partner" and Melvyn Douglas in "Tonight Or Never." The lead in a Boston stock company followed and after a year Joe was back in New York for a new play when chance threw him into Orson. From then on, Orson went his way and Joe went Orson's way, following him into his W.P.A. Mercury Theater project, Joe sometimes playing bits and sometimes leads. When Hollywood opened its doors to Orson (What an opening!) Joe came along playing a leading role in "Citizen Kane" and playing it so well people kept asking for him, concerning him and about him. Was he young, old, middle-aged, or what?

The "what" of it is, Joe Cotten is a young, handsome, blond, unactorish, genuine male who acts only before a camera or an audience. He is the best friend Orson has in this world. It goes without saying Joe is loyal and patient. Together he and Welles have written a play, "Journey Into Fear," in which they will both act for the screen. Orson tells me Joe gets the girl in their new one. Joe says he doesn't want her unless he can get out of those darned 1890 clothes he's always wearing and lean up against a ship's rail with her in the moonlight like all the other heroes.

Joe was the sensation of the stage play, "The Philadelphia Story" (next to Hepburn, that is), and played in the show both before and after his "Citizen Kane" venture.

After the show had completed its run, Joe returned to Hollywood to play with Merle Oberon in "Lydia," as another Gay Nineties beau, and is now actively engaged in the Welles picture "The Magnificent Ambersons," still another gallant of our yesterdays.

When the ladies see Joe as he really is, there will be a new trend toward the Cotten fad. Only, alas, he's married, and happily, to a former fashion magazine editor. He reads everything that's good, including Orson's scripts, and plays anything he's given on his friend's radio show, if it's only a line. He plays a crack game of tennis and loves to live in California. Occasionally he lapses into his Southern dialect and then he's really irresistible. Or have you found him that already?

A Peach From Peachtree St.

Soft brown eyes, natural blonde hair worn in longish curls, a quiet voice and keen determination belong to Miss Evelyn Keyes, the heroine in the unforgettable picture, "Here Comes Mr. Jordan," and the maid in "Ladies In Retirement." With two smash hits such as those in a row and "Martin Eden" in the making, to Evelyn belongs the Keyes to the Kingdom of Success.

Four years ago Evelyn came to Hollywood from her home in Atlanta, Georgia, with several hundred dollars she'd earned dancing in night clubs. She was going to crash movies and she did.

Luck was with her almost from the start. Through friends she met an agent who was willing to take the newcomer on the rounds of the studios' casting offices. At Paramount, Jeanie MacPherson, writer for Cecil B. DeMille, spied the Georgia peach and became interested, so much so she insisted boss Cecil give her a hearing. Impressed with Evelyn's quiet manners, perfect diction and good looks, Cecil put her under personal contract. For two years she did small bits and some radio work, in which she shone like a diamond.

A year after she'd made a test for *Suellen* in "Gone With The Wind" she was given the part and you can imagine Atlanta's welcome when Evelyn returned home for the premiere.

When her contract with DeMille had expired, Evelyn traveled to Columbia where she attracted more attention in the Brian Aherne picture, "The Lady In Question," and, in time, was rating such sugar-plum roles as the "Mr. Jordan" one.

Her three older sisters and one brother and mother haunt the theaters in Atlanta when Evelyn's pictures come to town. Baby has made good with a vengeance.

In Hollywood, Evelyn, who is unmarried, shares an apartment with a girl friend, plays tennis, reads avidly. She reads one classic a month, regardless.

Last summer, with free time on her hands, she enrolled at U.C.L.A. for the contemporary English drama and Shakespearian classes. Night clubs seldom see her, for Evelyn can't find enough alibis to cover up her nonindulgence in powerful liquids. It's either alibi or be thought a snob, so Evelyn stays home and reads and practices on the piano.

She thinks Glenn Ford the greatest young actor in Hollywood and studies his every move in their picture "Martin Eden."

Texas, the Lone Star State, really gave her birth. When her father died (Evelyn was then a year old) the family moved (Continued on page 91)



This is Mr. Normal: Six feet three of average American guy—Fred MacMurray of Paramount's "Take A Letter, Darling"



Stop Crying!

Interested in getting what you want? Female tears don't
work any more; this device does. It rated Lucille
Ball a home, a husband—and happiness

BY HELEN GILMORE



Picture of a vivid Cuban and a spirited blonde settling down: Lucille and her husband Desi Arnaz in their ranch home



First payoff on her new theory was breaking into "Roman Scandals" as a poster-model girl

THE deafening buzz in the RKO commissary rose a good octave as the girl with the hair like a tossed salad of gold paused in the doorway. "Hi, Lucille!" a table of wagsters hailed her. "Join the comedy club. All you have to do is tell the funniest thing that ever happened to you!"

The girl moved over to the group with a lithe casualness, her long-lashed blue eyes measuring them. "Well, the funniest thing was when Desi and I were on our honeymoon." She grinned suddenly and sat down. "He was filling an engagement at a night club in Miami when the Presidential Birthday Balls were taking place and Miami asked him to be master of ceremonies for theirs with me as guest star. The Governor of Florida was to be there, the Mayor of Miami and a slew of dignitaries. I went into a dither memorizing titles so I wouldn't muff the event.

"The big night came. I draped on the white furs over my favorite pink evening dress with eighteen yards of fluff around the bottom and off we went with motorcycle police escorts, sirens, spotlights — super premiere stuff.

"Everything was wonderful. Desi was going like a house afire. Then he introduced me."

At this point Lucille jumped up to give an imitation of herself. "I approached the microphone daintily—oh, so daintily—got through my little speech of your excellencies and your

honors without a miss, then bowed my way backwards during the applause to my seat. That is, almost to my seat. Because just as I got there, my heel struck the chair, both feet went up in the air—but air, I'm telling you—and me and the eighteen yards did a reverse spread eagle right on the back!"

To the vast amusement of the commissary Lucille proceeded to fall over the chair at the next table and sprawl on the floor, smart slacks, polo coat and all.

"What did Desi do?" someone laughed.

"Do?" She scrambled up, snatched a fork from the table and held it with both hands in front of her to represent a microphone. "He just hung on to the mike with both hands, practically paralyzed with laughter. So was the whole auditorium. When he finally got his breath, he pointed at me where I was still on the floor with four men trying to hoist me and said helplessly, 'Ladies and gentlemen—my wife'—and went off into another gale."

Lucille dusted herself off vigorously. "That's the time Ball got a bigger laugh than Hope or Bergen ever did!"

There you have the side of Lucille Ball that Hollywood sees. But there's another girl who walks behind the seemingly assured star—a desperately shy girl whom Lucille has had to thrust aside ruthlessly to make



She came to Hollywood on a one-film chance; stayed to have her hair darkened and to make her fortune

her place in the world. This second self, who really came first in Lucille's life, had her roots in a strange and unhappy childhood where tears were her constant companion, instead of the laughter which is now the Ball stock in trade. And in her conquest of tears lies the solution for many a misfit life.

When Lucille was two years old the sudden death of her father, who was an electrical engineer in Butte, Montana, broke up the Ball home. Her health shattered by the blow, Mrs. Ball returned with Lucille and her baby brother Fred to her people in Jamestown, New York. Lucille was sent to live with a relative, a woman



They know who brings home the bacon: Sir Thomas of Chatsworth and Pinto the Great play up to head of the house Desi Arnaz

well along in years whose old-fashioned background of starched self-discipline did not equip her to handle the high-tensioned, imaginative youngster with whom she found herself sharing her home. The child was frowned upon for having her nose constantly in a book and upbraided when she was caught in the extravagant play-actings which in her loneliness took the place of companions. Nevertheless, she contrived to create two imaginary playmates who were her refuge through the years, Bob and Sassa Frassa—the latter, a horse, if you must know.

The child's appalling sense of isola-

tion began to affect her school work. Called upon to recite in class, her eyes, like teacups of blue china that are too full, would brim over and not a word could she utter of a lesson she knew by heart. Her teacher tried to bridge the gap by organizing a birthday party for Lucille at school. Word of this got to Lucille's guardian who in what she meant to be kindness told the youngster of the surprise party. She ended by saying flatly, "I thought you'd better know so you would be prepared."

This precipitated another storm of weeping and the two looked at each other in despair across their separate worlds. Even today Lucille bears the scar of this habit when, confronted by bafflement, or any of the old frustrations, she seeks quick escape in tears which as quickly pass.

Release came to the child when Lucille's mother, who had married again in the meantime, sent for her daughter now that she could once more offer her a happy home. In Jamestown, where the Hunts, her mother's French-Irish family, have lived so long that a street bears their name, the tall girl, whose grace was yet only a promise, came into her own. Under the warm understanding hand of her mother, whom she has always worshipped, Lucille became a leader of the younger set. She was jumping center of the girls' basketball team. Her horseback-riding was good enough to win her a spot on a woman's polo team. She became an excellent shot with a gun, drove cars and even flew a small private plane, this girl who was too timid to recite in a classroom.

After a year at the Chautauqua Institute of Music in an effort to follow in the footsteps of her mother, who is an accomplished pianist, Lucille prevailed upon the family to let her attend John Murray Anderson's school of dramatics in New York. For the years of damned-back childhood were crying for expression. But somehow the school didn't seem to turn the trick. Alone in the biggest town in the world, she found that all the old fears were returning—fear of people, fear that they didn't like her, fear of failure.

Bette Davis was the bright and shining student there. Not so Lucille, who gazed at her with envy and despair. Once again fright rose in her throat and tears in her eyes as she mumbled through diction classes and hugged the backdrop whenever she was given bits to play in class dramas.

At length the whole tear psychology came to an abrupt climax. Discouraged with her progress at the dramatic school, Lucille answered a chorus call for Ziegfeld's road show of "Rio Rita" and agonized through weeks of the show when the stage manager would

yell at her, "Hey, you, why don't you open your mouth and sing?" Terrified, she would make her mouth go, pretending to be singing with the others.

Finally the day came when she was handed her notice. The world went black. Crying softly, she walked along the street to her hotel room. Would it be poison or just a quiet dive out the window? As you may have suspected, it was neither. Sensibly enough, she tried to get her job back, haunting the stage manager for two days without daring to speak to him until he finally shouted, "No, you can't have your job back! Now will you stop following me?"

Lucille stood on the curb and wept some more. Then something occurred which has happened in the lives of so many of us. A chance meeting, a chance word and suddenly a key is thrust into our hands which opens the door to a totally different life. In this instance, a friend of Lucille's happened by. He asked what was the matter and after she had blurted out her story, he said:

"Don't be that way. Crying doesn't pay off." He scribbled down an address on a card. "Here. If you need a job, go down to this company. They'll give you a job modelling a coat for twenty-five dollars." And he was gone.

LUCILLE stared at the card. What had he said? "Crying doesn't pay off." Brother, was he right! Maybe she'd better try laughing. At least if she laughed at herself first, she could beat the rest of the world to the punch—maybe save herself the punch. And from that moment she began to build her armor of comedy.

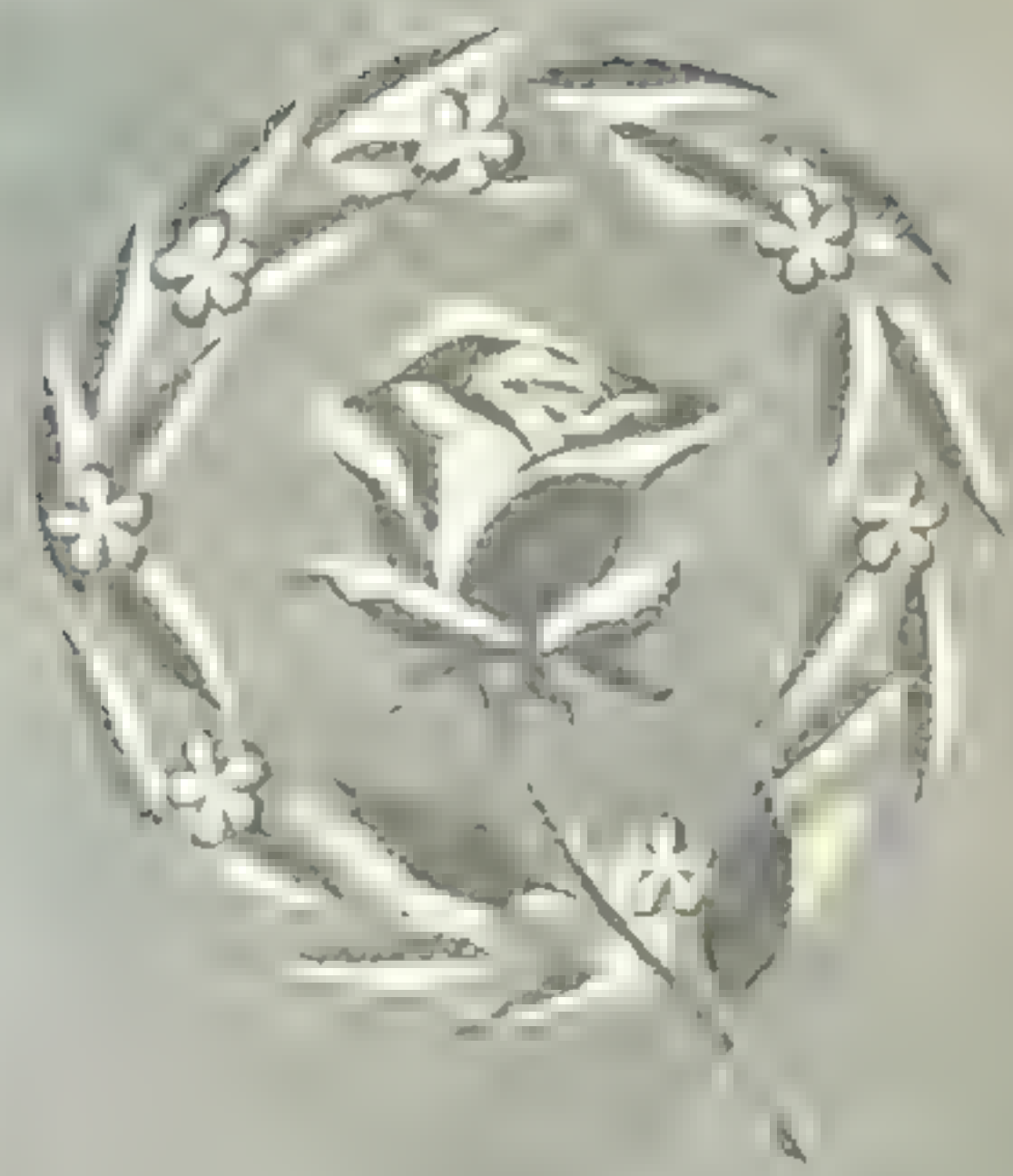
Flinging the tears out of her eyes, squaring her shoulders and her chin, the future female comedy riot reported at the address on the card. And one of America's most famous models was born, the girl who was soon to become a mannequin in the famous Hattie Carnegie salon, the Chesterfield Girl and finally be chosen as one of the famous poster models imported by Mr. Goldwyn for the Eddie Cantor picture, "Roman Scandals."

Lucille was anything but agog over the prospects of going to Hollywood. The wounds of her drama school and "Rio Rita" experiences were still too fresh. But she was badly in need of a rest. Six weeks in the celebrated California sunshine with all expenses paid there and back—not bad.

But what with one thing and another, the "back" didn't take place for almost as many years. First, because the girl with the sultry mouth and the little-girl eyes seemed to have caught on luckily to one of the rings of the Hollywood merry-go-round. Then, when the ring (Cont'd on page 101)



FASHION VALENTINES FOR *Judy*



A hearts and flowers look of Judy Garland Rose all ready for a Valentine's Eve celebration with husband Dave. The star of "Bobs On Broadway" says hello in a conquest dress of soft net with a huge ruffle accenting the hemline. She swings along dramatically in a long fitted gown evening coat with a three-button fastening; she carries a muff that any girl can have if she just stitches up some soft net and sprinkles it generously with white violets, the same flowers that blossom out in Judy's curls. Gato girl, gato mood, brilliant diamond necklace by Gershgorin and Co.

Copyright by Gershgorin



Rose-colored version of a plain winter suit: Judy takes a classic steel-grey wool two-piece model, makes it new and different by accenting the tight-fitting jacket with grey velveteen collar and cuffs. Soft grey feathers fashion the perky bonnet; a pretty veil adds a bit of feminine witchery



Laurels to Garland for another prize-winning idea of how to change an outfit to suit yourself in novel fashion. Add huge beaver buttons to the jacket; sling a big beaver muff over your arm; top everything off with a wide beaver-trimmed hat. Outfit from Saks Fifth Ave., Beverly Hills, Cal.

FROM

DAVE



From Dave to Mrs. Rose: Valentines every day in the year for wearing dresses like this. To be specific, it's a Jack Perkins black crepe with a wide accordion-pleated hemline, a so-slim belt, bodice and sleeves of sheer marquisette. The little skullcap and the Gershqorn diamond clip are standouts

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR



JUDY

ess in a mood to match the
ve you truly" light in Dave's
for the little star of "Babes
roadway." Of light blue net, it
ves a glitter-girl hit by silver
sprinkled from bodice to be-
the hipline and by the wide
o of net from the ruching to
oor. Judy drapes a length of
prinkled with rhinestone over
air, clasps it together at the
der with a gay rhinestone pin



Cary Grant is earning money,
big money, in "Arsenic And
Old Lace." Just how selfish
is he about his pay check?
You'll find glowing facts
revealed now by "Fearless"

Hyman Fink

The Truth About STARS' CHARITIES

Some stars are charity "snobs"; some, secret champions. A straight-from-the-shoulder talk on Hollywood's rights and wrongs

BY "FEARLESS"



Wally Beery dispenses his charity with that "Oh, gosh, it's nothing" attitude he's made famous on the screen

Y EARLY, on the night before Christmas, Wally Beery gathers together all the waifs and strays of his studio—and of Hollywood in general—and takes them to his home for a Christmas party. In numbers they run anywhere from fifty to three hundred.

Some of the guests may be stars of the past now sunk to playing extra roles; others may be grips or prop boys or out-of-work movie technicians of any sort; but the majority of the crowd is just guys who have no homes or close relatives with whom to share this most sentimental of holidays. Not one there is "important." That's Wally's only demand—that those invited be genuinely in need of a little Christmas cheer.

The party is always terrific. Laughter and horseplay and song and liquid refreshment get mixed up with Garantuan eats. Just before dawn and the final good-bys come, Wally slips everyone a present. Some are large and some are small, but all are in

relationship to the need of the receiver and all are handed out by Wally with that "Oh gosh, it's nothing" attitude that you have seen him put across a hundred times on the screen. Wally never thinks of it as charity. He calls it "Having my gang for Christmas Eve."

Hollywood, of course, gives its talents and support to the regular "organized" charities. Bob Hope plays all benefits for all things and there is no screen personality who isn't called upon constantly for cash and free appearances for this, that and the other worthy cause. Excepting only Garbo, all stars respond to these appeals to some degree, though Hope surpasses them all.

But the truth about the real Hollywood charities is that they are exactly like everything else in the place—entirely personal, highly dramatic, frequently fantastic and largely unsung. The truth about them is, too, that there are some unpleasant incidents connected (Continued on page 81)

Winner of the charity crown, when it comes to giving out time and money, is Joan Crawford



"A tender little anecdote" is what "Fearless" calls the account of Loretta Young's good-deed day

Portrait of a Shy Glamour Girl

(Continued from page 41) very little candy, and loves to dance at any time or place. She never wears girdles.

She wears flesh-colored lingerie.

She was born on October 17, 1918, in a New York City hospital. She lives in an apartment and her mother is a Hayworth of an English acting family that first trod the boards in Shakespeare's day. She believes that considerable money is essential to achieve happiness.

She loves night clubs and throws her clothes over a chair when retiring. Her jewelry consists of a bracelet, ring, watch and earrings—all made of gold.

She wears filmy black lace things only when posing for publicity pictures. She is bored at baseball games.

Her parents tried desperately to cure her of her shyness as a child. She is not given to procrastination, likes her steak done medium rare, and has to have her hair thinned out because it grows so thick.

She does not like English mustard or frog legs. She thinks her husband's greatest asset is his enthusiastic interest in her career.

She likes motoring only when she does the driving.

She takes a hot shower and always tapers off with cold water.

RITA HAYWORTH has never been outside the United States except to visit or work in Mexico. She is right-handed.

She takes only orange juice and coffee for breakfast.

She likes herself best in red or blue.

Her husband is of Danish descent, and she listens with her right ear at the telephone. She hates anything of a bilious green color.

She was married in Yuma, Arizona, by a justice of the peace, and nearly every morning, when not working, she listens to all the family plays on the radio.

Her father was born in Seville, Spain.

She has never been on a steamship.

She never follows a hunch.

Her favorite aperitif is Dubonnet, she visits a beauty parlor once a week, and thinks the current pompadour vogue is unflattering.

Rita Hayworth has at home the guitar she used in "Blood And Sand," which neither she nor her husband plays. She has never seen a Gene Autry film and nurtures a secret desire to vacation someday in Maine. She is bad at spelling and worse in arithmetic.

She is frank, sincere and soft-spoken.

She hates Mexican food, contract bridge and affectation in people who are merely lucky. She seldom catches cold.

Her favorite musician is Vincent Gomez, the guitarist, and she is happiest when working the hardest. Her kerchiefs have fancy borders of bright colors.

Her mother was born in Washington, D. C. She paints her toenails and wishes her husband would not drive so fast. She would rather rhumba than anything else, and her husband is always complaining about the way she drives.

She has never been to Sun Valley, likes going out for a smoke between the acts, and likes to read poetry aloud to herself.

She is constantly humming nondescript tunes. She calls her husband Eddie and the only book she has read more than once is something called "The Way of the Transgressor."

She thinks the average man presents a much more aesthetic sight on the beach than the average woman. She does not care for caviar.



Star Finds IN THE STORES

BY MARION HAMMON

VICTORY CAP: Here's a cute little campus captivator if we ever saw one. It's knit of wool and embroidered with a dashing Victory emblem in perfect harmony with the basic design of the



cap. Tie it over your curls for winter sports, spectating, or just ambling back and forth to class. \$1.25 to \$1.50 at leading department stores. Or, R. H. Macy's, N. Y.

★ ★ ★
SILKEN FILM: Something new in the beautifying field is Toushay—a luscious fragrant peach-colored lotion. You smooth it on before washing your undies, or sorting carbon paper, or busying yourself with dusty household tasks. This lotion acts as a silken protection against harshness, redness and roughness. Even after



washing, your hands are still soft, smooth. It's equally good for softening rough elbows and chapped knees and for sheer luxury, try it as a body rub. Toushay Lotion, 50c at drug stores.

★ ★ ★
LASSO BOOTS: A stormy weather style with all the dash of a romantic cowboy. Made of rubber, they're cleverly fashioned to look like leather range boots. Lasso boots come in different heel heights so that you can wear them over your moccasin or saddle oxford shoes; walking shoes, or



dressy high-heeled day-time shoes. They'll slip on and off with the greatest of ease, too. B. F. Goodrich Lasso Boots are \$3 at department stores and shoe shops.

She thinks the new colored-hose fad is "horrible."

Her only collecting hobby is saving stamps for her mother, she rides horseback very badly, and is frankly thrilled at her glamour-girl status.

She smokes less than a pack of cigarettes a day and enjoys watching a bullfight "because of the grace and technique involved in it." She takes Vitamin B-1 tablets regularly.

Her favorite fountain concoction is a chocolate milk shake. She likes a fireplace and flowers in her bedroom and hopes to alternate her screen work with dancing and dramatic roles.

SHE likes football and auto races.

She has never worn glasses other than sunglasses, and considers "Music In My Heart" her worst picture. Her parents never called her by any pet name.

Her mouth is full and generous, her golf is bad and she loves shooting galleries where she demonstrates a more than fair marksmanship. She has never been accused of temperament.

She is a rabid movie fan, occasionally goes bicycling, and admires the choreography of Martha Graham and Mary Wigman.

Rita Hayworth likes beer, scrubs her teeth twice a day and is stubborn about admitting a mistake, but she always gives in. She is fond of all varieties of cheese.

She has two Doberman pinschers, prefers biographies and danced with her father at the late Agua Caliente Hotel where she was discovered by Hollywood. She is superstitious about her birth date, the seventeenth, because it figured in her first contract with Fox Films and her test for "Only Angels Have Wings."

She still has a pair of miniature castanets which she used at the age of four. She likes trains, coffee and tea in moderation, and clings affectionately to two hats which she has had for four years and which she wears occasionally.

She has no favorites among male screen stars. She likes playing backgammon and "Indications," and thoroughly approves women's wearing slacks for shopping or movies. She never fails to derive special pleasure out of driving along the bridle path on Beverly Hills' Sunset Boulevard.

She played with girls in preference to boys when she was a little girl. Her favorite records are Strauss waltzes.

She likes wearing ribbons in her hair, smoked salmon and earrings of plain gold loops. Her ears are not pierced.

She gives away most of her wearing apparel at the end of a season. Her complexion is olive, she doesn't care for air travel and her philosophy is a modified fatalism.

She is adaptable and good-natured. She does not go in for roller- or ice-skating.

She never demurs at a quiet evening at home.

She has never hosted a large party, spends her time between camera setups worrying about the next scene, and believes that good taste is something one is born with. Her favorite salad is chef's.

She has a habit of using every ash tray in the house.

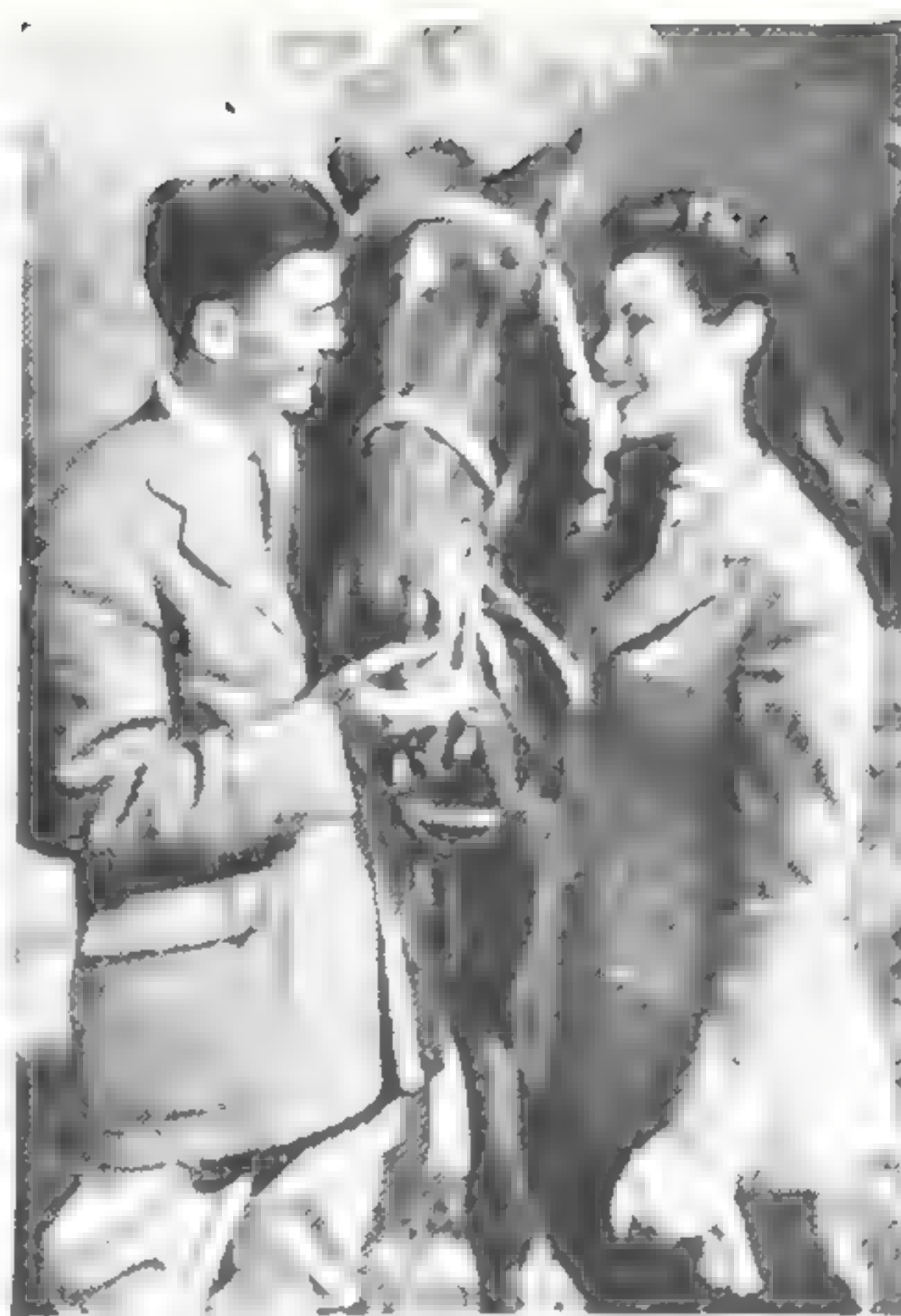
She is convinced this world is going to be a tough place to live in for the next fifty years.

Rita Hayworth hates to make plans. She detests going on trips that have been carefully planned and she has no plans whatsoever regarding her professional future, regarding an eventual retirement, or the possibility of having children.

The End.

NEW YORK-TEXAS ROMANCE

Eugenia Loughlin's engagement to S. Gail Borden Tennant of Houston (pictured together at right) has stirred far-reaching interest. This beautiful Pond's Bride-to-Be will be married this winter, after her fiancé completes his officer's training at Fort Riley.



HER STAR-SAPPHIRE



Engagement Ring. The platinum and baguette diamond setting was designed by her fiancé. "I guess Borden and I made over a hundred sketches for it," she says.

Exquisite EUGENIA J. LOUGHLIN

She's ENGAGED!
She's Lovely!
She uses Pond's!

See how her **SOFT-SMOOTH**
Glamour Care will help your skin

1. Eugenia SLATHERS Pond's Cold Cream *thick* over her lovely face and throat. Pats it on briskly with quick little upward pats. This softens dirt and old make-up. Then she tissues off the cream. "I adore the cool, clean feel Pond's gives my face," she says.

2. Eugenia RINSES with *lots more* Pond's. Tissues off the cream again. This *second time* helps clean off every little smitch of soil, leave her fine-textured skin flower-soft.

You'll love Eugenia's **SOFT-SMOOTH** Glamour Care with Pond's Cold Cream.

Use it *every* night—and for daytime clean-ups.

See your skin look softer, smoother, prettier.

You'll know then why so many *more women and girls use Pond's than any other face cream at any price.*

Buy a jar today—at any beauty counter. Five popular-priced sizes. The most economical—the lovely *big jars.*

Another POND'S Bride-to-Be!

Lovely-to-look-at Eugenia Loughlin met her fiancé at a party in Houston when she was visiting there. Four days later they considered themselves engaged! Eugenia has a true **SOFT-SMOOTH** Pond's complexion—fresh, sweet, pink and white as apple blossoms! "I'm absolutely devoted to Pond's Cold Cream," she says. "It keeps my skin feeling so soft and clean."

It's no accident so many lovely engaged girls use Pond's!



*Pond's Girls
Belong to Cupid*



Send coupon for 5 POND'S Beauty Aids

1. Pond's **SOFT-SMOOTH** Glamour Cold Cream
2. Vanishing Cream
3. New Dry Skin Cream
4. New Dreamflower Face Powder (6 shades)
5. Pond's "Lips" (5 shades)

POND'S, Dept. 8MM-CB, Clinton, Conn. Send me samples of 5 Pond's Beauty Aids listed at left used by lovely engaged girls and society beauties like Mrs. Geraldine Spreckels and Mrs. Ernest du Pont, Jr. Enclosed is 10¢ to cover your distribution expenses, including postage and packing.

Name _____

Address _____

(Offer good in U. S. only)

This Is How It Really Happened

(Continued from page 29) you change?"

"He said it very charmingly—but that, in effect, was what he said. You can imagine what I was tempted to say in reply. But I suppressed the impulse. It was so late by this time that either I went out with him or I stayed home by myself—which was no way to spend New Year's Eve. I changed to something simple, which he admired as much as he had disliked the other. That made everything all right, because I had designed this one, too.

"I hadn't been with him a half-hour before I decided I liked him. I hadn't encountered anyone in Hollywood with whom I had been able to talk so freely, almost immediately. And he was a magnificent dancer. From Ciro's, we went on to another club, and we danced and danced and danced. I had never enjoyed dancing so much before.

"We didn't get home until nearly dawn. And, at the door, when I told Oley what a good time I had had, he said, 'I feel that this should be a good omen for us—our starting the New Year together.'

"After that, we dated and dated. We talked with each other several times a day on the telephone. However, both of us were reluctant to become too serious and we dated others despite the fact that we knew we were headed for each other. We went together two or three times a week for three months. Then one night we decided to get married. Why wait?"

THEY were going to fly to Yuma that night.

"But at the airport I suddenly thought that I'd like my mother at my wedding. After all, marriage was such a serious step. Besides, it was a miserable night for flying. But Oley was surprised at my sudden indecision.

"He didn't try to persuade me. He simply said, very grimly, 'I'm glad you've shown your true colors. I wouldn't want to marry a girl who doesn't know her own mind—who isn't sure of her own emotions.' After that he drove me home in complete silence.

"For weeks after that, he wouldn't see me. Once or twice we bumped into each other at parties and he was friendly, but nothing more. Once or twice, I've forgotten why, he sent me gardenias. He didn't come around himself.

"I used to call him and tell him, in detail, about my crush on So-and-So.

"My mother kept saying, 'Don't be so cruel. Don't keep calling him like this, reminding him of you. Make an end of the whole thing.' I kept saying to myself, 'If you don't break with him now, you never will.' Yet, somehow, I couldn't bring myself to make that break.

"I couldn't understand why. As I kept telling Oley, 'You're the only person I can talk to, but I can never fall in love with you.' I didn't realize that I was in love with him all the time."

And how did she explain that blind spot?

Gene smiled. "All my life, I had dreamed that when I fell in love, it would be with a divine-looking man—a knight in shining armor. And Oley didn't exactly fit the description of that dream-man. Something else that confused me was that Mother liked this other boy—I won't mention his name—who was terribly good-looking. She felt that perhaps he was the one for me. I tried to see him through her eyes. I almost convinced myself that I was falling in love with him. When he asked me to marry him, I said I'd give my answer after I

went to New York and talked with my father."

"Then, suddenly, it came over me, 'Oh, no, this isn't it at all. This isn't love. I realized suddenly that my mother and I were two entirely different people. That the boy who could have made her happy, if she had been in my place, wasn't the one for me. I knew that before I went to New York to talk with my father. I broke with the boy before I even left.

"When I saw my father, I told him, 'All this stuff in the papers about my coming East to ask your permission to marry is strictly bunk. I'm not even in love.' He asked, 'Well, then, why did you come East?' I said, 'I simply had to get away—to try to get a perspective on myself, to try to decide what I want from life. I'm all confused.'

"While I was in New York, I wrote Oley a couple of letters. He didn't answer them. Still, when I got back to Hollywood, I swallowed my pride and called him and asked him to take me dancing. He said he was busy.

THEN Pat Morison gave a cocktail party. I was invited and I happened to know that Oley was invited, too. I rigged myself all up, having visions of our getting together at the party and, afterward, spending the evening together somewhere, dancing. And we did get together at the party. Only he said, 'I'm sorry we can't go dancing tonight. I have a date I can't break. But I'll take you to dinner.'

"He couldn't have done anything that would have made me more determined to win back his interest. I've found out since that he was interested all along. But he knew how to handle me."

Gene punctuated that last sentence with another smile.

"Then I developed that horrible allergy thing. My eyes were swollen, and my



Initially responsible for the Tierney-Cassini marriage are Connie Moore and agent-husband Johnny Maschio. It was at their house Gene and Oley met

face was swollen, and they couldn't seem to find out what was wrong with me. I think the whole trouble was nerves. I was still new to Hollywood—which was completely different from any other world I had ever known. I had always led a more or less sheltered, inconspicuous life. And, until then, I had been more or less inconspicuous in Hollywood, just another hopeful beginner.

"Suddenly, I was pushed into the title role of a big Technicolor picture, pitted against people who were experienced. My nerves simply went haywire under the strain.

"You remember the rumors—that I might never look normal again, never make another picture. Only a very few people subjected themselves to the ordeal of coming to the hospital to see me. Oley was one of them. No one else came as often as he did. And he was so sweet, every time he did come. I found myself thinking, 'He must love me, to want to see me, even like this.'

"Mother said, 'He's the only person who calms you down.' I kept thinking about that, too. Thinking: 'I must love him—for him to have an effect on me that no one else has.' Thinking: 'When he's with me, I don't seem to need anyone else. The two of us are complete.'

"Suddenly, the allergy thing subsided. I was able to go back to work. Only I had to have vitamin shots to keep going. Oley would drive me to the doctor. We saw each other every day. Finally, we reached the point where we became engaged. We planned to marry on June twenty-eighth.

UNTIL then, my family had liked Oley. And even then they didn't exactly dislike him. 'Of course, you can marry him,' my father said, 'only I expect him to become a member of the Belle-Tier Corporation.' He sent out a contract for Oley to sign."

When Gene went on the stage, her father and mother (whose name is Belle) formed the Belle-Tier Corporation, for the purpose of supervising the career of their under-age daughter, serving as her agents and protecting her earnings.

"Oley took one look at the contract, and said, 'Darling, I love you very much—but not enough to sign this.' He would be signing away his right as a husband to have some say about where his wife should live. If the head officers of the corporation—namely, my father and mother—decided I should live in New York and work on the stage, he would be powerless to intervene.

"To prove that he had no interest in my earnings, past, present or future, he had Bentley Ryan, a friend of mine and my lawyer, draw up a legal document, which he signed, not only renouncing all rights to handle my money, but renouncing all community property rights in case of divorce. (Heaven forbid!)

"But that gesture of Oley's wasn't enough for my family. My brother wrote me: 'If you marry a Count—any Count—I'll never speak to you again.' My father made it plain that he wouldn't give his consent to my marriage unless Oley signed that contract.

"I had been having this battle with my nerves, my career was like this"—she made a wobbling motion with her hands—"and now even my own family was becoming difficult. Nothing was certain except that Oley and I were in love. To make that fact complete, we flew to Yuma and were married June first."

(Continued on page 72)

How one Tragic Mistake can add Years to your Face!



CERTAIN SHADES of powder act like the harsh, unflattering light in this picture. They accent every line—exaggerate every tiny skin defect, and even the size of the pores—often make a woman look years older than she actually is.



BUT THE RIGHT SHADE of face powder is as subtle in its flattery as the perfect lighting in this picture. It subdues the little faults of the skin—hides the lines and imperfections—makes a woman look younger and more glamorous!

One Sure Way to Avoid This Mistake!

WHENEVER I see a woman who is the innocent victim of an unflattering shade of face powder, I think: "What a pity! She's adding tragic years to her face, making herself look older than she is—and so needlessly!"

Your face powder should *improve* your appearance. It should flatter you, make you look younger and lovelier. If the powder you use doesn't do these things it is not a *true cosmetic*!

The whole secret is finding the exactly *right* shade of powder for you—the shade that gives your skin new glamor. And now you can! Yes, now you can find your most flattering shade of face powder—without guesswork.

How to find your Lucky Shade

Here's how: Send today for the 9 thrilling new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Try them all, one after another, right on your own skin. Keep looking in

your mirror—it will tell you when you've found your Lucky Shade!

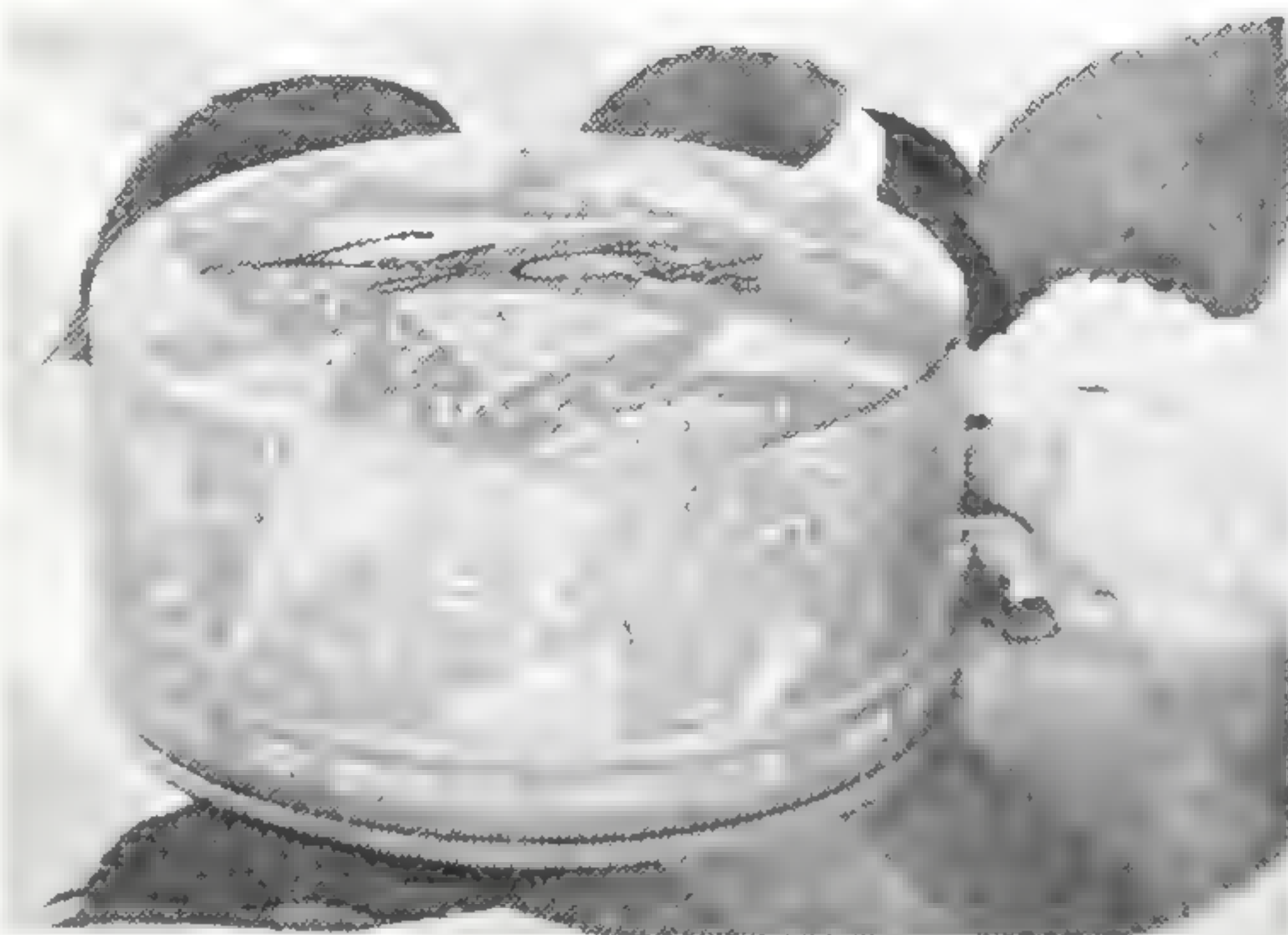
You see, my powder is different because it's *made* differently! It's made a new way—the first really new way in generations. It's blown and re-blown by *TWIN HURRICANES* until it's softer and finer by far than any ordinary face powder. And

it goes on a new smoother way that makes it cling hour after hour. Yes, Lady Esther Face Powder clings and flatters you for 4 long hours or more!

Send for all 9 shades

Find your most flattering shade of Lady Esther Powder. Just mail the coupon below for the 9 new shades and try them all. You'll know your Lucky Shade—it makes your skin look younger, lovelier!

Lady Esther **FACE POWDER**



LADY ESTHER, (75)
7134 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill.

Send me your 9 new shades of face powder, also a generous tube of 4-Purpose Face Cream. I enclose 10¢ to cover cost of packing and mailing.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.

(Continued from page 70) Immediately after the wedding (by a justice of the peace), they phoned Gene's father.

"Oley told him that he had signed away all rights to my money. My father said, 'My blessings, my son.' Afterward, however, he issued that famous statement to the Press: 'Gene is just a misguided child. She has been carried away by this suave man of the world.' And the sob stories began.

"The most spiteful one was written by a woman I had never even seen, who made it sound as if she knew me intimately. She wondered how I could have married a man named Oleg, she questioned his background and she intimated that this was probably only the first of several marriages for me. I couldn't rest until I had looked up that woman. People warned me against doing it—they said, 'She'll only write worse things'—but I wanted to know that she knew exactly what I thought of her . . . I'd love to put her background against my husband's.

"OLEY is no phony. He didn't give himself the title of 'Count.' He was born with it—a descendant of several generations of Polish and Ukranian nobility. His grandfather, Count Arthur Cassini, was Russian Ambassador to the United States. (Port Arthur, Texas, was named in his honor.)

"Oley" was born Count Oleg Loiewski Cassini de Capizucchi, in Paris, where his father was then in the diplomatic service of Imperial Russia. When Russia went Red, the Cassinis—being White Russians—found themselves a family without a country. Switzerland gave them haven, in Montreux. There Oleg's mother opened a small dress shop. The venture prospered and they moved to Italy, where opportunity seemed to beckon.

Growing up, Oleg showed artistic talent. When he was twenty, his mother sent him to Paris to study art. His teacher said, "You have talent, but you won't be a great artist until you have a soul—ten or fifteen years from now." Oleg couldn't afford to wait that long. He decided he had better commercialize his talent. He went back to Italy, started sketching dress designs for his mother's salon. Since the customers liked his sketches, his mother sent him back to Paris to study with Patou, the famous French designer.

The family came to America five years ago, to escape the European trend of things. Oleg connected in New York with Designer Jo Copeland, then came on to Hollywood, where, for a year and a half, he worked for Paramount. Now he's working for himself—his first assignment, just completed, being the creation of the gowns in "Shanghai Gesture," starring Gene Tierney. And he has done all right by his bride. In fact, he has done sensationally.

So sensationally that Twentieth Century-Fox has signed him to create the gowns for Ginger Rogers, Rita Hayworth and their feminine co-stars in the all-star "Tales of Manhattan." Three other big assignments are to follow.

People have been commenting lately that Gene has suddenly "grown up," become a poised young sophisticate.

Gene said, "I can thank Oley for that. I didn't know how to dress the part until he came into my life. And, for that matter, I didn't know how to act the part. It's one thing to get all rigged up, and another thing to carry it off. I gave away all my dresses last week. From now on, everything I wear off the screen will be designed by my husband. And I want people to know it."

Gene added, "Oley has been good for



Up-to-the-minute data on John Boles: He retired voluntarily from films in '38; won U.S. and South American fame singing; now returns to the screen in Monogram's "Road To Happiness"

me in so many ways. He has given me confidence that I never had before. I feel as if I am just beginning to live. My life is complete at last."

And she wasn't thinking of the sensational movie breaks she has had since her marriage—in "Sundown," "Shanghai Gesture" and now "Son Of Fury" (opposite Tyrone Power).

She commented, smiling, "Sometimes I think he knows me better than I know myself. The other day, for example, I did something he didn't like—but he found a marvelous way to tell me so. 'Don't ever do that again, Gene,' he said. 'You're such a wonderful person in my mind—an ideal. I don't want anything to shatter that. I don't want to believe that the girl of my ideal could do a thing like that.' If anything could persuade me of the error of my ways, that could . . . And I'm getting pretty understanding myself. Last Sunday, for example, he was burning some things out in the back yard and the fire got a little out of control. He was trying to beat it out with a stick. I rushed out with a pan of water—and that put it out. But I didn't say, 'Why didn't you think of that?' He was crestfallen enough that he hadn't, without my rubbing it in. And I know he appreciated my realizing that."

THE newlyweds have bought a small New England Colonial house, on two acres of wooded ground, in Hidden Valley, an offshoot of Coldwater Canyon.

"It was a find of finds," Gene said. "We got it for only \$10,000. We bought it jointly. We're furnishing it on the same cooperative basis. He's buying the essential things, like stoves and refrigerators, and I'll supply the Early American touches."

Speaking of homes, there had recently been a to-do in the newspapers about the possible eviction of Gene's father and mother from their home at Westport, Connecticut, because of a foreclosed

mortgage. The mortgage-holder had been awarded a judgment of \$5004 against her parents, "who told the court they were attempting to refinance the debt." As if to explain the Tierneys' difficulties, the newspapers had taken pains to point out that Gene's parents not only had opposed her marriage but also had been unsuccessful in seeking to enforce a contract requiring the payment of twenty-five per cent of her earnings to the family corporation formed to handle her affairs. All this had made Gene sound like a daughter who was bitterly disinterested in what happened to her parents—or their home.

Gene's eyes flashed green fire again, when she was reminded of that insinuation in the public prints.

"It's true that I haven't seen my father since my marriage, but that hasn't been my fault," she said. "I've tried repeatedly to have him come to Hollywood and meet my husband—pending the time when our work would allow Oley and me to go East. He has never met Oley, you know."

"It was news to me, as much as it was to the newspapers, that my father and mother were in danger of losing their home. And there was only one reason why I didn't immediately satisfy that \$5,000 judgment myself. I didn't have that much money in the bank."

"That's probably hard for people to believe. But I've been getting my pay checks, personally, only since last June—when I signed this new contract. Since then I've made a substantial payment on our own house along with Oley, and contracted for the remodeling of that house and bought a fur coat. All of which has kept me from saving very much."

"Before last June all my earnings went to the family corporation. My parents received a generous percentage of everything I earned. The remainder, over and above my living expenses, was to be kept for me until I was of age. When I heard of my parents' difficulties, I was stunned. I told my father to take enough of my funds to save the house. He didn't do so—I don't know why. I'm completely baffled by the whole business. I can't understand why my parents should be in such a position and I can't explain why my father didn't take my suggestion—unless it was a matter of pride with him. A matter of turning over my funds to me intact when I'm of age."

"I'll be of age after November nineteenth. If my funds are turned over to me then and their house hasn't actually been taken over yet, I'll pay off the mortgage in its entirety."

But she still hadn't told why she was so positive her marriage was going to last.

"I'll tell you why," she said. "I can compare our marriage to our house. Before we found this place, I looked at a hundred houses. I liked some things about one house and other things about another house—but I still kept on looking, because I didn't feel that I'd yet found exactly the right house, the one I could live in for keeps. When I found this house, I knew that it was the one. I didn't have to look any farther."

"Before I came to know Oley, I looked over other men. I liked some things about one, and other things about another, and I'd rave about them—but I didn't make a final choice of any of them, because I didn't feel that I'd found the one I could live with for keeps. But when I came to know Oley, I had that same sure feeling that I didn't have to look any farther. I could be completely happy with him."

The End.

Hollywood—Beware in 1942!

(Continued from page 31)

Carole Lombard: "... her chart warns of a health condition." All the world knows that Carole has not been well this year and she still has a trying period to go through; nerves, illnesses difficult to diagnose correctly and emotional disturbances.

Ginger Rogers: "1941 is a good career year for Ginger Rogers. Ginger is a very talented young lady and can rise to any heights she desires. . . ."

She got the Academy Award for her work in "Kitty Foyle." Not bad, eh!

Cary Grant: "Money, prestige and romance." It looks like a double dose of everything for Cary. He has earned money and prestige on his own account. His romance with Barbara Hutton has not detracted from his prestige and money surely is in the pockets of each of them.

Olivia de Havilland: "A year full of activity for Olivia . . . honors . . . awards . . . and financial success."

In "The Strawberry Blonde" she was a wonderful surprise even to her severest critics and the sincerity and simplicity of her performance as the American schoolteacher in "Hold Back The Dawn" must surely bring her honor and financial success.

Bette Davis: "Her stars point to marriage during 1941."

I don't have to go into detail about that prediction. It happened New Year's Eve. That's close enough to suit me.

Errol Flynn: "Beware, Errol, look out for trouble through the opposite sex."

We won't mention any names, but it seems there was a famous cafe battle and Errol got stabbed by a lady with a fork. ". . . accidents, blackmail and divorce. . . ."

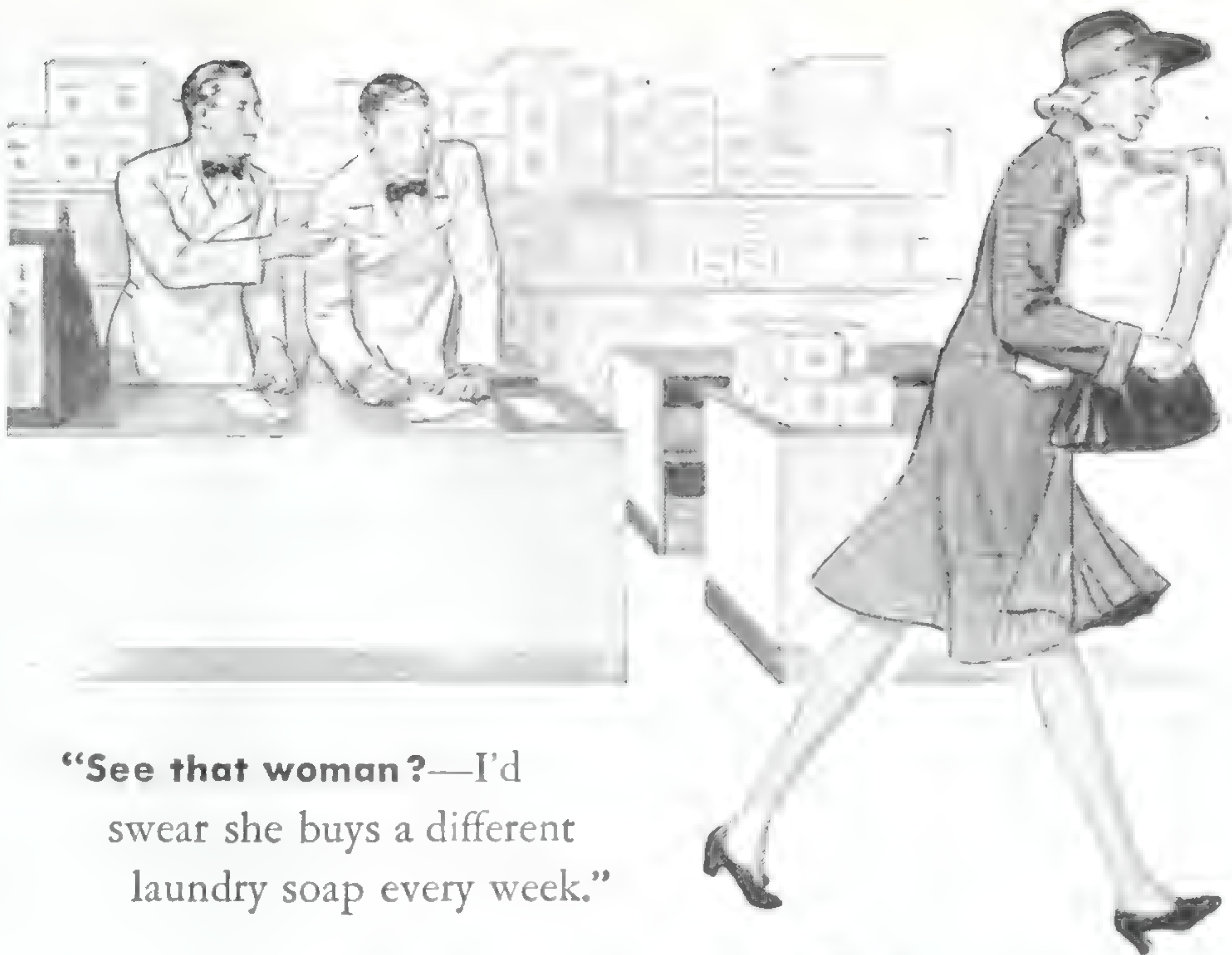
Lili Damita, his wife, has just sued him for divorce.

"Especially be on your guard, Errol, from July, 1941, to January, 1942."

As this goes to press there is still time for Errol to get in a jam so I hope he stays on his guard.



Picture that proves a prophecy made on the following page: Hedy Lamarr has a dancing date with Reginald Gardiner at the Mocambo



"See that woman?—I'd swear she buys a different laundry soap every week."



"Know how she buys?—She comes in and asks me, 'Which one's having a sale today?' So I tell her and out she goes, pleased as Punch, with a bagful of bargains. . . . And next week she's back again—buying somebody else's soap."

What's a bargain...in soap?

"Some day she'll try Fels-Naptha Soap and she'll be done with all that. Instead of saving pennies here, she'll save dollars at home—you wait and see."



Doesn't this open
your eyes?



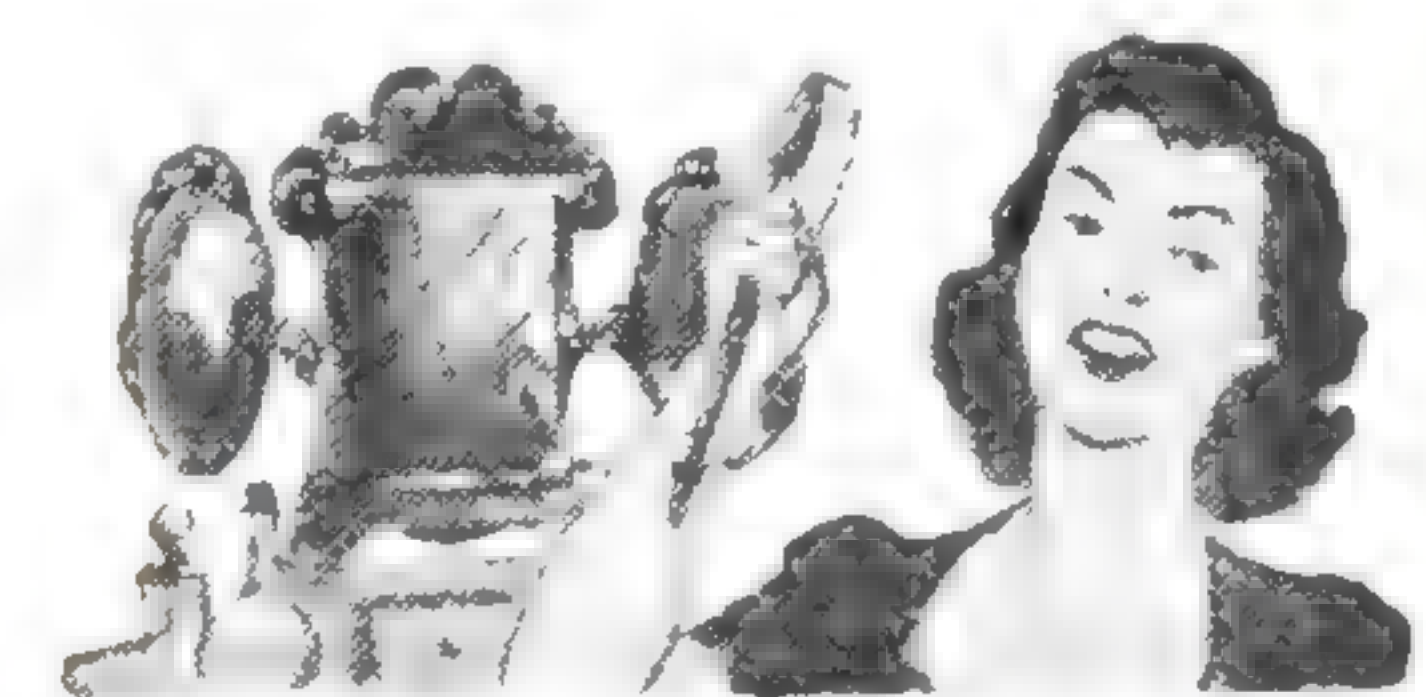
MAYBE YOU'VE NEVER paid much attention when we told you Modess is softer. Maybe you're so used to buying one type of napkin that it has never even occurred to you to try another, newer type.



WELL, THEN, LISTEN to over 10,000 women who tested Modess against the napkin they'd been buying.* 3 out of every 4 of these women discovered that *Modess was softer!*



SOFTER THAN THE NAPKIN they'd been buying! The vote of women just like yourself! Doesn't it open your eyes? Doesn't it make you wonder if you, too, have been missing out on extra comfort?



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*Let us send you the full details of this amazing Softness Test. Write the Personal Products Corp., Milltown, N. J.

3 out of every 4 voted
Modess
softer
THAN THE NAPKIN THEY'D BEEN BUYING

Pronounce Modess to rhyme with "Oh Yes"

Hint to pretties: Wendy Barrie, running partner of George Sanders in "The Gay Falcon," ties a brico scarf under her chin, smiles for the camera, gives her public a smart idea of what a scarf does for a girl



"As for Errol's career—unless he jeopardizes it by his Martian (meaning under the influence of Mars) activities, the year brings him additional popularity."

"They Died With Their Boots On" promises to be his biggest success since "Captain Blood." We'll be "back in a flash with a flash" about Errol's doings for 1942.

Ann Sheridan: "1941 brings bewildering waves of good fortune but it also brings unexpected waves of adversity. However, the two seem to balance."

For a time it looked as though Ann's differences with her studio might spell the end of her brief career (adversity).

"August 1 begins a new and exciting cycle for her professionally."

Her differences settled, it looks as though Ann is now well on her way to being established. Her romantic life? Wait a few pages.

Deanna Durbin: "... Remember that whatever happens, 1944 and 1945 see you achieve far greater success than you have had so far. You have excellent judgment; be sure you use it."

Very good advice for Deanna to remember now, in the light of her trouble with her studio and the fact that Universal holds her contract until 1943.

Hedy Lamarr: "November 9, 1941, begins a new cycle favorable for publicity and this period seems to bring her into very beneficial contact with writers or publishers."

By the time you read this you will know whether this prediction is accurate or not. It is too early for me to tell.

"As for love—January 1 to 4 sees the beginning of a new love affair or the revival of an old one."

There are and have been many reports about Hedy and Reginald Gardiner up to the time of her marriage to Gene Markey and after her divorce from him. Also she seems to play quite a game of hide-and-seek with John Howard and last January she resumed her friendship with both of these men according to the gossip columns and still sees them both if rumor is to be trusted.

AND so with Hedy we leave 1941 and spread out the astrological charts to read what 1942 holds for the Hollywood stars.

Stirling Hayden: Since there has been so much speculation about Stirling Hayden, let's start off with a look at his chart. Mars, planet of war and energy, is in

Stirling's fifth house, house of the movies, and in Leo, sign of the actor, but it is opposed to Venus, planet of love, and Uranus, the planet that accounts for sudden and unexpected events and erratic behavior. Therefore, when Stirling announced that he was getting out of the movies, he meant just that. Strange as it may seem, this good-looking boy doesn't give a hang about the plaudits of the public; in fact, he shrinks from publicity and exploitation. It is my guess that all the publicity about him and Madeleine Carroll makes him even more determined to get out of the public eye.

Stirling is best fitted for work behind the scenes, whether it be in the movies or with the Government. During 1942 Stirling appears to be doing work in seclusion. It could very well be in the Intelligence Department, with a branch of radio, or it may be some secret mission. He has a keen inventive mind and someday money will come to him through invention or creative work. His chart tells us that he is fitted to give rather than to take orders.

Now let's see about the Madeleine Carroll angle. If the birth date I have is correct, Stirling began to get restless and dissatisfied along in May, 1941. In July romance and love ran riot causing a terrific emotional conflict. As for love in 1942, August or early September brings him either a renewal of the love of July, 1941, or a new love and with it marriage.

Kathryn Grayson: She took matters into her own hands and pranced off to marry the man of her choice with complete disregard for the powers that be or her indebtedness to them. Now she must watch out this year for conflict and trouble between her and those in authority and think well before she acts. She can rise to great heights and will retain her popularity with the public; but she should remember that the public must see and hear her in order to appreciate her and that it is the people behind the scenes who can block or open up the road to success.

During 1942, Kathryn, your luck and your stars won't be pulling for you quite so strongly as they were in 1941, so use that alert brain of yours to control your impulsive nature and heed the advice of your elders.

Robert Stack: I don't know anything about Robert Stack except an astrological chart on a piece of white paper, so if I stick my neck out and into your

private affairs, Robert, and cause you any trouble, please forgive me.

Robert's chart shows him to be temperamental, independent and much inclined to act first and think afterward. He has a keen mind and a good memory and his popularity will increase as he grows older. He should be given serious parts. His chart shows a stormy love life and plenty of it.

Dynamic aspects are in his chart for 1942 which may interrupt his career in September or October.

Joan Crawford: It looks as though Joan Crawford has gone in for considerable seclusion this past year and I have an idea that she is going to spring a few surprises come 1942.

July and August mark a favorable period for a new venture. She appears to break away from former activities and to seek a new vehicle for self-expression. This will be a particularly fine time for her to sign a radio contract or begin a radio program, concert work, perhaps even opera. Don't let anyone fool you about Joan's voice. She really has one. Venus in Taurus proves it.

Joan is as full of surprises as a church fair grab bag and she may pull out a love affair or marriage which has thus far escaped the press. Around February 20 romance rears its beautiful head again and between February and early summer there is a strong indication that she will announce her marriage.

Great happiness comes to Joan through children.

George Sanders: He has a remarkable chart and at last he is really coming into his own in spite of those who have thus far kept him back. He has originality, force, magnetism, sex appeal and brains and could handle a three-way contract—writing, acting and directing. Instead of heavies and menaces he should play swashbuckling romantics or sophisticated romantic parts.

The next two years for George should be super. His finances appear to boom and though I seldom advise it, in his case, after July, 1942, he can even afford to take financial risks.

If unmarried now, George cannot escape much longer if the woman with whom he is in love is free; and sure as fate he is in love according to every indication in his chart. For George Sanders from now into the fall of '42 will be a very romantic period.

Judy Garland: The new year brings even more success to her and anything she starts the last week in May will bring her happiness and good luck.

However, she must be on her guard against people who may try to double-cross her. Judy is idealistic and loyal to a fault and this year she may suffer loss through the opposite sex. This can refer to business, friendship or love. So use caution, Judy, in every decision you make during 1942.

There is a bird looming in the distance and it looks as though the stork may circle over the Garland-Rose home in 1942 or early 1943.

Hedy Lamarr: From February 1 to March 6, Hedy must be careful of accidents, especially at the studio or on location. After June long journeys are favored for her, particularly a sea voyage. She may go to distant lands to make a picture, as an entertainer or on a friendly mission.

The stars indicate marriage or a thrilling love affair in April or May and money comes to her through marriage, inheritance, partnership or business.

Errol Flynn: He has to beware of the opposite sex; even more so than in 1941. They spell bad news for you this year, Errol, so if you haven't any caution of



Gown by courtesy of Milgrim, New York

Use FRESH #2 and stay fresher!

PUT FRESH #2 under one arm—put your present non-perspirant under the other. And then . . .

1. See which one checks perspiration better. We think FRESH #2 will.
2. See which one prevents perspiration odor better. We are confident you'll find FRESH #2 will give you a feeling of complete under-arm security.
3. See how gentle FRESH #2 is—how pleasant to use. This easy-spreading

vanishing cream is not greasy—not gritty—and not sticky.

4. See how convenient FRESH #2 is to apply. You can use it immediately before dressing—no waiting for it to dry.
5. And revel in the knowledge, as you use FRESH #2, that it will not rot even the most delicate fabric. Laboratory tests prove this.

FRESH #2 comes in three sizes—50¢ for extra-large jar; 25¢ for generous medium jar; and 10¢ for handy travel size.



Make your own test at our expense. Once you make this under-arm test, we're sure you'll never be satisfied with any other perspiration check. Just print your name and address on postcard and mail to FRESH, Dept. MF-2, Louisville, Ky. We'll send you a trial-size jar of FRESH #2, postpaid.



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Joan Blondell, starring in Republic's "Lady for a Night," with Ray Middleton. It's easy to have lovable soft hands, with Jergens Lotion.



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says

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(Lovely Hollywood Star)



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Why ever have unromantic, rough, chapped hands? Regular care with Jergens Lotion helps *prevent* them. Many doctors help harsh, coarse skin to heavenly smoothness with a certain 2 ingredients—both in this famous Jergens Lotion. No sticky feeling! Jergens is by far the favorite Lotion!



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I want to have those soft hands Joan Blondell advises. Please send purse-size bottle of Jergens Lotion—free.

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your own, hire ten people if necessary to protect you. From the middle of August through September you might increase the ten to twenty and keep them around you for the balance of the year.

From the end of May well into June Errol is favored in his career and his box-office appeal, for he has Jupiter conjuncting his sun, an aspect which occurs once every twelve years.

Myrna Loy: The month of May brings a period of emotional strain to Myrna Loy and she will probably have to keep her chin up just as she has for the past year and a half. The middle of June, however, should put an end to Myrna's domestic troubles.

June brings her unexpected benefits both in career and finances and this will be a wise time to sign contracts, papers or to enter into a profitable partnership.

Myrna has managed to triumph over her adverse aspects so far and if she can carry on until June, her stars will bring her her heart's desire.

Olivia de Havilland: She's another girl who is coming under wonderful aspects around June 10 for the remainder of the year. Olivia's stars point to an award either for 1942 or possibly in 1943 for work begun this year. Now, Olivia scales the heights. April 1 she comes under Jupiterian vibrations which increase her magnetism and give her a much stronger appeal for men than she has had previously.

During March and April, Olivia, guard against accidents and hasty decisions and don't get temperamental.

Alice Faye: In February and March, Alice Faye meets responsibilities which cannot be sidestepped.

She must take care of her health and watch her finances, for this is a period which, if not properly handled, can have a far-reaching affect upon her career and her life.

From May until the middle of June, Alice, guard against accidents from fire, electricity and water. Guard your health and be more conservative in every way.

August 15 marks a good period for Alice to resume her career if she heeds all the foregoing advice.

Shirley Temple: 1942 appears to release Shirley from the Mars tension which has been obstructing her career for such a long time. After her birthday in April she comes under better aspects, but until 1943, radio, rather than motion pictures, should be her medium.

Deanna Durbin: Even though her last picture was a wow, she had better not try to force any issues until July, 1943. For no matter how far out she sticks that pretty, well-rounded chin of hers she can't win. Lie low, Deanna, go along amicably until next year when the lucky stars that put you where you are today favor you again.

Bette Davis: You and I will *all* be happy to realize that Bette's marriage looks secure for 1942. She is under splendid vibrations from Uranus this year and her career continues to boom. During the latter part of February and early in March Bette must look out for accidents and disagreements, for Mars makes her hotheaded and hard to get along with.

Nothing but a transit of Mars, the warrior, Bette, so count one thousand every time you're tempted to get riled.

NOW let's gaze into the future year for some of Hollywood's famous couples.

Stanwyck and Taylor: The charts of these two blend as though the match had been made in heaven instead of in Hollywood. This is one movie marriage that shows every indication of enduring. Bob

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

is practical and his practical side serves to stabilize Barbara's high-strung, emotional side. He is also romantic and sympathetic. Every woman knows how necessary this is to make marriage last. In comparing their charts I find not only congeniality and harmony but complete understanding and as if this were not enough the 1942 planets shower them with wealth and success.

During 1942 Bob's career moves along at the same even pace and he maintains the prestige he has earned.

Barbara is coming under marvelous vibrations. I believe she will win some sort of an award this or next year.

This year the stars make up for some of the dirty tricks they have played on her in the past and bring her whatever she most desires, whether it is recognition for her work, a long-cherished secret dream, or possibly a child, her own or an adopted one.

Gable and Lombard: Last year I told you all about Mr. and Mrs. Clark Gable and how well suited they are in every way. They still are—but I want to warn Clark that due to the transiting Jupiter in opposition to his radix Jupiter, Saturn and Venus, he will be under bad aspects. He must be as conventional as a country schoolmarm during all of 1942 and especially during August. The heretofore tolerant public will scowl and turn thumbs down at Clark's slightest deviation from the path of convention.

August and part of September are bad for Carole also. Her chart indicates some sort of whispering campaign affecting her home started early and which, under the bad aspects of August and September, can turn into loud talk and black headlines if not checked in its infancy. These aspects affect only Carole's home. Her career prospers and brings her new acclaim and her health, which has not been too robust, should improve after January.

Clark, be careful. You can lick your stars, you know.

Cary Grant and Barbara Hutton: The charts of these two indicate that they could have been married last May. Anyhow, I'll wager that they came close to it. If they were not married then, I think they will marry between June and January, 1943.

Ginger Rogers and George Montgomery: Harmony in their charts, but marriage would not work out. Ginger's true love is her career and any and every man she marries will have to play second fiddle. It isn't any secret that there comes a day when any man resents this no matter how much he loves his wife.

Ginger's career is safe and sound, much more so than her love life.

George Montgomery definitely should not marry this year. Nineteen-forty-two brings him honor and recognition and money, but no lasting happiness if he flouts the warnings of his stars and weds.

Ann Sheridan and George Brent: Both

"*a FACE SO satin-smooth*"
is meant for Kisses—"



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need not mar Your Face too soon**



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Think of Jergens Face Cream as your "One Jar" Beauty Treatment. Use it and see the fresher smoothness of your skin. 50¢, 75¢, \$1.25; 25¢, 10¢. Already over 6,000,000 jars have been used!

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The Andrew Jergens Company, 1610 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio (In Canada: Perth, Ont.)
Let me try the new Jergens Face Cream at your expense. Please send generous sample—free.

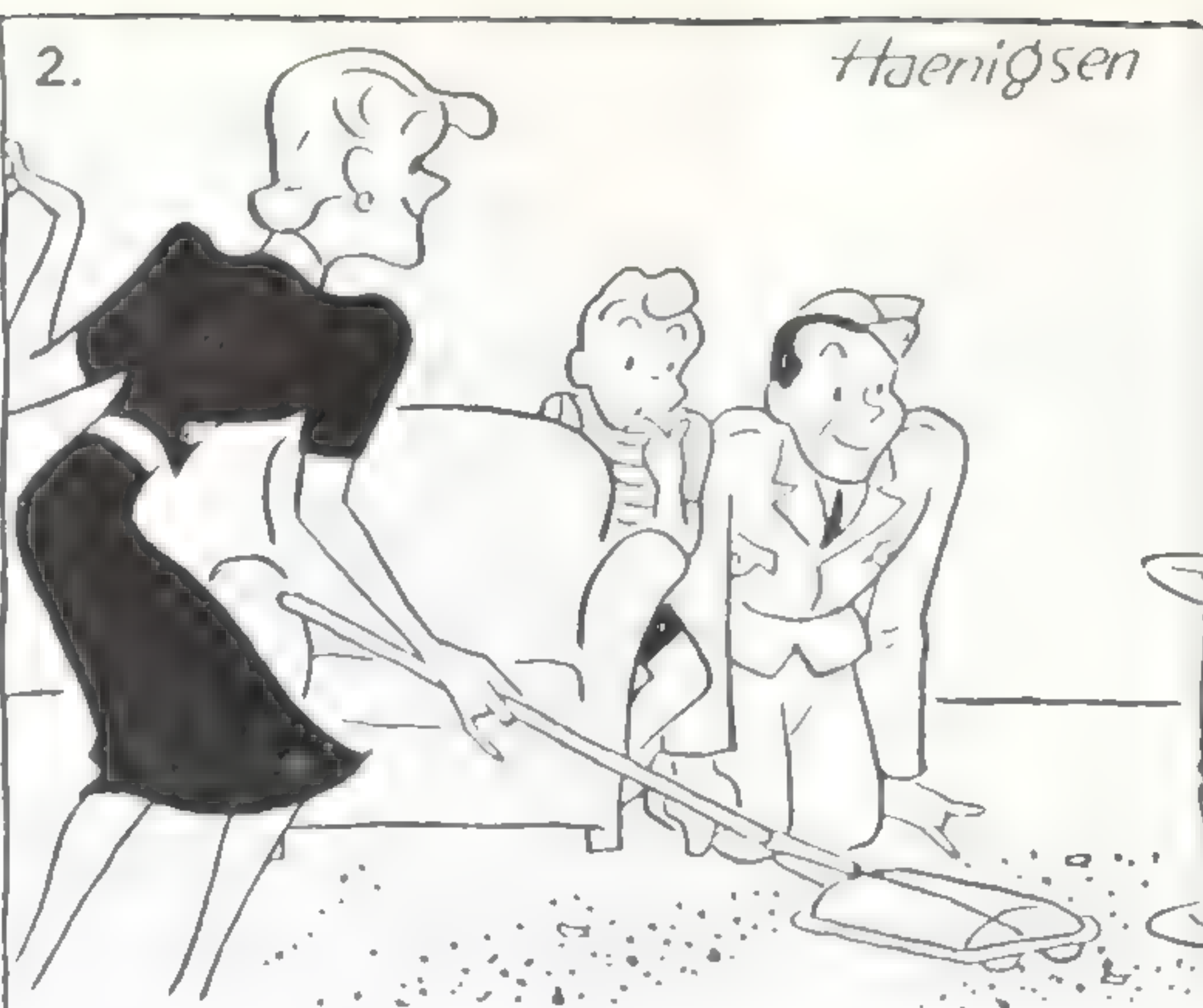
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Flash From Miss Garbo!

Believe it or not, we have succeeded in gathering some highly confidential and most revealing glimpses of this lady of silence whom Bette Davis calls the greatest actress in pictures. Watch for the March issue.



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2. BUT RECOVERS AS BISSELL SWEEPER CLEANS UP DIRT THOROUGHLY. NO VACUUM CLEANING NECESSARY



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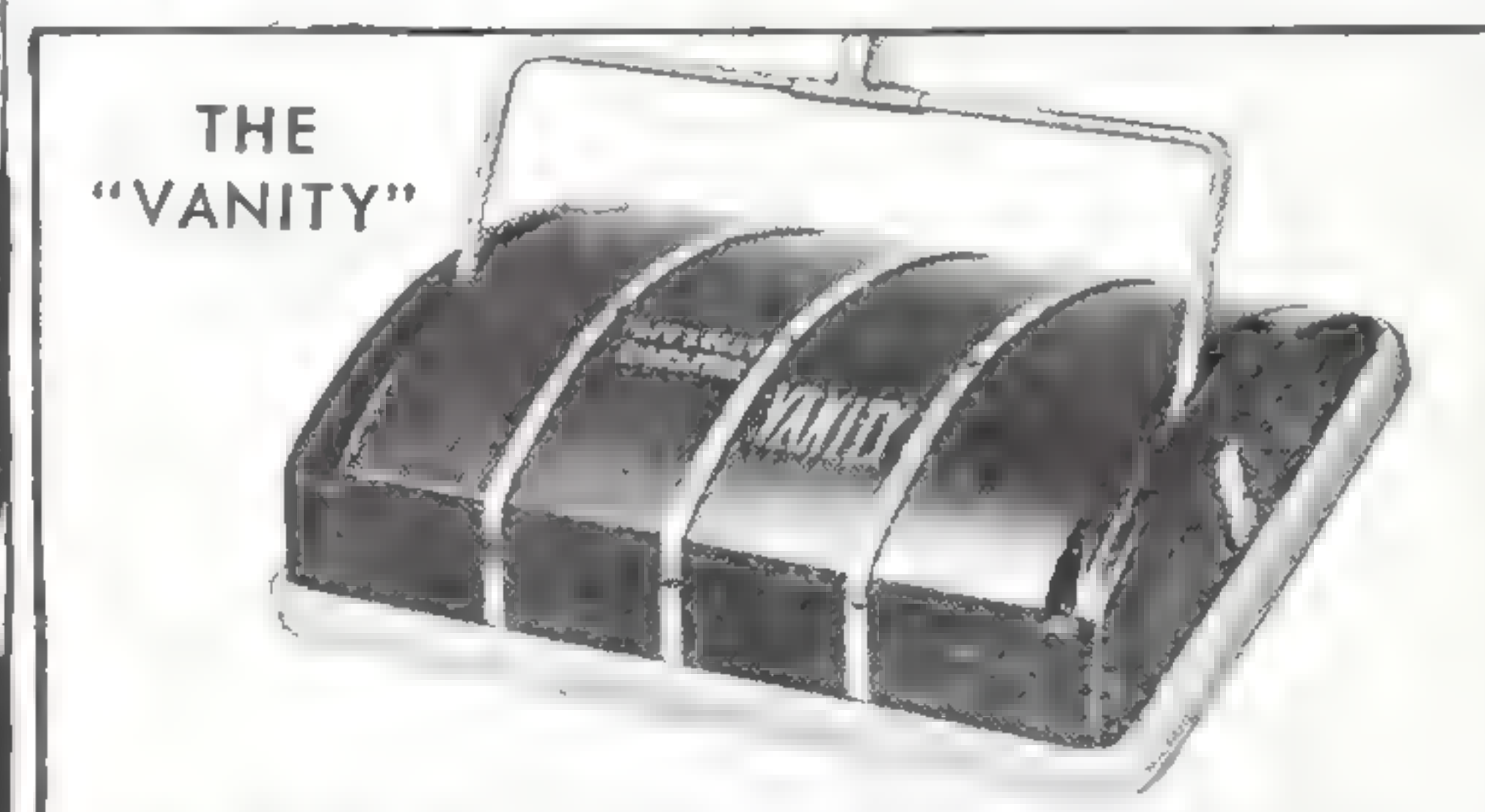


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of them have their Sun in Pisces. It looks like a true love affair (no matter what the recent gossip is) and it would last anywhere but in Hollywood. According to their horoscopes it should even outsmart Hollywood. Whether the love affair lasts or not there should always be a deep friendship.

June 10 to July 15 favors romance for both and can very well lead them to the altar or a justice of the peace, despite their present reported break. Both are also under good career aspects during these months.

Ann must be careful of travel the latter part of February and in March and she must be cautious. Don't sign any papers, Ann, without the advice of at least two good lawyers.

George's health should improve after his birthday in March.

Careful of finances in June, George, money seems to go out faster than it comes in. Around the middle of June new ventures are very successful for you, perhaps a picture, or marriage or both.

Betty Grable and George Raft: I could not get George Raft's authentic birth year and I certainly would like to have it, for I would like to untangle him for myself and his public and find out just what is his fatal charm for women.

According to the chart I drew up from the date sent me, his career is favored if he doesn't gum it up himself. Someone will try to separate George and his money and may succeed in doing so. Inwardly he will feel dissatisfied with everything and be inclined to tell the world and his employers about it.

Take off those dark glasses of gloom, George Raft, and let the sun shine in. This year Saturn makes you gloomy; Uranus upsets your apple cart and the strangest things may happen; and Mars makes you sore at the whole cockeyed world; but Jupiter will bring you good luck if you will forget the other planets and concentrate on him. Keep your mouth shut and your eyes and ears open.

Betty Grable's chart shows strong dominance of an older person, heavy expenses and greater responsibility than one of her age should carry.

She is very magnetic and has considerable dramatic ability. Thus far her gorgeous figure has blinded her following to her talent.

The latter half of 1942 brings her near the top in her profession. December 18, 1941, indicates the breaking up of old conditions and begins a new cycle which brings Betty happiness and benefit.

She will be under excellent vibrations for marriage, for she has Jupiter in her house of marriage this year. I doubt if George Raft is the man because Betty's stars point to a new romance.

That's all, and remember this, all of you who have read these words and may be wondering about your own year ahead, you can control your destiny by heeding the advice and warning of your stars. When Saturn, the red light, flashes, stop! Stop dead and wait for the go sign from Jupiter. When Mars, the warrior, warns you not to scrap and argue, stay away from people until the Mars transit moves on. It only stays in one sign two months, anyhow.

Just don't try to butt your head against the fence of the stars. Wait until the proper time and the gate will open of its own accord.

Good luck to all of you for 1942.

To the readers of Photoplay-Movie Mirror: Your solar chart can be obtained by sending your birth date and one dollar to Matilda Trotter, Bradford Woods, Pennsylvania.

Will You Ever Be Rich?

(Continued from page 38) Girl," he worked as a sort of apprentice to each of the production heads—learning about picture-making from start to finish. His "director fund" is a sum set aside toward a day when he will renounce acting and try to get himself a director's job.

"Maybe that won't be easy to do, but if it isn't, I'll have my 'fund' to live on until I can get started," he explained.

Eddie said that another ten per cent of his earnings goes into various forms of life insurance, both endowment policies and ordinary life policies that can be converted into annuities.

"I want to know my wife will be taken care of if anything happens to me," he said. "Seems to me too many fellows don't care what happens to their families after they themselves are dead."

The remaining ten per cent of Eddie's salary saved goes into a fund he and his wife call their "house fund." With this they are going to build or buy a house, but not until they have enough to make a good substantial cash payment.

Little June ("Half Pint" they call her at Paramount) Preisser also saves twenty-five per cent of her earnings, she declared proudly. (This is in addition to the fifty per cent automatically impounded until she is twenty-one by the State of California under the "Coogan Law.")

"Besides," she added, "a girl likes to be independent even though she does finally find herself a husband to support her!" (June is engaged to Gar Wood Jr. and will probably be getting married any day now.) She said she likes to have ready cash on hand and so half of her savings go right into the bank.

She buys annuities with the other half.

"You know—so I'll have a steady income when I become old and feeble, but not a big sum of money which some slicker might get away from me. You know how impractical old ladies are. . . ." She grinned that engaging Preisser grin.

ELLA NEAL declared she is saving twenty per cent of her earnings which, she insisted, proudly, "is pretty darn good when you figure I've only been in pictures a year and don't exactly make a fortune!"

When Ella was given her Paramount contract, her mother signed a release guaranteeing not to claim any of her earnings. Thus none of her salary is impounded by the state, though she is not yet twenty-one. Her savings include payments on a small endowment insurance policy, which her parents took out for her some time ago in order to teach her to save money, and bank accounts. She said she wants, someday, to buy a dress shop and design the clothes herself.

Phil Terry said he saves about twenty-five per cent of what he makes and that practically all of that goes into government bonds.

"I'm patriotic, you see," he remarked. And then, grinning, "Besides, government bonds are a darn good investment!"

Betty Jaynes Rhodes (who in private life is Mrs. Douglas McPhail and has a small daughter) admitted she doesn't save much of her money besides the fifty per cent which is automatically impounded by the state, since she is not of age. She said, however, that she does carry a small life insurance policy for the baby and another for Douglas.

ABOUT this time, most of the group were called back to work, but they left us with something to think about. Was such practicality typical in this fabulous Hollywood of ours, or was it simply remarkable coincidence that all in this sextette should handle their money so carefully, while others trod the traditional path of extravagance? So we interviewed a large group of Hollywood's best known starlets—not the Mickey Rooneys or the Judy Garlands, to whom wealth and security are already definitely assured, but those who have not yet climbed quite so high and whose salaries are not, therefore, quite so large.

There is Tim Holt who says, "Saving is forgetting that you make as much money as you do." Tim, as you know, has a contract with RKO. He also has a real business head on his shoulders. He started out with nothing. He's been working five years. During that five years, he has acquired a wife, a baby, a fifteen-acre ranch, a completely furnished home on the Pacific Palisades, five horses, a large amount of life insurance and a small savings account.

He bought the ranch from a bank whose officers he talked into selling without the usual down payment—since he didn't have any down payment. Now, the establishment which is run by a man who formerly worked for Tim's father, Jack Holt, is practically paying for itself. To date, Tim figures it has cost him about twenty-five per cent of his earnings—which, he points out, weren't very much at the beginning of his career. Besides this, Tim has invested about fifteen per cent of his income in life insurance—the kind that later can be

THEIR GOOD TASTE IS HOLLYWOOD'S GOOD LUCK

Academy Award winner Hal Mohr, cameraman, and Ace Director Tim Whelan, of "Twin Beds," an Edward Small Production, are tops in Hollywood because of the good taste and quality of their work.

Good taste and quality—that's Pepsi-Cola every time! That's why all Hollywood, from stars to extras, prefers Pepsi-Cola. They like, too, its grand flavor and big generous size. Enjoy 12 full ounces today . . . for a nickel.

BETTER TASTE... PEPSI-COLA ...BIGGER DRINK

Purity . . . in the big, big bottle —that's Pepsi-Cola!

★ Pepsi-Cola is made only by Pepsi-Cola Company, Long Island City, N. Y. Bottled locally by Authorized Bottlers from coast to coast. ★

GIRLS! DON'T GIVE UP

IF YOU'VE GOT A POOR COMPLEXION



Here's grand way that has helped improve complexions of thousands of women



- If you're blue and discouraged because of your complexion; if you think you're doomed to go through life with an unsightly looking skin—this may be the most important message you've ever read.

Thousands of women who felt just as you do have been thrilled beyond words to see the noticeable improvement Noxzema has made in their complexions.

Why it does so much

One important reason for Noxzema's benefits is this: Noxzema is not just a cosmetic cream. It's a soothing, *medicated* cream that not only quickly helps soften and smooth rough, dry skin—but also aids in healing externally-caused skin blemishes! And it has a mildly astringent action, too. Nurses were among the first to discover how grand it is as a complexion aid.

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER. For a limited time you can get a generous 25¢ jar of Noxzema for only 19¢ at any drug or cosmetic counter. Give Noxzema a chance to help *your* complexion. Get a jar today and use it as a night cream and powder base. See what it does for your skin!



converted into annuities.

Now that his ranch is costing less and less of his earnings, Tim is putting the surplus into defense bonds. He keeps only a small amount of cash in the bank. "I think money should work for you, rather than lie idle," he said.

Anne Shirley, also at RKO, says she saves approximately fifteen per cent of her salary, which is disposed of as follows: Ten per cent in government bonds, bought for her baby daughter; five per cent in life insurance which can be converted into annuities later on if she wishes. She uses another five per cent of her income for payments on an annuity she is buying for her mother. Anne is, also, one of those sagacious movie stars who puts away a certain sum each week into an "income tax fund." Although in private life she is Mrs. John Payne, she and John keep their finances separate.

JOHN, who is Twentieth Century's whitest hope for 1942, admits he isn't too practical in the handling of his money and that budgets drive him crazy. So he just does this: After all obligations are taken care of, he saves the rest, putting it into government bonds and annuities. John doesn't believe in that great American institution, the installment plan; he pays cash for everything and doesn't buy if he hasn't the cash. He said he has never figured out the percentage of his salary saved, that he just does the best he can—but never forgets to have fun while he goes along.

George Montgomery, handsome young star at Twentieth Century-Fox, has ordered the studio Credit Union (a sort of savings bank which pays good interest) to withhold half of every pay check. With the rest of his money, he supports himself and five relatives, which doesn't leave him very much over, he told us. However, he went home to Great Falls, Montana, a while back and made down payments on two ranches!

"Took every cent I had," he confided. His agent was mad as hops. So now it is in George's contract that he mustn't buy any more ranches without his agent's consent.

Lynn Bari, also at Twentieth Century, may be very feminine and sex-appealing, but she knows what financial matters are all about, too. Lynn is a firm believer in government bonds. She doesn't exactly budget her earnings, but after all her bills are paid and a sum set aside for payments on income tax and on an annuity she is buying which will give her \$25 a week for life after fifteen years, she puts any cash left over in all kinds of bonds—defense bonds, postal savings, United States bonds, and so on. Roughly, she figures that, with the annuity she is buying, she is saving about thirty per cent of her salary.

CAROLE LANDIS, another Fox star, spends every Thursday evening going over her finances and keeps a record of them down to the very last cent. Ever since she has been earning anything, she has saved twenty-five per cent of what she makes—even back in the days when that meant scrimping *plenty!* At first, her savings simply went into the bank—"sometimes a dollar at a time," she says—but now that she has more money, it is handled this way: One fifth of her savings allotment goes into an endowment insurance policy with her mother as the beneficiary; two fifths of the allotment into government bonds and two fifths into a fund she is setting aside with which to buy a home for her mother, herself and her five dogs! Carole supports her mother, and Mrs. Landis, in turn, keeps house for Carole.

John Shelton, another of Twentieth Century's white hopes, has his finances figured out in still a different way. He sets aside fifty per cent of his earnings and puts every last cent of it into good old California real estate—the safest investment in this man's world, he thinks. He is buying two ranches—one in the northern part of the state and one in the south. The one up north is looked after by a young graduate of California's Davis Agricultural College on a percentage basis. It is stocked with cattle and so far has paid for its upkeep and part of the original investment.

And take Susanna Foster. Sue is young, but ever since she has been working she has had the say as to what should be done with her earnings—that is, of course, besides the fifty per cent which is automatically impounded by the state until she becomes of age. Susanna has dependents, too—her father, mother and two sisters and it takes quite a little to keep a family that size going. She is also spending a goodly sum on music lessons, not only for herself but for her sisters, which costs money. But notwithstanding all this, she regularly puts away five per cent of every pay check. One week, the money goes in the bank; the next, into defense bonds. And so on.

"I like my eggs in several baskets," she explained with a most grownup air.

Patricia Morison saves forty per cent of her income and this forty per cent is disposed of as follows: Twenty-five per cent goes into her savings account; five per cent into a life insurance policy which has a good loan value for an emergency and of which her mother is the beneficiary; ten per cent into Paramount stock.

NELL O'DAY, at Universal (you'll be seeing her soon in "Stagecoach Buckaroo"), saves twenty per cent of her salary and has ever since she's been working. Of that amount, half goes into the savings account; a fourth into payment on a life insurance policy benefiting her mother, whom she supports, and a fourth into government bonds.

"I like a good big savings account," she confided. "I've been in the show business long enough to appreciate what it means to have cash on hand—and what it means if you don't!"

She said she had only bought the life insurance policy last year. "Before that, I used to take little fliers in the stock market," she said. "I thought I was very clever in the world of finance, and I did build my little capital into quite a sum. And then—I lost it all at once! Suddenly, I realized that if anything should happen to me, things would be pretty hard for Mother. So I quit playing the market and bought a 30-pay-life policy. That means that it will be paid up in thirty years and the cash value will be practically as much as the net amount of all premiums in the thirty years. In the meantime, Mother is protected."

And so there you see what some typical young Hollywood stars are doing with their money. And you see, too, that every one of them is preparing for that sad, distant day when career must end. They are young now. You might think their heads would be turned by the success that has come their way so spectacularly and so fast. But that isn't the case. At last, to our way of thinking, no youngster is having his head turned by success when he can so straight and soberly look ahead toward that rainy day, inevitable in the lives of most of us, and say, "Well, I hope you're a long way off from me, but *anyway*, I'll be ready for you when you come!"

The End.

The Truth about Stars' Charities

(Continued from page 67) with charities, incidents that, if names were published, would be enough to damn some Hollywood figures forever.

For instance, some stars are fearful snobs about their charities and some are charity climbers, just like their society sisters in other towns. And some stars are downright stingy, with two particular stars, both male, standing out as tighter than mucilage on a stamp.

The charities that attracted all the snob stars were the British charities, so terribly cricket, you know, and absolutely plumy with lords, ladies and even duchesses. It isn't as though a lot of sincere people didn't start making bundles for Britain, genuine souls like Benita Hume Colman, Annabella, Pat Paterson Boyer and many others. But there were also some stars who had never got on quite the right side of the Beverly tracks who tried to make it by going all out for Britain.

There was, or rather is, one in particular who, very American, is driving all her sister Americans wacky by her demands upon them. She decided one night to call a star who heretofore had been too minor for her to notice.

"I'm collecting for the British," said Miss Climber. "What will you give me?"

"Nothing," said the lesser star.

"But you don't understand. This is Miss Blank," said the star.

"I do understand," said the lesser star, "and I still won't give unless you will give an equal amount to my favorite American charity."

The major star rang off indignantly. Giving to starving Americans isn't chic right now.

The two stars who get a gross of fish-hooks with each pay check, to make sure that not so much as a dime will slip away from them, work at two different studios. The one is carefree as a lark but has been desperately poor, has earned everything he has by his own efforts and thinks the other guy can do the same. He won't give to anything and he is honest enough to admit it.

The second star does a bit of camouflaging. He's the type who is fussy about service in the studio cafe and then tucks a nickel under the plate for the waitress, whose weekly salary is 100 per cent less than his. Hit him with a hard-luck story and you get a lot of sympathy—and that's all. His act is that his agent keeps him broke, having him on a budget, you understand.

BUT now for some heartening anecdotes about Hollywood charities.

As far as the purely personal charities go, some of them are, of course, so big that there is no keeping them out of the papers as the stars would prefer. In that class were Cary Grant's gift of the \$125,000 he earned from "The Philadelphia Story"—half to the British Red Cross and half to the American Red Cross—and Edward G. Robinson's patriotic and beautiful contribution of \$150,000 to the USO. Cary gives away most of his "extra" checks. Checks he gets from broadcasts he automatically turns over to China relief. The \$125,000 he is receiving from "Arsenic And Old Lace" he will never see. That goes twenty-five per cent to the USO, twenty-five per cent to the American Red Cross and fifty per cent to British charities.

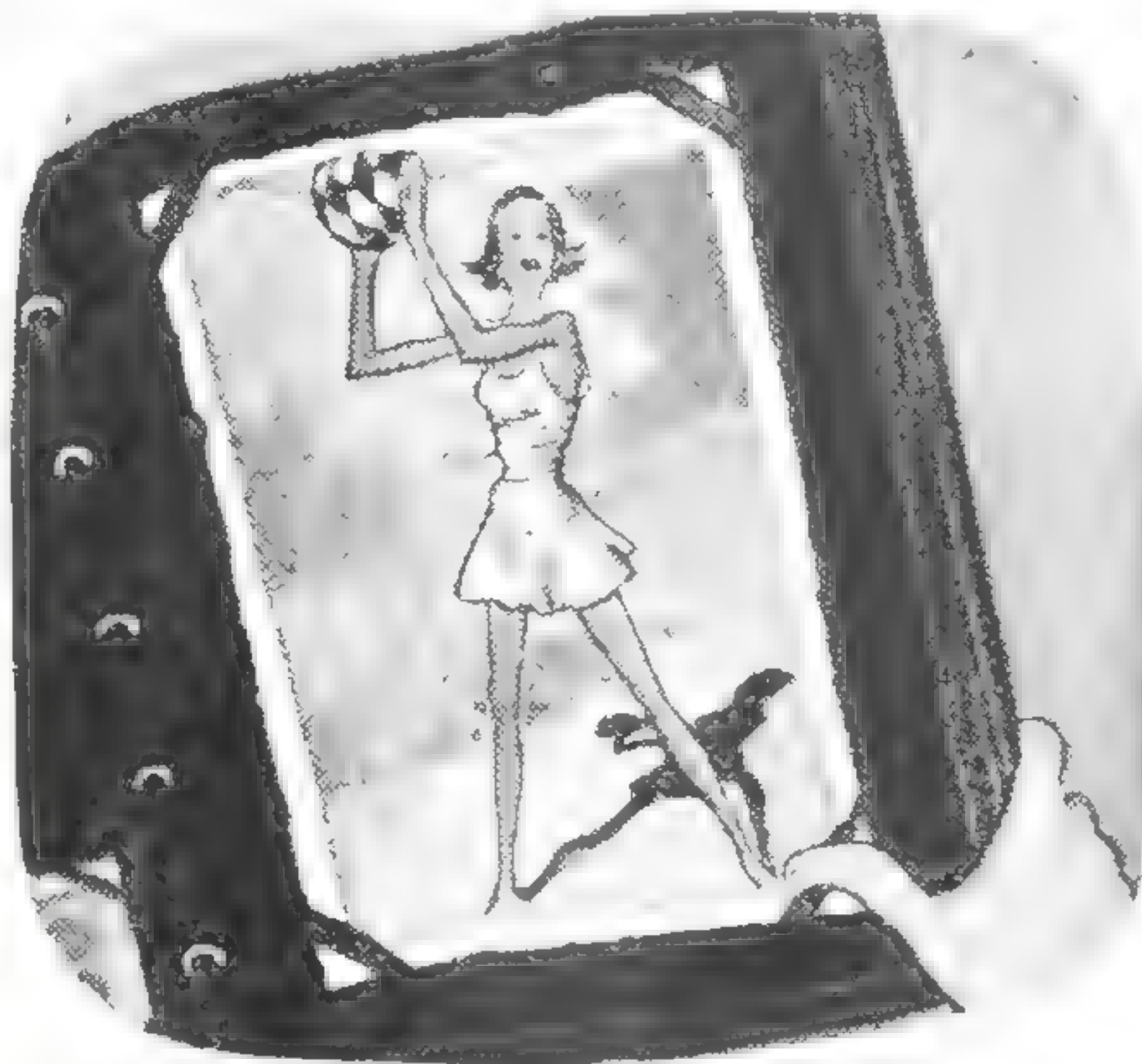
Rosalind Russell turns over not only her broadcast checks but much time to China Relief, as also do Myrna Loy, Gin-

"In those days they called me The Wreck of the Hesperus"



"Don't believe it. It's impossible. It can't be you, my good-looking friend. Never!"

"You're nice and polite. But there I am, skinny, homely, and tired-looking. Why, I even . . ."



"Even what? Tell me more!"

"I got used to it! Thought it normal, until I was told I had a Vitamin B Complex deficiency."

"That's over my head."

"It's a shortage of those amazing vitamins you find in their natural form in fresh yeast. So I bought a week's supply of FLEISCHMANN'S. Took two cakes a day in nice cool tomato juice, and pretty soon . . ."

"My Cinderella girl! I get it. But I don't get the tomato juice part."

"That's the new way to take FLEISCHMANN'S. Listen! Mash a cake of FLEISCHMANN'S in a dry glass with a fork, add a little tomato juice, stir till blended, fill up the glass and drink. Divine!"



Ever read the FLEISCHMANN label? This is the only yeast with all these vitamins. And the only sources of the important Vitamin B Complex are *natural* sources, such as yeast and liver. Remember, if you bake at home, that three of the important vitamins in FLEISCHMANN'S, B₁, D, and G, are not appreciably lost in the oven; they go right into the bread.

Fleischmann's Fresh Yeast For Natural Vitamin B Complex



Eyes **RIGHT!** for Romance

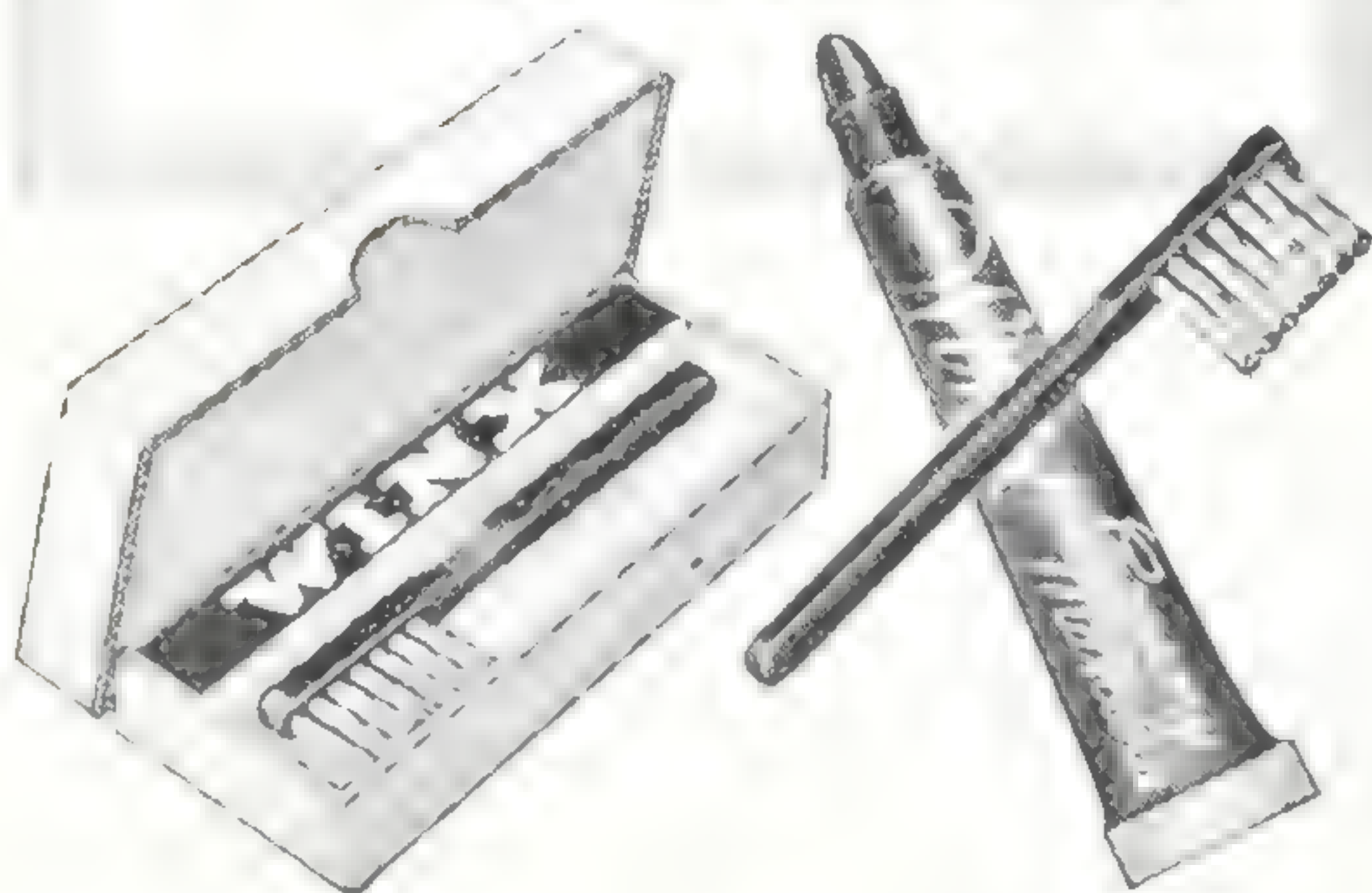
Eyes are always right—for love, for romance, for social or business appointment—when you use WINX.

WINX brings out the natural beauty and charm of your eyes—enlivens your whole appearance—gives you a new, fascinating loveliness.

Try WINX and see for yourself what a marvelous difference it makes. Just a touch of WINX Mascara (either solid or creamy form) to your lashes and instantly they appear darker, longer, more luxuriant. WINX Eyebrow Pencil adds form and character to your eyebrows. And finally, to accentuate the color and depth of your eyes, add a subtle touch of WINX Eye Shadow. This completes the picture of a "lovelier, more vivacious you."

Insist on WINX for finer quality. WINX is water-resistant and easily applied without fuss or bother. Available in all popular harmonizing shades. For lovely eyes get WINX today. At drug and department stores or in handy purse sizes for 10¢.

Winx
FOR LOVELY EYES



ger Rogers, George Murphy and Alan Marshall.

But did you ever hear about the sorority that Barbara Stanwyck created, founded and supports?

The way "Athena," the Stanwyck sorority, started is a tale entirely characteristic of Barbara Stanwyck, who loves to pretend that she is very hard-boiled. Stany herself has never told the story and has harshly forbidden her publicity agent's ever giving it out, but "Fearless" came upon the yarn, completely authenticated, from one of the girls who has benefited from the star's largesse.

Like many another girl who has lacked the privilege of higher education, this particular miss felt very inferior about never having gone to college. Stany herself had had to go to work so early that she never even finished high school, and meeting this particular lonely girl got Mrs. Robert Taylor to thinking.

"Why do sororities have to be limited to college girls?" she asked.

"Well, there's some in high schools and junior colleges," said the girl, "but mostly they are college stuff."

"What good are they?" asked Stany.

"Well, they give you a chance to meet other girls, have social life, have, well, fun and companionship."

"Could one be composed entirely of working girls?"

"Oh, of course!"

"Do you know any good Greek names?"

"Well, there was Athena, the goddess of wisdom."

"That's it," said Stany. "Athena, the wise dame. You organize the club and I'll back it—Athena, a sorority for working girls who never went to college."

That was how it started, several years ago, and today in and about Hollywood you will find many branches of "Athena" and many adoring girls singing Barbara Stanwyck's praises. The girls pay club dues and try to make their individual clubs self-supporting. It is a real sisterhood, with all the members pledged to help one another in sickness or heartbreaks or job-hunting. "Athena" is beginning to branch out into other states and communities, but Barbara is a patron star of all the branches and her wide-open checkbook is always there.

Then do you know about Hedy Lamarr's sponsoring the "Nobody's Children" program? It came about this way: The little boy whose custody Hedy has now finally been given came to her through the agencies which were finding homes for other youngsters via this radio appeal. The program was nation-wide but unsponsored. Radio time must be paid for and finally, funds running short, it faced going off the air. It was then that Hedy, who isn't high-salaried, stepped forward and backed the program for three solid

months. She sincerely wanted to help more babies to find homes, not so much for the kiddies themselves as that other foster parents might discover the source of happiness she had discovered through Jimmy.

When it comes to actual money given out and to personal time expended, Joan Crawford wins all the charity crowns. Joan supports two hospital beds in a leading Los Angeles hospital, has one specialist constantly on call for emergency cases that may be brought to her attention. Over and beyond this clinic Joan's personal benefactions are too many even to list and it is doubtful if she herself could remember all of them. She is forever setting somebody up in business, or financing some romantic but poor girl's wedding or providing some overworked boy with a vacation.

It was Loretta Young who provided the Sisters of Charity with their automobile, and provided us with this tender little anecdote. Two nuns called upon her for a donation one afternoon and as they were leaving with a four-figure check safely tucked away, Loretta said she would see them to their car.

The Sisters smiled gently. "We have no car," they said.

Loretta gazed at them in bewilderment. She lives in swanky Bel-Air, a good five to ten miles from the nearest bus line.

"How did you get here?" she asked.

"We walked," the nuns said.

Of course, they went away in the immediately produced Young limousine and before noon the next day a new sedan was delivered to the convent.

ONE of the very nicest of Hollywood stories concerns a star and the lady he supports. Believe it or not, but it is absolutely true that he has never met her and wouldn't know her if he saw her. But he did know her husband, who was a small-salaried stock actor at the studio where the star is under contract.

The stock actor was suddenly killed in an automobile accident. Hollywood, after the first rush of flowers, didn't pay much attention, since the fellow had been quite unimportant. But the star started investigating, found the actor's wife was an invalid and nearly penniless. He wrote to the girl, discovered what a fine, brave person she was and started providing the comforts of a small, sunny apartment, regular medical care and good food for her. He has told her she can count on these comforts' enduring indefinitely.

This is just another charity which can't be publicized, since the simple, open-hearted generosity of it would be misunderstood by those to whom no gesture, however fine, is ever disinterested.

THE END

It's Oscar time in Hollywood! So don't miss—

Hedda Hopper's own Academy Dinner

served up in these pages next month—a feast of fun with little tin Kewpies and onion bouquets for all in

MY OWN SUPER-SUPERLATIVE AWARDS

BY HEDDA HOPPER

March Photoplay-Movie Mirror

Close Ups and Long Shots

(Continued from page 4) career altogether, because Artie Shaw, her husband, wanted her to . . . but with "Ziegfeld Girl" the Turner ambition was born . . . and these evenings see less and less of the gay Lana in the night clubs, more and more of the serious Lana at home. . . .

But John Carroll! . . . John Carroll happens to be Mr. Louis B. Mayer's particular enthusiasm . . . that same Mr. Louis B. Mayer who understands stars so thoroughly and sympathetically . . . that same gentleman who maintains a standard of good taste in production that few studios can come within miles of approaching . . . like all dominant people Mr. Mayer can be stubborn on occasion and John Carroll to him is the irresistible force meeting the immovable object . . . in this case, a producer firmly believing he has a star . . . and a swaggering devil-may-care who just can't be bothered with doing the things you have to do to be a star. . . .

It isn't alone that John Carroll refuses to be seen with "the right people" . . . or do the "right things" . . . the big things with Carroll is that he sasses directors, he doesn't bother to learn lines until he gets right on the set, he clowns his way through things that he should be serious about . . . repeatedly Carroll gets in a picture and runs away with the notices . . . but now, after three years on the lordliest lot of them all, he is still right at the starting gate. . . .

AND, of course, Hollywood is in an absolute state about George Montgomery's suddenly appearing as an escort for Norma Shearer . . . on account of Georgie was supposed to be escort and leading man, on screen and off, to Ginger Rogers . . . because there is nothing so potent as "romance publicity" for a handsome young man. . . .

It is probably because George Sanders simply will not give out with any romance publicity or any publicity at all, practically, that makes Hollywood casting directors continue to ignore him. . . . a million women could tell them the dream dynamite that one packs . . . but the casting boys will always fall for the lads that the glamour girls of Cinema Corners have put their stamps of approval on. . . .

Hollywood gossips now that Rise Stevens has been put into "Rio Rita" to replace Kathryn Grayson and nobody expects that the Deanna Durbin quarrel with Universal will be easily settled but the way all eyes are watching Vaughn Paul's first production for RKO is a caution . . . and meanwhile nobody understands just what it is Joan Fontaine wants in the way of roles . . . not after she had to be practically shanghaied into playing the exquisite part of the girl in "This Above All" . . . and everybody wishes he didn't know all those stories about the Crosbys and wishes that he didn't have to take sides . . . because this is a story on which there are two such definite sides . . . Bing's and Dixie's . . . with four such sturdy little boys mixed up in the middle of it. . . .

And if, in all this inner chatter of 1942, you hear small mention of those names which, born in 1941, were called "hot box-office" do not be surprised . . . the old order has changed and the youngsters have arrived and taken over . . . and as 1942 goes on few and far between will be the mature stars who will be able to accomplish Ann Sothern's triumph of coming back via the "Maiseie" B's to the glittery A ascendancy of a "Lady Be Good" and "Panama Hattie."

THE END

CAN YOUR HANDS PASS THE KISS TEST?



MAKE THIS TEST—Brush your lips across the back of your hand. Does skin feel rough, and uninviting? Now use extra quick-drying Cashmere Bouquet Lotion. Notice how smooth your hands have become.

HERE'S WHY—Because Cashmere Bouquet Lotion removes dead skin and surface scales almost instantly, it leaves your hands exquisitely soft and alluring.

"PLUSH luxury!" you think, when you hear of a society beauty paying dollars for salon hand-treatments. But, with Cashmere Bouquet Lotion you can do it for yourself, many times a day, at about a penny a time. It's speedy, too, because Cashmere Bouquet Lotion works "quick as a kiss."

So after every dishwashing you can give your hands that kiss appeal. Cashmere Bouquet Lotion dries in ten seconds. Leaves no smeary, gooey stickiness. But blessed smoothness. And of course this lovely lotion gives your hands the 'fragrance men love'.

In generous 10¢ and larger sizes at all drug and toilet goods counters.

Cashmere Bouquet Lotion

Another member of
Cashmere Bouquet—the Royal Family
of beauty preparations.



Mightier Than a Tank

Tanks can batter their way through battle lines.

Bombers can blast whole cities into the earth.

But neither can conquer a people whose nerves can "take it," whose strength is great, whose courage is high.



THERE is a greater enemy to nerves and strength and courage than tanks and bombers. It is the *lack* of a tiny ingredient—found so generously in a grain of wheat—Vitamin B₁. Without this ingredient, we become listless, moody, weary and afraid. The starving peoples of Europe know this only too well.

In the United States of America there is no reason why everyone cannot have his share of this very important Vitamin B₁. Millers have found scientific ways to mill flour so that it *retains* Vitamin B₁ and other members of the B-Complex "family," plus food iron. They have gone even farther; those

essential ingredients now can actually be added, either in yeast or pure chemical compounds, so that the *Enriched* Bread you buy from your baker or the enriched flour you buy for your home has the recommended amount of each!

This flour, and the tasty rolls, biscuits and bread it makes, are available to *all of us*. Enriched flour turns out baked products that taste exactly like they've always tasted, but made with this new kind of flour, these foods now add to your diet precious food factors to bolster your strength, protect your health.

Wherever you see flour advertised as "Enriched," your merchant is offering a product that is aiding our Government's program to make America strong.

This message is approved by the office of Paul V. McNutt, Director of Defense Health and Welfare Services. It is brought to you as our contribution to National Nutritional Defense by Photoplay-Movie Mirror.

THE MAGIC FOODS

It takes only a few kinds of simple foods to provide a sound nutritional foundation for buoyant health. Eat each of them daily. Then add to your table anything else you like which agrees with you.



MILK AND CHEESE—especially for Vitamin A, some of the B vitamins, protein, calcium, phosphorus. Vitamin D milk for the "sunshine" vitamin.

MEAT, eggs and sea food—for proteins and several of the B-Complex vitamins; meat and eggs also for iron.



GREEN AND YELLOW vegetables for B vitamins, Vitamin A, Vitamin C and minerals.

FRUITS and fruit juices—for Vitamin C, other vitamins and minerals.



BREAD, enriched or whole grain, and cereals with milk or cream, for B vitamins and other nutrients.

Enough of these foods in your daily diet and in the diets of all Americans will assure better health for the nation, will increase its energies to meet today's emergencies.

Food will build a NEW America

When G-Girls Get Together

(Continued from page 36) "What have I got in common with that glamour puss? She's probably bored with everything but herself."

"Me like that 'Maisie!'" Hedy looked her incredulity. "I'll bet she goes jitter-bugging every night at the Palladium."

This good-natured "feud" continued. From time to time other mutual friends told Ann she'd like Hedy. Lily MacMurray, who often told Hedy how much she'd like Ann, invited them both to a party. The room was filled with people. The two girls just happened to sit down on the same couch, at the same time. So they started to talk. Five hours later they were still talking. Lily finally had to tell them it was time to go home.

HEDY told Ann about Jamesie. Ann hung on every word concerning the little boy who is at last Hedy's for keeps. For the very first time since he was taken out of her life, Ann found herself talking about David. To Hedy she poured the touching story of the lad she had brought into her home, planned to adopt, to give a brilliant future. Hedy understood Ann's suffering when she spoke of David's departure. Their mutual love of children was the first binding link.

Since Lily MacMurray's party, there hasn't been a week when Ann and Hedy missed seeing each other. Sometimes it's oftener, their studio work depending. Soon after they met they discovered their houses were exactly one block apart, their street numbers exactly the same. Every morning when she isn't working, Hedy takes a walk with Jamesie. If Ann is home, they stop by, awaken her, sit at the foot of her bed and "dish." Hedy rambles on for hours. Ann just listens. Later on in the day, Ann, who hates telephoning, puts in a call for Hedy. This time Ann talks. Hedy listens. They discuss the studio, scripts, personal problems. Hedy is inclined to hide away from people. Ann urges her to get out and enjoy herself. When Ann tries to plan every moment, Hedy begs her to stop forcing. To live more for today. So, in many respects, they find themselves good for each other.

As a rule, when a married couple come to the parting of the way, the wife goes home to mother. Ann's mother, a concert singer, was busy on a tour. So Ann went to Hedy's. Having a similar experience recently, Hedy could appreciate Ann's feelings. She determined to help her get over it. It wasn't sympathy that Ann needed. Hedy was intelligent enough to know this would have been the wrong procedure. So she tried other tactics.

"Annie darling, you look so forlorn," Hedy fondly poked fun at her. "You look just like Pluto!"

The ridiculous picture appealed to Ann's sense of humor. She burst out laughing. Right then and there the name stuck. Later on Ann got even by referring to Hedy as "Vinegar Puss." This title too has now become a legend. One of Ann's favorite stories on Hedy concerns the time the studio called her for night retakes.

"I was only supposed to work until twelve," Ann tells it. At the same time she doubles up laughing. "Hedy gave me her front door key because she goes to bed early. Well, it turned out that we shot until after two. It was nearly three when I very carefully unlocked the front door. I took off my shoes and started tiptoeing up the stairs as quietly as possible. The door to Hedy's room burst open. There she stood at the top of the stairs. Her arms were folded. She was

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actually tapping her foot.

"Where have you been?" she demanded. "I've been worried sick. You said you'd be in by twelve. Look what time it is. I've been calling hospitals and police stations. I thought something terrible had happened to you."

"Hedy was obviously and sincerely quite upset. But it was such a funny picture, her standing there just like my mother. I felt as though I were fourteen again. I sat down on the stairs and laughed until I cried. The madder Hedy got, the funnier it seemed to me. Then we started to talk. Hedy loves to eat all the time—which isn't so good for either of us. She went down to the refrigerator and brought back cheese and cold meats. We sat there talking until dawn."

MOST Hollywood glamour girls fit into a certain pattern. Their beauty secrets they guard like a Government defense plan. While they give evidence of loving each other to death, their professional jealousy is forever lurking.

Ann and Hedy are two of the most feminine women in Hollywood. They are also two of the most dominant. Yet they never clash. For one thing, they are interested in things that women are supposed to be interested in. They love good music. Oftimes they spend hours picking out records. Hedy taught Ann some of her favorite Viennese folksongs. Ann is studying French. She uses Hedy for a guinea pig.

Both girls love their home. Ann owns hers. Hedy's is rented out to Franchot Tone and his new bride. Hedy is collecting antiques, china and brasses for a new home she hopes to buy. When they aren't poking about in the little shops on Los Feliz Boulevard, they're over at the Howard nursery picking out plants for their gardens. Ann taught Hedy how to knit and crochet. Hedy showed Ann how to do needlepoint. Hedy loves American slang. From Ann she has learned when to say, "Oh Brother!"

Hedy hates to go shopping. She practically lives in slacks. Ann keeps after her. She urges her to wear beautiful gowns and jewels to enhance her beauty. Ann is inclined to be extravagant. Hedy is impractical. But she nearly swooned when Ann paid two dollars and a half for an imported lipstick. Hedy insisted that Ann try her own special brand. Ann loved it. Where could she buy one like it? Hedy answered her: "I get them at Woolworths!"

The same generosity that prevails in this unusual Hollywood friendship asserts itself when either girl is talking about the other. Of Hedy, Ann is always enthusiastic.

"I've always been so busy working," Ann enthuses. "So I've had to sandwich in my friends. This picture doesn't include a Hollywood glamour girl. There isn't anything very old-shoe about them. But Hedy is the antithesis of everything you'd expect such a beautiful woman to be. She's warm and unselfish. She's not like a career girl at all. I really think she'd be content to stay at home all the time."

"Hedy has been through a lot in her life. This makes her sympathetic. Understanding toward others. You don't have to stand on ceremony with her. She herself is much too unpredictable. She breaks dates. Or forgets to show up. At the last moment she changes her mind. But you never pay any attention to any of this. You know she is your friend. You accept her as she is."

"Hedy has a good insight to things. She can see the ultimate results. This influences me. I am inclined to worry until the ultimate results actually appear."

Before I met her I imagined that Hedy would be dull—beautiful but dull. I supposed she'd spend hours in front of her mirror. It takes her fifteen minutes to shower, dress, put on lipstick and run a comb through that mop of hair. We go out for an entire day. She never looks in that mirror once. When you can say that about a gal—you know she must be a pretty real person."

ANN is much closer to being a hausfrau than she is a jitterbug," Hedy tells you amusingly. "But, you know, before I knew her I only used to see her at the studio in those 'Maisie' clothes, wearing all that junky jewelry. I imagined she must be that same kind of person off the screen, which proves what a convincing actress she is. I didn't realize how beautiful and glamorous she was until we met that night at Lily MacMurray's party."

"Ann wasn't made to be a career woman. (Here we go again!) In real life she's anything but one. We wouldn't be friends if she were. She probably won't like this, but I think Ann has the greatest maternal streak of any woman I know. Ann is always worrying about something. Or someone. Once I didn't call her for three days. She called me and really let me have it. I know it wasn't because she wanted the attention. Ann is the most unpossessive person at all times. She was really worried about me. Isn't she wonderful?"

"Ann has the most amazing self-control. I don't know how she does it. I get mad and there it goes! I yell and get it all out of my system. So I forgive more easily. Ann has a quiet way of working things out. It takes her a long time to get mad. But once she turns, it isn't a whim of the moment. She stays that way. You can depend on it. You never have to pretend around Ann. You can confide in her. You never have to caution her."

"Ann and I are so different in temperament. She is the typical American girl—ambitious, friendly, always active. I can't stand to make plans. Ann is always planning something. We both like to laugh. Ann's sense of humor saves many a situation. At the same time, she gets so serious about things. When I see her getting that sad look, I just have to say, 'Now, Pluto, that isn't good for you.'

"I really pay little attention to my appearance. I'm not interested in lots of clothes. I seldom wear jewelry. I never wear hats. One evening Ann came over carrying a large sack. She explained she had seen a hat that looked just like me. Nothing would do, I must try it on to please her. I appreciated her thoughtfulness and interest. So I put on the hat."

"You see, Pluto," I pointed out to her, "the hat looks just like a goose sitting on my head." And it did. So she was content to let me send it back.

"I've never had a friend who is as genuine and natural. She is honest with me. She allows me to be honest with her. What more is there to hope for in friendship? I know this sounds silly, but I was quite lonely before I met Ann. I've had lots of disappointments. A great many worries. So I stayed by myself. Too much I guess. Ann insists on sharing her friends' burdens. So she made mine seem lighter. She's made me want to be with people again. I never expected to find this kind of friendship—especially in an actress. But I guess anything can happen in Hollywood."

Ain't it the truth!

THE END

This Above All

(Continued from page 34) She knew that she would meet him the next night; she knew that somehow, for some reason, she would always do whatever he asked her to.

IT WAS raining, a cold, miserable drizzle, and the tea shops and cinemas were full. There seemed to be no place in Gosley for a man and his girl to go.

They waited miserably in a partially sheltered doorway until the bus came and climbed into it along with too many other wet, cross people. They didn't find out it was the wrong bus until they'd gone several blocks and by then it was too late to do anything but stay on until they got to the crossroads where—eventually—they could catch the right one.

At the crossroads a timetable informed them it would be fifteen minutes before the bus could be expected—and it was still raining and much colder. The only shelter in sight was a gaunt corrugated iron structure built over a partly cut-out hayrick and they ran for it.

"I'm sorry," Clive said. "It's been a great evening. Crowded out of the tea shops and cinemas—turned out of a bus." Prue shivered, without answering, and he said, "You're cold. Here—" He took a whiskey flask from his pocket. The unaccustomed spirits made her eyes water, but she felt warmer afterwards. The hay against which they leaned was soft and comfortable. Clive laid his hand on hers.

"Don't start that!" she said sharply and snatched her hand away.

"I'm not starting anything!" He was angry, much angrier than she had been, and she felt ashamed.

"I'm sorry," she said. "Give—give me another drink of whiskey."

"You're so beautiful," he murmured when she handed the bottle back. This time she tucked her hand into the palm of his, in wordless apology. He leaned over and kissed her and her arms crept around his neck, holding him close. The whiskey flask slipped to the floor of the rick, forgotten.

LEAFORD is a resort town on the south coast of England, with a boardwalk and many ugly angular hotels and an amusement pier where before the war they used to have a concert party and sell souvenirs and soft drinks and candy. The pier was closed and the boardwalk almost deserted the afternoon Clive and Prue arrived there.

Prue had a seven-day leave from camp and she had wanted Clive to come with her to meet her family at Walsham. But he had wanted to come here and here they were.

The station taxi deposited them at the steps of the Grand Hotel and a porter came rushing out to take their bags. On their way into the lobby they met a woman in a traveling coat, followed by two children, a nurse and another porter with all the luggage he could carry. The woman stopped and stared after Prue, who had walked past her with her face averted.

Upstairs, Clive and Prue had two rooms with a connecting door between, on the ocean front. When Clive had washed and exchanged his coat for a sweater he came through the connecting door. Prue hadn't taken off her hat and coat. She was standing at the window, looking out over the Channel—toward Calais.

Clive stopped his cheerful whistling. "Tired?" he asked.

Prue didn't turn around. Her voice

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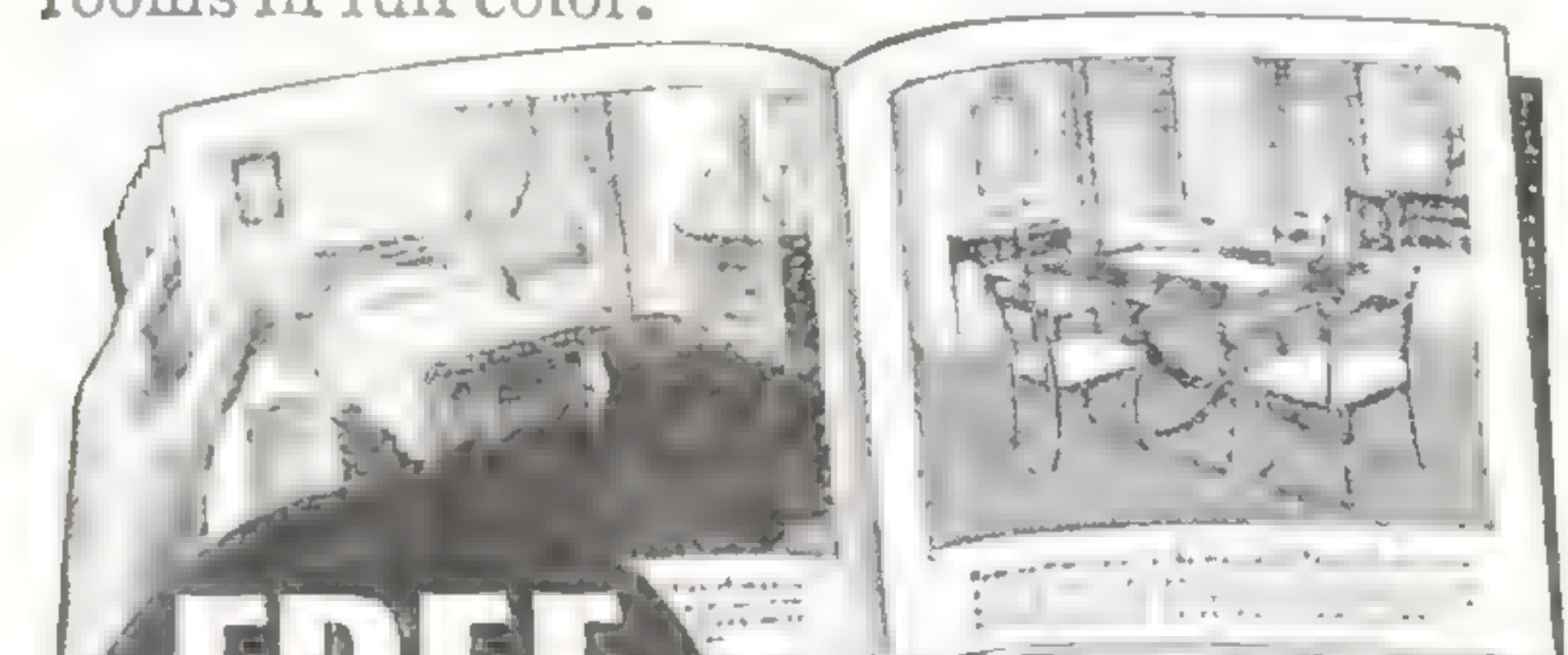
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was unsteady. "I'm—all right, thanks."
"But what's the matter? You were happy in the train—at the station."

"Nothing's the matter."
After a pause, he said, "Look here—if you've suddenly changed your mind, say so. If you've decided that it isn't right for you, we can pack up and go in the morning. You're free to do exactly what you like."

"You wanted me to come here," Prue said angrily. "Well, here I am—so please stop asking me what I want to do! You're the man . . . it's your job to take the responsibility and decide."

"But what happened? Why'd you change so since we were on the train?"

"I didn't realize what I was letting myself in for, that's all. I'm sorry."

"It's a pity you didn't find this out before," Clive said curtly.

Dinner in the huge, echoing dining hall where only a few of the tables were occupied was a torture to both of them. On the train Prue had taken off her uniform and put on a dress. That, and her changed attitude, made her seem like a stranger to him. He remembered that she was one of the rulers of England and that he had been born and raised in a Manchester slum. He made one more effort, at the end of dinner.

"Let's go for a walk. I used to know a little place at the back of the town. It'll be more friendly there."

But it was time for the news on the radio and Prue would not go.

"Can't we forget all that for one night?" Clive pleaded. "Come on—we can go along the beach and get some fresh air."

"And bury our heads in the sand, like ostriches?" Prue asked.

"Are you coming?"

"I can't understand you, Clive. Don't you want to know what's happening?"

He lost all his patience. "It's not going to end the war or make it longer if we take a rest from that sickening radio, is it?"

Prue set her chin obstinately. "It's our job to listen—even when it's hard to take. Go ahead and take your walk. I'm staying."

When he returned, his face damp from the sea air, he found her packing in her own room. She had made up her mind, she said; they'd take the one o'clock train the next day.

IT MUST have been long after midnight when Prue awakened. Lying in her bed, she could hear Clive's voice coming through the thin wall from the next room. Clive's voice, yet not his voice. It was harsh, unnatural, somehow commanding.

"Come on, you fool! Come on! There aren't any more! It's no good, I tell you! Get out of it . . . it's no good! . . ."

For perhaps two minutes she listened, terrified, wanting to go in and wake him but afraid to. Then the words died away into unintelligible mumblings, finally stopped.

She was up and had her bath in the damp cubicle down the hall before he wakened the next morning. It was a beautiful, sparkling morning and even when her eyes fell on her packed bag, she felt better. When she was back in her room she heard Clive's door open and looked out to see him, bare legs incongruous under a short topcoat, going down the hall toward the bath. Impulsively, she hurried to finish her dressing and went out.

Clive was at the breakfast table looking sullen, when she returned with a package under her arm. She dropped it into his lap. "I did some shopping this morning—for you. Open it."

Wonderingly, he snipped the strings with his knife and pulled back the paper to reveal a silk dressing gown.

"Prue!"
Suddenly shy, she said, "You looked so funny walking down the passage in that little shriveled-up coat and those bare legs. . . ."

Amazingly, they were laughing, great gusts of laughter that blew away all of last night's constraint and wretchedness.

"I'm sorry about last night," Prue said.

"That's all right. I understand."

"No, you don't. The fact is, we ran into my Aunt Iris."

"Your what?"
"Aunt Iris. The woman who was leaving the hotel just as we came in. Of course she recognized me. Isn't it incredible? Of all the places we could pick! I knew she'd taken the children to some place on the coast so they wouldn't be bombed, but I didn't know where."

"It isn't in the least incredible," Clive said. "It's the kind of thing that always happens."

Prue picked up a fork and traced musing patterns on the tablecloth. "Funny—how romantic a thing like this can be," she faltered, "when nobody knows about it—then suddenly how—different—it all seems when an aunt appears. . . ."

"Are you leaving just because of Aunt Iris?"

"I . . . suppose so. . . ."

BUT, after all, she didn't leave. Instead, they both moved to another hotel, the "friendlier" place Clive had mentioned the night before. It was an old inn, not at all grand, but—friendly.

At lunch in the new inn, the fat proprietor brought an envelope to their table. "A telegram for you, Mr. Briggs. Sent over from the Grand."

Prue saw Clive's skin whiten, his fingers fumble as he tore the envelope open. But there was relief in his face as he read the message.

"Clive," she said gently, "what's worrying you, darling?"

"Me? Why, nothing."

"You told me you slept very well?"

"I did. Why? What's the point?" He was defensive.

"Nothing . . . Only I—I heard talking in your room. As if you were having a nightmare, a very special kind of nightmare. And now this telegram." She waited, but he did not answer. "It's all right if you don't want to tell me, Clive. But I know there's something."

He tossed her the telegram. "That isn't anything. Read it, if you like."

"Wangled forty-eight hours leave. Coming down for binge. Monty," it said.

"Who's Monty?"

"An old friend of mine. You'd like him." He smiled suddenly and lifted the glass of excellent wine The Coach and Four served with its lunches. "Let's forget Monty. I'm beginning to feel happy again and there's something I forgot to tell you at breakfast."

"What?"

"You're very lovely. And it was very sweet of you to give me that dressing gown."

They were happy for the rest of that day. But that night again, Prue woke up and heard his voice crying out in terror and command. She got up, this time, and went into his room to wake him. She was shocked when she saw his face in the moonlight streaming in the window. It was wet with sweat, twisted with anguish. She shook him by the arm and he struggled up out of sleep.

"You were calling out orders. . . ."
"It's nothing. I'm (Continued on page 90)"

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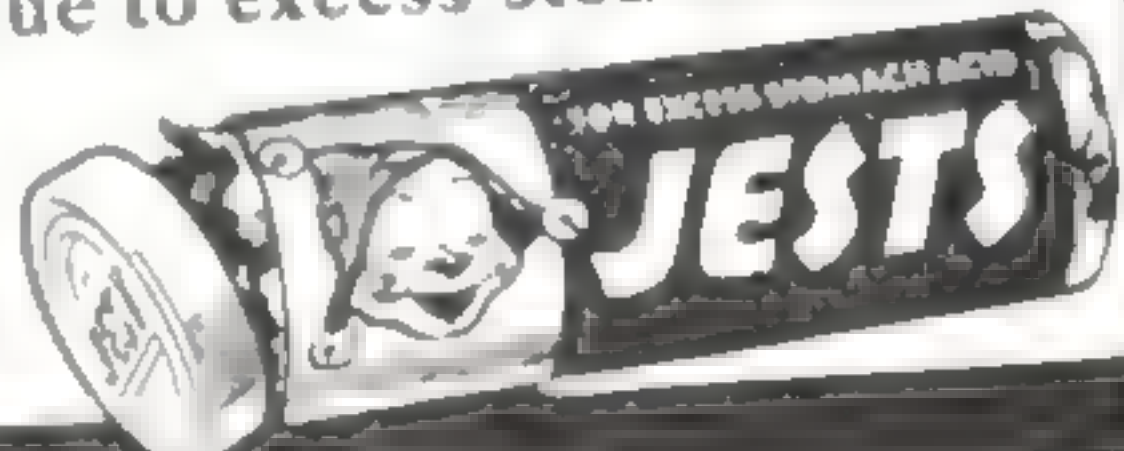
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(Continued from page 88) all right. It's just when I'm overtired, sometimes I talk in my sleep."

"Clive . . . you were in the army?"

"Yes," he said painfully.

"Why didn't you tell me, Clive?"

"Why should I? I'm not of it now."

"Were you wounded?"

"No, I . . . I was ill."

"Were you in France? What was it like?"

"You won't be satisfied until I tell you, will you?" he said savagely. "All right—it was hell! Dirty, foul, disgusting. D'you want any more?"

"No, not if you feel like that."

"How did you expect me to feel?"

"Proud. As proud as I am that you were there. Because that's the one thing about you I didn't understand. I knew you weren't the kind of man to shirk."

He turned away, and she went back to her own room.

MONTY—Corporal Montague—stamped in upon them the next morning as they were having breakfast in Prue's room. He was chunky, blunt and considerably older than Clive, whom he called Nipper. Prue told herself she should resent the casual way in which he accepted her presence with Clive, but he was too disarmingly friendly. They went, the three of them, to the cellars of the Victoria Saloon, where a soldier played the piano and the floor was crowded with dancing soldiers and their girls. The single waitress was swamped with orders, so Clive left Prue and Monty at the table while he went to the bar for their drinks.

"Sorry I crashed in on you and the Nipper this morning," Monty said in embarrassment. "If I'd known you was there I wouldn't have done it."

"That's all right. Were you and Clive in . . . France together?"

Monty beamed. "I'll say we were!"

"Was he . . . was he a good soldier?"

"Was he—" Monty stared at her incredulously. "Listen here, Miss, let me tell you something. If you'd seen him coming up the road from Arras . . . coming through hell as cool as a cucumber—then going back next night and doing it again—you wouldn't have to ask me if he was a good soldier!"

"Monty!" They looked up. Clive was standing over them, pale with fury. "When you've won the war, give me a call. I'll be at the bar."

"Now, Nipper!" Monty forced Clive into a seat. "Don't be a silly chump."

"Well—" Clive said. "All right. But we won't talk about the war."

"Right!" Monty agreed, and raised his glass.

There was an air raid that night—Leaford's first. It came near midnight, after Prue and Clive had left Monty at his own hotel and returned to The Coach and Four. But they had not gone to sleep.

"Monty looked so worried when you said good-bye to him," Prue had said. "And I noticed, earlier, the two of you were leaning over the table, talking like conspirators. What's the matter, Clive?"

Clive turned out the light and threw aside the black-out draperies at the window. "Monty wanted to see me about a friend of his, who joined the army the day the war began. He believed that he was going to fight for his country, but he was bitterly deceived. He was ready to fight and willing to die, if there was sense and reason to it—but he found no reason and no sense. He was ready to follow his leaders and he found them stupid, complacent and out of date, with no claim to leadership but birth and class and privilege. They were not leading him in a struggle for a better England—they were

asking him to help preserve the rotten, worn-out conditions that had kept their class in comfort and his in poverty. They asked him to give his life for something he hated and despised."

There was silence. Prue was standing near him, wraith-like in her negligee. She said softly, "But doesn't he think—this friend of Monty's—that this is no time to doubt and argue, when his country's fighting for its life? To be beaten in this war would be terrible!"

"That's what he's trying to see clearly," Clive answered. "He asks himself this dreadful question: If England were to lose, could we be worse off, or weaker, or more shameful? He's told himself he is fighting for England—but do you know what England means to him? It means poverty—hunger—begging for work, no matter how cruel and humiliating. And if our armies win this war—what share will this man and millions like him have in the victory? None—England will be returned to the men who have owned it and disgraced it, so that they can go on disgracing it until the next war comes."

Prue almost whispered, "But what is—this man—going to do, if he won't fight any more for England?"

"Soon—very soon—tomorrow, perhaps—they'll call him a . . . deserter . . . They'll hunt him down—arrest him. . . ."

It was then they heard the first planes coming over and the air-raid siren. A horrid clicking smack, almost directly overhead, told of bursting shrapnel from Leaford's anti-aircraft batteries.

Prue clung to him, trying to still the terrified leaping of her heart against the solidity of his body. He led her away from the window to the chair by the bed, cradling her there in his lap like a child.

She cowered at another burst of shrapnel. "I'm afraid I'm not very brave."

"You are brave—and you're beautiful."

"You're saying that because there's a raid on, to make me stop thinking."

"No. I've told you before, and I'll tell you again, when it's over."

A bomb dropped near them then, with a crunch and a crash. "There," he said. "The closer it was the safer we're going to be from now on. Two won't land in the same spot."

SHE felt his courage flowing into her and knew she could not have lived through these minutes of terror without him. When, at last, the "All Clear" sounded, she went limp with utter weariness and hardly knew when he picked her up and laid her on the bed.

Toward dawn, in his own room, Clive wrote a letter. "Dearest, I would no more attempt to destroy what you believe than I would tell a child that Father Christmas did not exist. Where I am going, I don't know, and I don't care. I'm tired. I want to say how decent you were. I wish I had been more decent to you. Good-by—and our coming from the darkness into the light of knowing each other was very, very sweet. Yours, Clive."

He had dressed before he sat down to write the letter. Now he stood up and picked up his hat and coat and the letter and went out into the hall. He would leave the letter at the desk downstairs and they would give it to her in the morning, after he was gone.

A deserter from England's army walks in loneliness and danger, every man's hand against him. And Clive is now a deserter, cut off from the girl he loves as well as from his countrymen. Don't miss the conclusion of this dramatic romance in next month's PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR.

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

Round-Up of Pace Setters

Continued from page 56) to Georgia. There were no fine schools of drama to aid Evelyn in her desires, but persistent effort and faith in herself turned the trick. So, you see, it can be done.

What's Sarong With This?

Philip (one I, please) Reed has been making pictures since 1933, always fully clothed and in his right mind. He was handsome, young, talented. And so what happened? Well, practically nothing, as far as that goes. At least no presses were topped, no worlds were set afire and no fans stampeded. But, in 1941, Mr. Reed removed his garments, donned a sarong for his role of the meanie in "Aloma Of The South Seas" and overnight became a sensation. Fortunately, his acting more than outshone his appeal to the feminine eye and Mr. Reed is happily on his way with the pictures "Weekend For Three" and "Heliotrope Larry" behind him.

Mr. Reed is a charming gentleman of several accomplishments. Besides his acting ability, he's the best tennis doubles player in Hollywood and so talented a violinist as to appear with Werner Jansen's symphonic orchestra. Furthermore—get ready, girls—he's a bachelor, a tall, black-haired, brown-eyed eligible of thirty-two. But hard to catch. He's set in his ways. He says so himself.

From Erasmus High School in Brooklyn, where he was born, Philip with his one "I" joined the Freshman class at Cornell for one year. School dramatics, plus his music, had decided him on his course. He would be an actor.

From Cornell to Hoboken, New Jersey, traveled our hero to join a stock company in which, to his utter amazement, he found himself appearing in blackface for a role in "The Green Goddess." Reed without Mammy received ten bucks weekly for his stint.

Along about then Philip decided to add dancing to his congregation of abilities and began the art of tapping a mean toe with a redheaded little teacher named Cagney—Jimmy Cagney.

Several stage plays, "Grand Hotel" among them, and a vaudeville tour with the late Lilyan Tashman and Alma Rubens came before his advent into pictures, which included such opuses as "Klondike Annie" with Mae West, "Accent On Youth" and a dozen or so others.

Back in New York in 1936, Philip (still with his one "I") joined Tallulah (with three "I's") Bankhead in the stage play "Reflected Glory." Hollywood was in his blood by then; he'd bought a house and was aching to get back. One year later he thought better. He'd traveled to England and to make pictures, beheld the misty moors of Scotland, viewed the lush green of an English countryside and, because he was one of the best tennis doubles in England, he'd been entertained in the home of Sir James Whatever-his-name-is during the tournaments, tasting the serenity of English country life and sautéed kidneys for breakfast. Hollywood could never be his all-in-all again. And because he lessened his grip on it, Hollywood flounced after him like a shameless hussy, making the name Philip Reed one to be reckoned with.

His last stage stint was a pip. He played all through the New York and now memorable Chicago runs of "My Dear Children," with John Barrymore.

He believes marriage should be made much more difficult to achieve and divorce easier. He doesn't go gadding about night clubs much and likes quiet



**... Returns from
forbidden land
to tell of strange
experiences.**

DO THE DEAD RETURN?

A strange man in Los Angeles, known as "The Voice of Two Worlds," tells of astonishing experiences in far-off and mysterious Tibet, often called the land of miracles by the few travelers permitted to visit it. Here he lived among the lamas, mystic priests of the temple. "In your previous lifetime," a very old lama told him, "you lived here, a lama in this temple. You and I were boys together. I lived on, but you died in youth, and were reborn in England. I have been expecting your return."

The young Englishman was amazed as he looked around the temple where he was believed to have lived and died. It seemed uncannily familiar, he appeared to know every nook and corner of it, yet—at least in this lifetime—he had never been there before. And mysterious was the set of circumstances that had brought him. Could it be a case of reincarnation, that strange belief of the East that souls return to earth again and again, living many lifetimes?

Because of their belief that he had formerly been a lama in the temple, the lamas welcomed the young man with open arms and taught him rare mysteries and long-hidden practices, closely guarded for three thousand years by the sages, which have en-

abled many to perform amazing feats. He says that the system often leads to almost unbelievable improvement in power of mind, can be used to achieve brilliant business and professional success as well as great happiness. The young man himself later became a noted explorer and geographer, a successful publisher of maps and atlases of the Far East, used throughout the world.

"There is in all men a sleeping giant of mindpower," he says. "When awakened, it can make man capable of surprising feats, from the prolonging of youth to success in many other worthy endeavors." The system is said by many to promote improvement in health; others tell of increased bodily strength, courage and poise.

"The time has come for this long-hidden system to be disclosed to the Western world," declares the author, and offers to send his amazing 9,000-word treatise—which reveals many startling results—to sincere readers of this publication, free of cost or obligation. For your free copy, address the Institute of Mentalphysics, 213 South Hobart Blvd., Dept. 89-L, Los Angeles, Calif. Readers are urged to write promptly, as only a limited number of the free treatises have been printed.

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(From a letter by L. A. S., Baltimore, Md.)



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(From a letter by E. M., Stroud, Okla.)



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(From a letter by M. S. D., Kokomo, Ind.)

(★Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

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dinner at the homes of his friends.

And no need to write the Easter Bunny. He definitely will not bring you Philip Reed as an Easter token.

"O" As In Oh, Honey:

When two eyes of blue come twinkling through, it's O'Driscoll and we'll have you be knowing. No eyes in all Hollywood twinkle and laugh as do Martha's. And why? She's been five years getting a foothold in movies and that's not funny. She absolutely lost the best chance that will come her way in a coon's age when her studio could not lend her for the lead in "Our Town" that made Martha Scott famous. And is that something to laugh about? The care of her family rests almost entirely on her well-modeled shoulders and would anyone grow gayer than a gingerbread man over that?

Well, Martha would, which is why we, everyone on the Paramount lot and just people everywhere love O'Driscoll.

Martha, whose latest picture is "Midnight Angel," was thirteen when she left Phoenix to come to Hollywood and try her luck at movies. Since she'd been a baby almost, Martha had been preparing for the work she wanted to do, studying singing, dancing and dramatics. It was summer vacation, hot as blazes in Phoenix, and Mrs. O'Driscoll agreed to bring her daughter to the Coast just for the summer. That was the year 1935 A.D. and Paramount studios had issued a call for dancing girls. Martha answered the call, giving her age as eighteen (and she really looked it) and went to work in the chorus lineup for "Collegiate." She danced in Paramount's "Big Broadcast of 1936." Universal saw her, signed her and practically dropped dead when Martha told her real age—fourteen.

She didn't make history or pictures, either, at Universal, but a huge scrapbook packed from cover to cover reveals her to be Universal's choice of the girl to pose for leg art, for bathing suits, for new hair-dos and whatever came along.

What finally did come along, of course, was M-G-M and after Martha had graduated from the Immaculate Heart Convent in Los Angeles and completed her high-school career, she signed with the Culver City studio. "The Secret Of Dr. Kildare" as a nurse, "Judge Hardy And Son" as the bespectacled rich girl and "Forty Little Mothers" as a schoolgirl was the program there. Some splendid radio work and several RKO pictures were sandwiched in between and then just five years later, when she really was eighteen, Martha returned to her first love, Paramount, where she's grabbed off a rich plum in "Out Of The Frying Pan" and a very rich one in DeMille's big production, "Reap The Wild Wind."

Out in the Valley she's bought a home for herself, her mother and the two young brothers she adores. She has a unique plan for keeping her heart free from entanglements. She doesn't see too much of any one lad, lest she get into romance heart-deep. And Martha isn't ready for real romance as yet, though she has the Hollywood night-lifers guessing on her cheek-to-cheeking with Richard Denning.

Her bowling team, composed of Paramount workmen and facetiously called The Martha O'Driscoll Angels, adores her. When a member is absent, Martha pitches right in and bowls with them and, more than that, she bowls them over with her high scoring.

She saves half of everything she makes is a natural blonde and a natural, charming, delightful person to know.

We know. We were there.

THE END

It's Hollywood's Private Opinion

(Continued from page 45) years to be honored guests at their luncheons, only to be met with the well-known brush-off, suddenly started phoning to inquire in honeyed tones, "When am I going to attend one of your nice luncheons?" This bold stand of the Press Club gals is doing plenty towards taking the starch out of the stars. They've smoked out the phonies for fair and everybody's having a good laugh over it.

Although we're improving, we have a long way to go yet. Only recently, after the Browne-Bioff conviction, a famous editor tried to canvas the important people of Hollywood for a round-robin editorial and the silence was so intense you could have heard an option drop as far as Burbank. There wasn't a quote in a carload. It was our chance to speak up, but, as usual, through fear we muffed it!

Hollywood's private opinion of certain stars and their drawing power varies widely from that of the public's—as witness the time an exhibitor printed a whole raft of names which were poison at the box office. On that list was Katharine Hepburn, who later made a liar out of the gent in "The Philadelphia Story" (and I think "Woman Of The Year," just completed, will be equally good). I don't say that Katie didn't have to work very hard to undo the bad impression she's made, because she did, but she had what it takes and justified Hollywood's faith in her. The same exhibitor named Marlene Dietrich and his timely criticism of her got her down to some real acting. Director Mitch Leisen tells me that in "The Lady Is Willing" Marlene gives a grand performance and one of the nicest

compliments she's ever had was told to me by Aline MacMahon, who's returning to the screen in this one. Aline said she'd expected to just skim through the picture, but, after watching Marlene work the first day, she took her script home with her and worked half the night over her own part. That, my friends, is praise!

There are many others in our town whose talents are admired and respected by their fellow players—Joseph Schildkraut, Walter Huston, Montagu Love, Marjorie Main, Spring Byington, Edna May Oliver, all of whom turn in consistently flawless performances. But the public withholds its enthusiasm and producers continue to bow to the box-office bull (or is it the golden calf?).

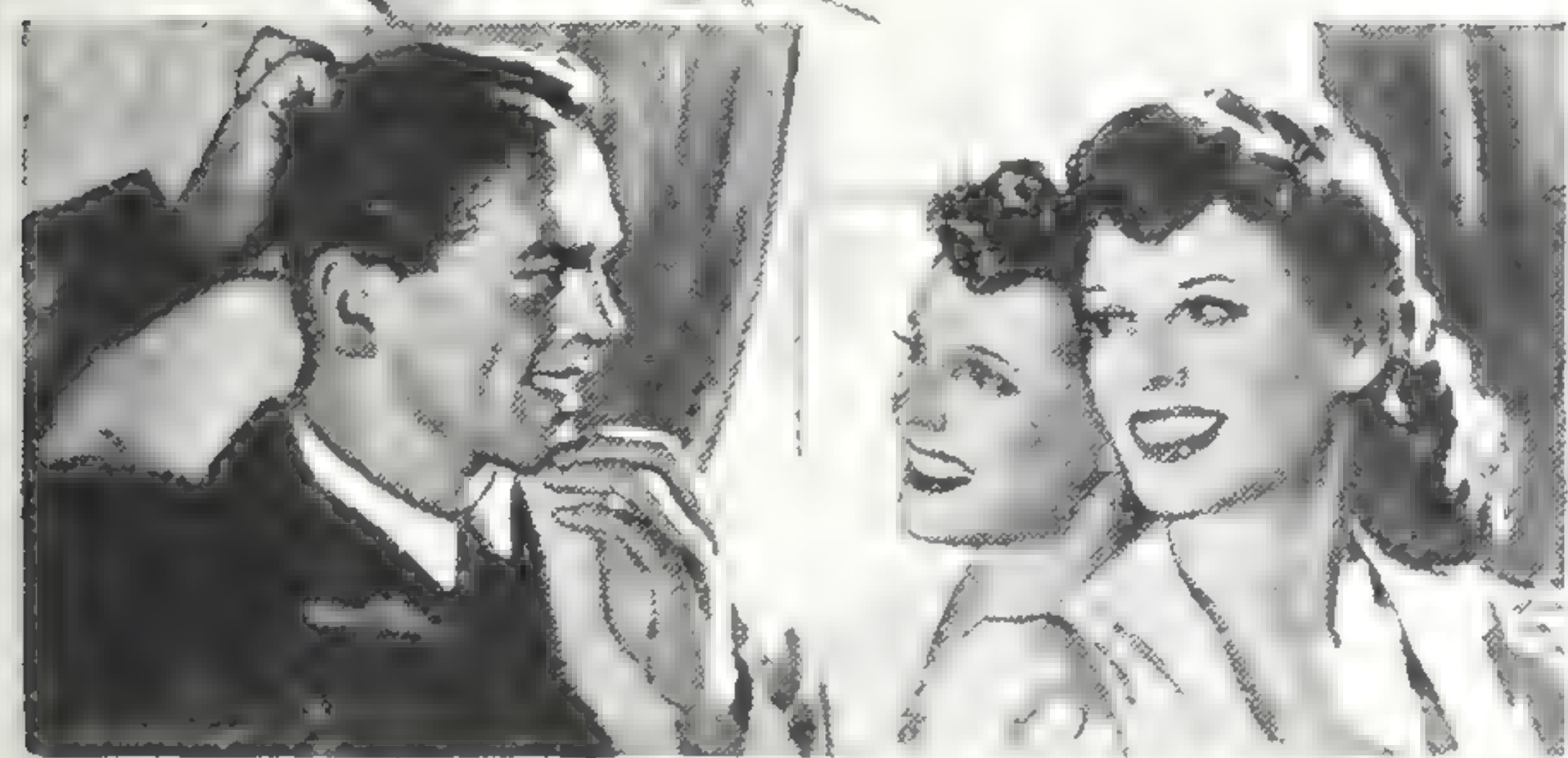
AS FOR Hollywood's opinion of pictures, we've guessed wrong so many times you'd think by now that we'd just keep our fingers crossed and let the fans decide, but the industry's always been a hog for punishment and every time we're slapped down it's just a dare to get up and try it again.

With all the brains and all the money and all the talent and all the years of experience behind us, we still can't tell a hit from a flop until it comes up and kicks us in the face. One of the best and most recent examples of this is the first film made by Abbott and Costello, a lowly B that was beaten together for a mere \$190,000. But once released, its success was so sensational that it emboldened Universal to row with their sweet little money-maker, Deanna Durbin. A year ago they'd have given her the moon and no questions asked; now they're talking back!

Hollywood's private opinion of divorce has undergone a healthy change in the past few years and our married couples no longer hop into and out of double harness with the old carefree abandon. The Paulette Goddard-Charlie Chaplin marital status has ceased even to lift the lowliest eyebrow. It's just boring, nobody cares and Paulette continues to climb in popularity. Lana Turner's lightning marriage and divorce we've decided to overlook as a high-school girl's prank but she'll do well not to repeat it, for it's much smarter these days to be happily married with even a baby or two (adopted or home grown) to your credit. The question of divorce is now gone into with much honest heart-searching before the final decision. One recent divorcee who escaped all censure is Lili Damita. Even Errol Flynn admitted that her request for alimony for herself and baby was eminently fair and the fact that Lili's still in love with the big good-looking lug has won her sympathy on all sides.

ANN SOTHERN'S decision to divorce Roger Pryor has brought no repercussions other than the regret of their many mutual friends, because they're both such swell eggs and so regular. I think one of the main factors leading up to their split was the reversal of their monetary positions. No man wants to feel that his wife is the superior earner. It not only deflates his ego—it does something to his manhood. He simply *must* be the head of his own house.

Hollywood hasn't quite made up its mind about all this rash of young marriages that's broken out in the last



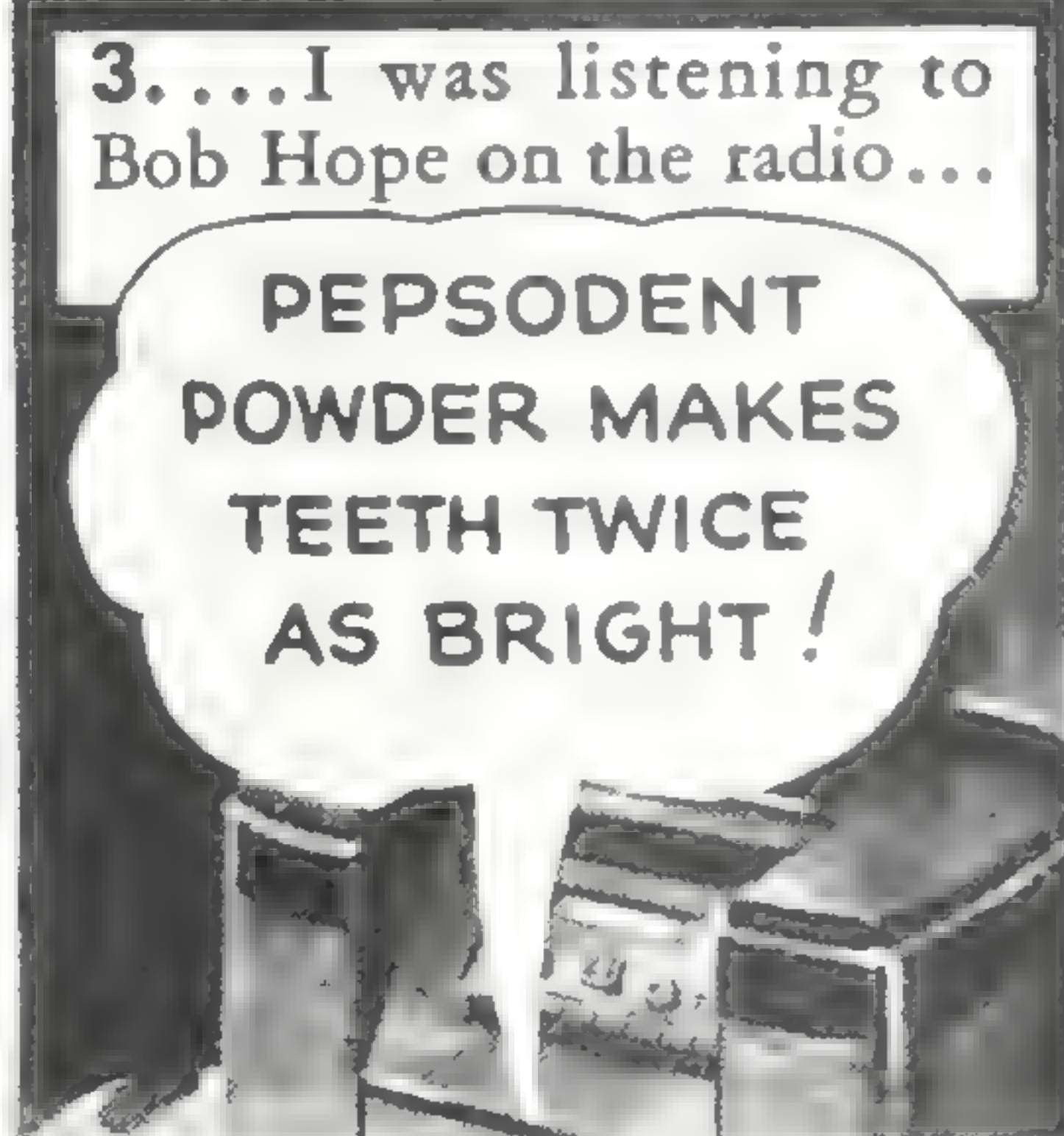
2. I'd have popped the question to Joan weeks ago if I'd been sure she wasn't that mischievous twin of hers who never let me be quite sure. Then, one night...



5. It worked like a charm! One quick glance told me Joan's teeth were *far brighter*! They both use Pepsodent now, but... I can tell Joan every time... she's the one with my solitaire on her finger!

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1. Twins are confusing enough. But when one of them deliberately tries to fool a fellow... well... I was all at sea...



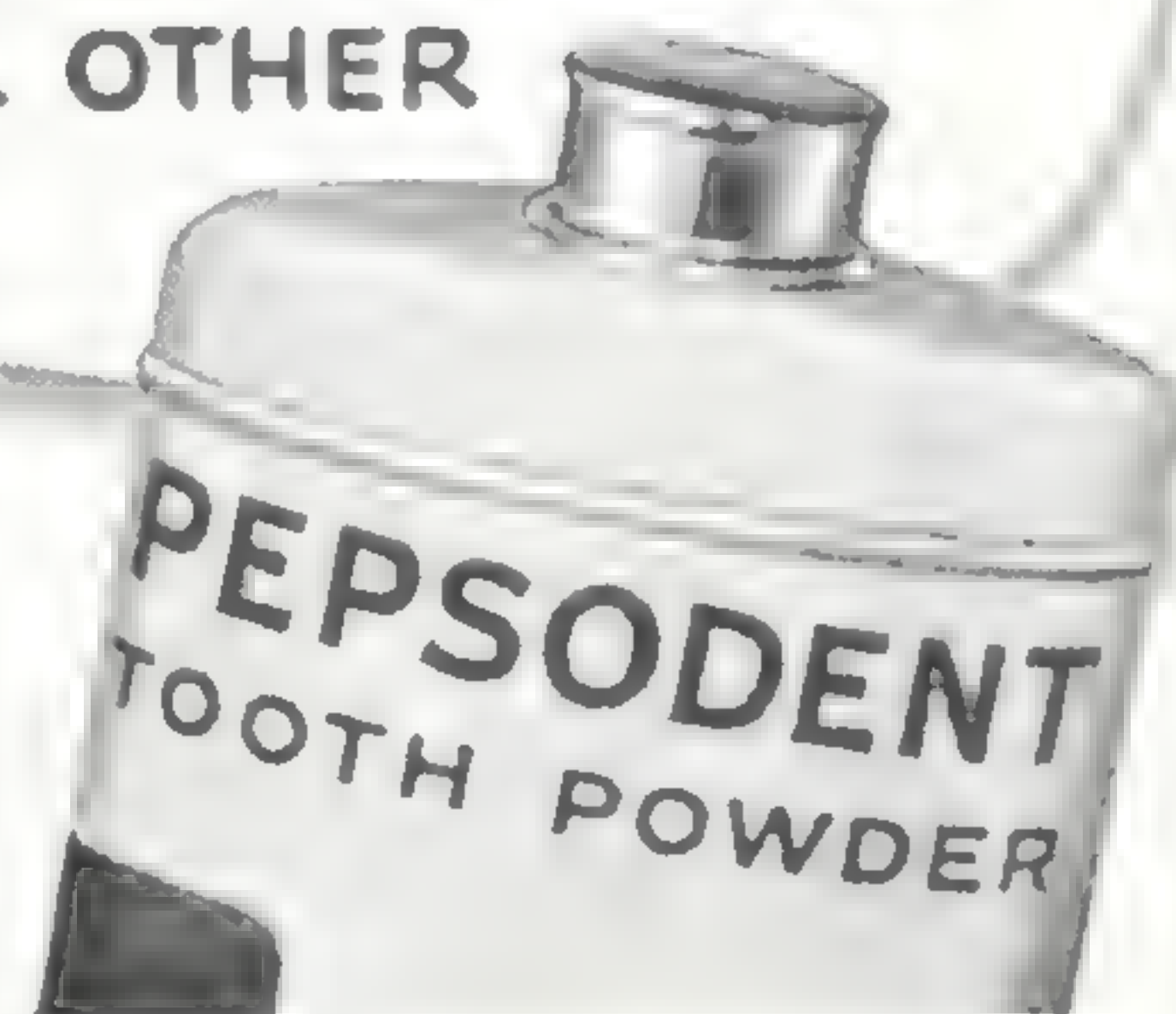
4. So Joan and I decided to turn the tables on her twin sister. Joan switched to Pepsodent Powder. Her twin kept right on using her old brand.



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year. When Deanna Durbin took the bit in her teeth it seemed to inspire all the other youngsters to follow suit. Metro was in a fine lather when Judy Garland announced she would marry Martha Raye's (ex) David Rose and they practically swooned when their little nun-like Kathryn Grayson, whom they'd sheltered in their bosom for two years and who was about to step into stardom, eloped with John Shelton, a young man who got his chance at the same studio. On the other hand, Twentieth Century was quick to see the advantage in the joining of their star Sonja Henie to millionaire Dan Topping, also Gene Tierney to Count Oleg Cassini, and the fact that Gene's parents acted up (as parents usually do but shouldn't) not only gave her even more publicity but won her much local sympathy.

The end of the juvenile marriages is not yet in sight. There's that certain look in the eyes of Jackie Cooper and Bonita Granville, Mickey Rooney seems undecided between a half-dozen young lovelies and it looks as though Ann Rutherford might soon step off with David May (not of the films). Hollywood's reserving judgment until these romances have been put to the test a bit longer.

It was long Hollywood's private opinion that married couples had no right to be teamed on the screen. They seemed to think that husband and wife in a picture together would have no romantic appeal for the public. But Jeanette MacDonald didn't hold with this view and fought like a tigress for Gene Raymond as her lead. The success of "Smilin' Through" has proved that she's right. Since then we've had Joan Fontaine pleading to play opposite her husband Brian Aherne and I suppose, after the birth of her baby, Alice Faye will insist that her leading man be Phil Harris.

Probably the most unique and mysterious of all Hollywood's private opinions is the ruling on social standing and why. We still pick 'em mostly for their bank accounts and spending capacity rather than background and good manners, although, since the war, any fourflushing phony with a foreign title is welcomed with open arms.

Recently the Santa Monica set found out that the wife of a well-known star, who'd been fawned upon as a Southern aristocrat of azure blood, was in reality the daughter of the village grocer and got her money through a former marriage. She's a perfectly nice and very pretty girl, with charming manners, but if she'd been the original "Scarlet Woman" with a large A tattooed on her chest she couldn't have got a worse cold shoulder. Considering the beginnings of most of these social arbiters, such a performance sounds a bit fantastic, until you stop and figure it out. As my old Granny used to say (of snobs), "Don't be too hard on 'em, Elda. You know, when you're not sure of yourself, you have to be awful sure of the other fellow!"

I had planned to finish this off with a word about Hollywood parties, but, since the war got under way, the word's gone round to pipe down on any opulent display. Simplicity is the keynote and the old, amiable orgies where people imbibed freely, took down their back hair and had themselves a heck of a good time are a part of our dim past. The average Hollywood party, these days, is so genteel and so dull you can hear its stays creaking. We've gone respectable and conventional in a big way and our refinement has become so "supercolossal" that I wouldn't even bore you by telling about it.

Bob Sterling—Next for Fame

(Continued from page 46) simple after he got here—or had you already guessed? So he got a job selling ties in a Los Angeles men's store.

"Acting is selling, you know," he says now, looking very sage about it all. "And I'd had a lot of selling experience. I'm glad I had for a lot of reasons."

He pulled up a knee, wrapped his arms around it and proceeded to expound. He is, we might add, one of Hollywood's most amusing expounders. He warms so to a subject.

"Y'see," he said, "you have to like people to do any of those things. You have to really care about people. It's a knack. And I guess I have it. That's where the hitchhiking comes in. I hitchhiked to Florida once and I found out that it isn't so much picking up a ride. It's hanging onto the ride. If you're interested in the people who pick you up—and get them to talk about themselves—they'll take you for miles and miles. Otherwise, they put you down at the next crossroads. 'Far as we go, Buddy,' they say. People like to talk."

HE was pretty young when he took the Florida jaunt and he hadn't the ghost of a notion of what he wanted to do when he arrived in Miami. The only smitch of professional experience he could boast was some dabbling in high-school dramatics and some activity with the high-school orchestra. He used this store of knowledge to get himself a job in a small night club and there he learned what it was to have a real audience. A paying audience. He went home that spring with a little money in his pocket and the sound of applause in his ears.

We'll pick up a couple of threads just here and then deliver Bob to Hollywood, where he belongs. Home, as we said, was New Castle, Pennsylvania. His father, Walter S. Hart, had been a catcher for the Chicago Cubs and had retired to New Castle to manage a golf course. When Bob returned from Florida, seeing no jobs in the entertainment business at the moment, he went on the road (to his own surprise) selling automobile tires. He liked that, too, because it entailed meeting people. But they promoted him to the credit department after a while and that entailed a lot of arithmetic and no selling. That's where he was moping when they asked him to take a "vacation" without pay.

So-o-o, next thing he was in Hollywood, selling neckties. He kept pecking away at the studios because that was what he had come out to do. He can't tell you, to this moment, how he knew he wanted to act. He certainly had no idea about how to go about it.

"Acting is pleasing people," he said, helplessly. "Just as you do when you sell them things. There's more to it than that. It's being able to become somebody you're not and to think like him and look like him and . . . Well, I don't have to tell you what acting is. I can't! It's something you want to do or you don't. I want to and I have to."

There was a pause and then he added, "You still have to sell the customers a bill of goods."

He spent those early evenings in Hollywood in the public library, reading plays, just in case something should come up. He'd try to think how he would read those lines and often he thought he

was pretty good. So when he read that Columbia was looking for a likely lad to play the lead in "Golden Boy" he thought, "I can do that." Forthwith he went out to Columbia to inform the casting office of this interesting fact. Someone inquired who his agent was and when he said he hadn't one they advised him to get one. But they gave him a test, anyhow, and signed him to a year's contract.

"Everything's all right," someone told him. "You're going to play 'Golden Boy' and then you'll be all set. But don't tell anyone yet. We want to break the news in all the papers at once."

So he read and reread the part. Rehearsed it in front of his mirror. Wore it thin. And one day Bill Holden dropped in to see him. "I know who's going to play 'Golden Boy,'" he said, grinning.

"Oh—did they tell you?" Bob practically trilled this.

"Ye-ah. It's me. Isn't that sumpin'?"

It was, too. Nobody at the studio had taken the trouble even to tell Bob that the part had been given to someone else. But his contract held for a time and he began to learn about acting in the tiniest of bit parts. "I wasn't good for anything else," he says now. "But anyone who had told me that then would have had me to fight!"

HE selected an agent at last simply because he liked the looks of the building which housed the agent's office on the Sunset Strip. The agent took him on. Believe us, it doesn't often happen like that. Usually it's almost as difficult to get an agent as it is to get a job in pictures. Followed a fruitless trip to



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FACTS Truths about famous people, how they live, what they think: See why Hedy Lamarr's elusive appeal attracts men. Learn what love does to Dorothy Lamour. Read the "case history" of Clark Gable's private life!

FICTION Like light, lively stories? Here's "Ball of Fire," by the writers of the screenplay starring Barbara Stanwyck and Gary Cooper. And "Love at Work," suggested and inspired by Ann Sheridan!

PHOTOS Luscious, lovely—these color portraits of so-gorgeous Gene Tierney and pulse-racing Paulette Goddard! And don't miss the candid tips by an ace photographer, who tells how every girl can be a picture of charm!

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There's an easy way to be sure that your hair can stand a "nasal close-up". Use Packers Pine Tar Shampoo regularly. This scientific shampoo, which contains pure, medicinal pine tar, not only cleanses the hair and scalp thoroughly, but also leaves the hair fresh and fragrant. The delicate pine scent does its work, then disappears.

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POSLAM SOAP & OINTMENT

New York, a return to Hollywood, a test or two and a couple of jobs in things like "Gay Caballero" and "Yesterday's Heroes," in case you remember. Then Metro signed him and started grooming him—which brings us right up to Louis B. Mayer's party at Ciro's. And right up to his role in the Garbo picture.

He fell in love with her, of course. Young players (older ones, too) nearly always do. At the drop of less than a hint he will rush into a recital of the simply amazing facts that Garbo smiles—even laughs—between shots. You gather that he was flabbergasted to see her actually eating a sandwich. He was worshipful when she advised him about his scenes and applauded him when she thought he was good. He was completely breathless about it all.

Ann Sothorn cried one day, "Well, tell us something! How does she look? How is she dressed? How is she wearing her hair? Tell!"

Bob was bemused. "She looks all right," he reported, brilliantly. "Most of the time she has on something shiny. I guess it's white. She has a lot of eyelashes. And her hair—well, it's sort of curly and shoved up. That looks all right, too."

Fashion editors, please note.

"But I'm not even going to wonder whether I'm good in the picture—or even whether I'll still be in it when it's released—until it is released," he said. "And I'm not going to wonder about my next part or worry about what they'll ask me to do. I'm never going to worry about or expect anything about anything." He paused and then added, "At least, I hope I won't. Maybe that's the most important thing I've learned!"

Bob shared a bachelor apartment with young Henry Willson, talent scout for the Zeppo Marx agency, until a few months ago when his father met with an accident which resulted in a painful leg injury. This gave Bob an excuse to move his family (father, mother and two sisters) to Hollywood and install them in a little house in Beverly. You're sure that Bob was very sorry his father had met

with an accident. But there was a certain—er—satisfaction in his feeling about "being at home," with his mother's cooking and all.

"She makes gravy," he said. "And I'll eat anything with gravy on it. Meat, potatoes, vegetables. But she makes me eat bales of salads. California," he added, plaintively, "seems to grow an awful lot of things which go into raw salads!"

Just as he finished his exciting chore in the Garbo picture, he had his first really tragic, really frightening personal experience. His father suffered a heart attack. A serious one.

"It's so awful—when you don't know from hour to hour," Bob told me, that first day he came to see me. "There's something—cosmic about it, I guess. Anyhow, I'm the man of the family for the time being . . . I'd better be good!"

And there was that sense of responsibility, that first feeling of growing up. Bob has packed a lot of experience into a few years. Maybe Louis B. Mayer saw a very young man maturing very fast and making a good job of it.

His father is better now and Bob is settling back to the job of finding his niche, getting his bearings. Some of it is rough going.

FOR instance, he doesn't like to go to Ciro's very often. The photographers inside and the autograph hounds outside the place appall him. "I guess I just haven't got used to it yet," he confessed. "I know you have to be nice. It's part of my job to be nice. And it isn't that I'm shy, either. How could an ex-tire salesman be shy? But something happens to me when they point those cameras or when a lot of people swarm up and ask for autographs. I get cold inside. I have a feeling that most of them don't know who I am—that they're taking a chance on my being somebody—and what am I going to say if one of them asks me?"

Then, of course, there's the girl question. There has to be a girl question with anything as good-looking as Bob Sterling running around Hollywood. He



This twosome—Bob Sterling and Gene Tierney—almost ended in a united marriage front. After the romance was over, Gene met—and married—Count Oleg Cassini (see story on page 28)

finds it just a little bit puzzling. He classifies girls roughly as "glamour girls" and "outsiders." Don't be shocked at the latter term. It merely means that the girl is not in or trying to get into pictures. The difficulty is that the glamour girls want to be seen only in certain places. Their movements are pretty much curtailed. And they want to talk shop incessantly. He thinks that this constant harping on work gets boring—until he tries to spend an evening with even the prettiest girl who doesn't know a thing about the inside of a studio. Bob is pretty intense about his job and wants to talk shop a little bit, he discovers, after all. But the little outsider is consumed with curiosity about film figures and imagines that he should know the "inside gossip" about everybody. He doesn't and that, for some curious reason, embarrasses him. He feels that he's letting her down and they generally wind up the evening with a feeling of mutual disappointment.

After he had confided these bewilderingments he said, worriedly, "Maybe I shouldn't have told you any of this. I have a feeling that when I fall for a girl—and it might be any time, you know!—it will be hard and final. And none of the things I've said will turn out to be true—or to matter."

THE house where he lives with his father and mother (where he eats all the gravy) has an upstairs suite which is his own. A living room, dressing room, bedroom and bath. "It just happened to have it," he explained, "and it's very convenient because I can play my radio at queer hours without disturbing the others. We were awfully lucky."

He's really good at golf. Plays in the low figures and is viewed with respect by experts. "I'll play in a tournament when I get time," he says, looking worried. "It might be fun, at that. I've never had time to play except around the edges of other things I was doing."

His best friends are the aforementioned Henry Willson and a young actor, Craig Stevens, who has just caused such a stir by his spectacular work in Warners' *Steel Against the Sky*.

Then there is Muggs, the mongrel dog whom he acquired by accident at Coronado. "A nice girl had found him and taken the trouble to get him across the border and then her family wouldn't let her keep him. Can you imagine?" Bob explains. Then he tells you and tells you and tells you how wonderful Muggs is. It's a difficult subject to change.

Next to Muggs—and gravy—he likes clothes. Especially English tweeds and soft suede jackets and gabardine slacks and shoes. He's a sucker for good shoes and confesses that he has never yet owned enough of them (with shoe trees) to satisfy him. He just likes to see them sitting on a shelf, like rows of chorus girls or something.

He's nice and enthusiastic and unaffected and you'd like him if you met him. He hasn't quite analyzed that inner urge that makes him want to act. He hasn't quite analyzed what he means by acting. He thinks that he could have earned more money faster and more certainly if he had chosen something else. But acting chose him. Nothing in life could thrill and excite him as much as that process of running through a script with a good director just before they start to rehearse. He hasn't earned much money yet and the crowds still frighten him. But this is his world. This is where he belongs.

What he wants now is to "sell my bill of goods."

THE END

Betty Grable, starring in the forthcoming 20th Century-Fox Technicolor picture, "*Song of the Islands*," with make-up by Westmore. She says: "I use Westmore Foundation Cream, and it's really wonderful!"

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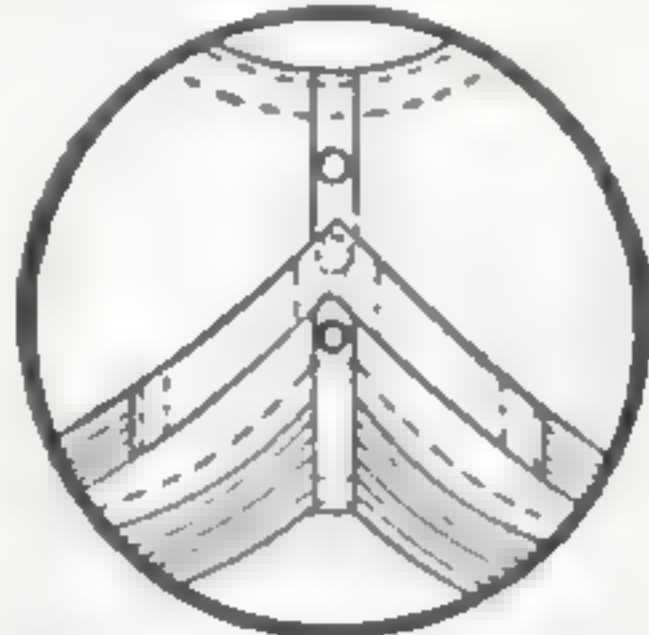
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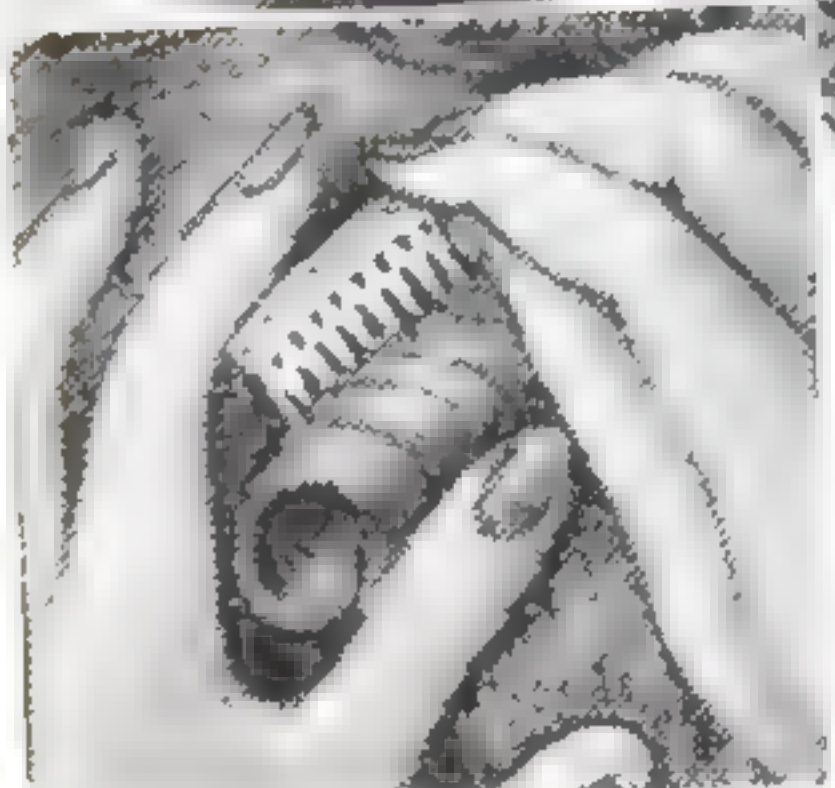
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At stores which sell toilet goods

25¢
for 5 rinses

10¢
for 2 rinses



Speak for Yourself

(Continued from page 17) favorite novel or play. Remember, for example, Leigh in "G.W.T.W." Fontaine in "Rebecca." Scott in "Our Town." Holden in "Golden Boy," Ford in "So Ends Our Night"—and how many others?

Carlson would be a great *Oliver Wiswell*. He is a fine actor, and I can not imagine anyone more perfect in appearance for the role. All through the book I saw him in those Eighteenth Century costumes, fighting valiantly by word and deed for the cause he thought was just.

Hollywood, how about giving a deserving young actor a real break?

CONNIE PARKER.
Hollywood, Calif.

\$1.00 PRIZE

New Year's Thought

THERE are no players whose work I, for one, enjoy more than the past-seventy troupers, seasoned veterans like C. Aubrey Smith, May Robson, Lionel Barrymore, et al., and I should like to pay this small tribute to them now at the start of a new year. Let them be reassured that in the floods of eulogy for beauty and youth they are not forgotten. In almost any other business or profession they'd have retired long since, but old troupers, like old soldiers, never die. We could not spare them.

D. W. DAVIES, M. D.,
Vancouver, Canada

HONORABLE MENTION

WHY, with their whole careers before them, is it necessary for movie actresses to emote before the cameras when they're blessed-eventing? I have been prompted to put this in writing time and again, but with the most recent and flagrantly offensive case in "Citizen Kane," my patience finally came to an end. Not only is Dorothy Comingore's condition noticeable, but in a recent movie magazine article Dorothy boasts about the way she successfully (sez she) fooled her admirers. That makes me good and mad!

JEAN TIGAR COHEN.
Schenectady, N. Y.

GENTLEMEN:

I take my hat off to Harry Carey, the top-notch artist in Western films. I

saw him in pictures some twenty to twenty-five years ago. He was in a class by himself then, but now I am just going to say, "that no matter how good wine is, it will always improve with age."

Keep it up, Carey old boy, and give us old-timers someone to brag about.

FRED W. STEINBORN,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

FOR "hevvin's" sake, won't somebody please stop our dramatic and romantic screen actors from appearing on corny radio shows? We feminine movie fans would like to keep a few of our illusions but how can we with Charles Boyer singing the "Hut Sut Song" and Herber Marshall cracking corny jokes with the "Mad Russian?"

These stars, who thrill us with their fine acting on the screen, merely succeed in making themselves appear ridiculous by their antics on the comedy shows.

RITA GAGE,
Buffalo, N. Y.

AS a small fraction of the movie-going public, may I make a suggestion? Many good books and plays have been transmitted through the medium of motion pictures to a wider and appreciative audience. Why can't this be done with operas?

With good singers, clever direction, beautiful scenery, plus the genius touch of Hollywood, I know that this type of movie would meet popular approval. I wouldn't be long before everyone in all the forty-eight states would be familiar with humming tunes from "La Boheme," "Faust," "Madame Butterfly" and others.

LENA BONETTI,
Baltimore, Md.

I DON'T understand Hollywood! The producers are constantly searching for and experimenting with new talent, while at their doorstep sits someone like Claire Trevor. She has beauty, talent and youth. She is capable of turning in as good a performance as the greatest of them. Yet she plays small roles when a less qualified actress gets starring roles.

I think she is definitely great stage material and a personality Hollywood can be proud of. Claire Trevor is a real lady and a great actress!

EMALEEN E. RISK,
Hollywood, Calif.

First-rank supporter of Miss Bonetti (see letter above) is opera star Rise Stevens of "The Chocolate Soldier." Check up on the Stevens viewpoint on page 54; then make up your own mind



PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MUSE

Casts of Current Pictures

"BABES ON BROADWAY"—M-G-M. Screen play by Fred Finklehoffe and Elaine Ryan. Original story by Fred Finklehoffe. Directed by Busby Berkeley. Cast: *Tommy Williams*, Mickey Rooney; *Penny Morris*, Judy Garland; *Miss Jones*, Fay Bainter; *Barbara Jo*, Virginia Weidler; *Ray Lambert*, Ray McDonald; *Morton Hammond*, Richard Quine; *Mr. Stone*, Donald Meek; *Alexander Woolcott*, By Himself; *Nick*, Luis Alberni; *Thornton Reed*, James Gleason; *Mrs. Williams*, Emma Dunn; *Mr. Morris*, Frederick Burton; *Inspector Moriarty*, Cliff Clark; *Announcer*, William Post, Jr.

"BALL OF FIRE"—RKO-Radio. Screen play by Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder. Directed by Howard Hawks. Cast: *Prof. Bertram Potts*, Gary Cooper; *Sugarbuss O'Shea*, Barbara Stanwyck; *Prof. Gurrakoff*, Oscar Homolka; *Prof. Jerome*, Henry Travers; *Prof. Magenbruch*, S. J. Sakall; *Prof. Robinson*, Tully Marshall; *Prof. Quintana*, Leonid Kinskey; *Prof. Oddly*, Richard Haydn; *Prof. Peagram*, Aubrey Mather; *Garbage Man*, Allen Jenkins; *Joe Lilac*, Dana Andrews; *Duke Pastrami*, Dan Duryea; *Asthma Anderson*, Ralph Peters; *Miss Bragg*, Kathleen Howard; *Miss Totten*, Mary Field; *Lawyer*, Charles Lane; *McNeary*, Charles Arnt; *"Horseface"*, Alan Rhein.

"BLUES IN THE NIGHT"—Warners. Screen play by Robert Rossen. From a play by Edwin Gilbert. Directed by Anatole Litvak. Cast: *Character*, Priscilla Lane; *Kay Grant*, Betty Field; *Jigger Pine*, Richard Whorf; *Del Davis*, Lloyd Nolan; *Leo Powell*, Jack Carson; *Brad Ames*, Wally Ford; *Nickie Haroyan*, Elia Kazan; *Pete Bossett*, Peter Whitney; *Peppi*, Billy Halop; *Sam Paryas*, Howard da Silva; *Blonde*, Joyce Compton; *Brakeman*, Herbert Heywood; *Joe*, George Lloyd; *Barney*, Charles Wilson; *Drunk*, Matt McHugh; *A Barnstorming Band*, Jimmy Lunceford and his band; *A Guy Heiser's Band*, Will Osborne and his band.

"CADET GIRL"—20th Century-Fox. Screen play by Stanley Rouh and H. W. Hanemann. Original story by Jack Andrews and Richard English. Directed by Ray McCarey. Cast: *Gene Baxter*, Carole Landis; *Tex Mallory*, George Montgomery; *Bob Mallory*, John Shepperd; *Runt*, William Tracy; *Mary Moore*, Janis Carter; *Walton*, Robert Lowery; *Red*, Basil Walker; *Jimmy*, Charles Tannen; *Benny Burns*, Chick Chandler; *Foo*, Otto Han.

"CHOCOLATE SOLDIER, THE"—M-G-M. Screen play by Leonard Lee and Keith Winter. Based on Ferenc Molnar's "The Guardsman." Directed by Roy Del Ruth. Cast: *Karl Lang*, Nelson Eddy; *Maria Lanyi*, Rise Stevens; *Bernard Fischer*, Nigel Bruce; *Madame Helene*, Florence Bates; *Magda*, Dorothy Gilmore; *Liesel (maid)*, Nydia Westman; *Anton*, Max Barwyn; *Klementor*, Charles Judels.

"CONFIRM OR DENY"—20th Century-Fox. Screen play by Jo Swerling. Based on the story by Henry Wales and Samuel Fuller. Directed by Archie Mayo. Cast: *Mitch*, Don Ameche; *Jennifer Carson*, Joan Bennett; *Albert Perkins*, Roddy McDowall; *Captain Channing*, John Loder; *H. Cyrus Sturtevant*, Raymond Walburn; *Jeff*, Arthur Shields; *Mr. Hobbs*, Eric Blore; *Dorothy*, Helene Reynolds; *William*, Claude Allister; *M. I. Girl*, Roseanne Murray; *Johnny Dunne*, Stuart Robertson; *Daisy*, Queenie Leonard; *Elizabeth Harding*, Jean Prescott; *Updyke*, Alan Napier; *Mr. Bindle*, Billy Bevan; *Sir Titus Scott*, Lumsden Hare; *Duffield*, Dennis Hoey; *Floorman*, Leonard Carey.

"DESIGN FOR SCANDAL"—M-G-M. Original screen play by Lionel Houser. Directed by Norman Taurog. Cast: *Judge Cornelia Porter*, Rosalind Russell; *Jeff Sherman*, Walter Pidgeon; *Judson M. Blair*, Edward Arnold; *Walter Caldwell*, Lee Bowman; *Dotty*, Jean Rogers; *Adele Blair*, Mary Beth Hughes; *Judge Graham*, Guy Kibbee; *Jane*, Barbara Jo Allen; *Raoul*, Leon Belasco; *Freddie*, Bobby Larson; *Wilton*, Charles Coleman; *Northcott*, Thurston Hall.

"GLAMOUR BOY"—Paramount. Original screen play by Bradford Ropes and Val Burton. Directed by Ted Tetzlaff. Cast: *Tiny Barlow*, Jackie Cooper; *Jean Winslow*, Susanna Foster; *A. J. Colder*, Walter Abel; *Billy Doran*, Darryl Hickman; *Brenda Lee*, Ann Gillis; *Georgie Clemons*, Jackie Searle; *Hank Landon*, William Wright; *Helen Trent*, Katherine Booth; *Papa Doran*, William Demarest.

"H. M. PULHAM ESQ."—M-G-M. Screen play by Elizabeth Hill and King Vidor. From the novel by John P. Marquand. Directed by King Vidor. Cast: *Marvin Myles*, Hedy Lamarr; *Harry Pulham*, Robert Young; *Kay Motford*, Ruth Hussey; *Mr. Pulham, Sr.*, Charles Coburn; *Bill King*, Van Heflin; *Mrs. Pulham*, Fay Holden; *Mary Pulham*, Bonita Granville; *Mr. Bullard*, Douglas Wood; *Walter Kaufman*, Charles Halton; *Rodney "Bo-Bo" Brown*, Lief Erikson; *Joe Bingham*, Phil Brown; *Hugh (The Butler)*, David Clyde; *Miss Rollo*, Sara Haden.

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This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

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When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

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"KATHLEEN"—M-G-M. Screen play by Mary C. McCall Jr. Based on a story by Kay Van Riper. Directed by Harold S. Bucquet. Cast: Kathleen Davis, Shirley Temple; John Davis, Herbert Marshall; Dr. A. Martha Kent, Laraine Day; Lorraine Bennett, Gail Patrick; Mr. Schoner, Felix Bressart; Mrs. Farrell, Nella Walker; Dr. Montague Foster, Lloyd Corrigan; Jarvis, Guy Bellis; Policeman, Wade Boteler; Manager, Charles Judels; Maid, Else Argal; Margaret, Margaret Bert; Sign Poster, Joe Yule.

"KEEP 'EM FLYING"—Universal. Screen play by True Boardman, Nat Perrin and John Grant. Original story by Edmond L. Hartmann. Directed by Arthur Lubin. Cast: Blackie Benson, Bud Abbott; Heathcliff, Lou Costello; Gloria, Martha Raye; Barbara, Martha Raye; Linda, Carol Bruce; Craig Morrison, William Gargan; Jinx Roberts, Dick Foran; Butch and Buddy, Themselves; Jimmy, Charles Lang.

"LOUISIANA PURCHASE"—Paramount. Screen play by Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields. Based on the musical comedy by Morrie Ryskind. From a story by B. G. DeSylva. Directed by Irving Cummings. Cast: Jim Taylor, Bob Hope; Marina Von Duren, Vera Zorina; Senator Oliver P. Loganberry, Victor Moore; Madame Bordelaise, Irene Bordoni; Beatrice, Dona Drake; Col. Davis Sr., Raymond Walburn; Thug, Maxie Rosenbloom; Davis Jr., Frank Albertson; Emmy-Lou, Phyllis Ruth; Police Captain Whitfield, Donald MacBride.

"OBLIGING YOUNG LADY"—RKO-Radio. Original story by Arthur T. Horman and Jerry Cady. Screen play by Frank Ryan and Bert Granet. Directed by Richard Wallace. Cast: Bridget Potter, Joan Carroll; Red Reddy, Edmond O'Brien; Linda Norton, Ruth Warrick; Charles McGregor, Robert Smith; Space O'Shea, Eve Arden; Prof. Gibney, Franklin Pangborn.

"ONE FOOT IN HEAVEN"—Warners. Screen play by Casey Robinson. From the book by Hartzell Spence. Directed by Irving Rapper. Cast: William Spence, Fredric March; Hope Morris Spence, Martha Scott; Mrs. Lydia Sandow, Beulah Bendi; Preston Thurston, Gene Lockhart; Eileen Spence, Elisabeth Fraser; Elias Samson, Harry Davenport; Mrs. Preston Thurston, Laura Hope Crews; Clayton Potter, Grant Mitchell; Dr. John Romer, Moroni Olsen; Hartzell Spence, Frankie Thomas; Dr. Horrigan, Jerome Cowan; John E. Morris, Ernest Cossart; Mrs. Morris, Nana Bryant; Eileen Spence (as a girl), Carlotta Jelm; Hartzell Spence (as a boy), Peter Caldwell; Fraser Spence, Casey Johnson.

"PARIS CALLING"—Universal. Original screen play by Benjamin Glazer and Charles S. Kaufman. Original story collaboration by John S. Toldy. Directed by Edwin L. Marin. Cast: Marianne, Elizabeth Bergner; Nick, Randolph Scott; Benoit, Basil Rathbone; Colette, Gale Sondergaard; Lance, Charles Arnt; Mouche, Eduardo Cianelli; Mme. Jannetier, Elizabeth Risdon.

"PERFECT SNOB, THE"—Twentieth Century-Fox. Original screen play by Lee Loeb and Harold Buchman. Directed by Ray McCarey. Cast: Dr. Mason, Charlie Ruggles; Martha Mason, Charlotte Greenwood; Chris Mason, Lynn Bari; Mike Lord, Cornel Wilde; Alex Moreno, Anthony Quinn; Freddie Browning, Alan Mowbray; Nibsie Nicholson, Chester Clute.

"PLAYMATES"—RKO-Radio. Original screen play by James V. Kern. Directed by David Butler. Cast: Kay Kyser, Himself; John Barrymore, Himself; Conchita del Toro, Lupe Velez; Grandma, May Robson; Lulu Monahan, Patsy Kelly; Pete Lindsey, Peter Lind Hayes; Pennypacker, George Cleveland; and Kay Kyser's Band.

"RISE AND SHINE"—Twentieth Century-Fox. Screen play by Herman J. Mankiewicz. Based on the book, "My Life and Hard Times" by James Thurber. Directed by Allan Dwan. Cast: Boley, Jack Oakie; Jimmy McGonigle, George Murphy; Louise Murray, Linda Darnell; Grandpa, Walter Brennan; Seabiscuit, Milton Berle; Menace, Sheldon Leonard; Professor Murray, Donald Meek; Name, Ruth Donnelly; Colonel Bacon, Raymond Walburn; Coach Graham, Donald MacBride; Mrs. Murray, Emma Dunn; President, Charles Waldron; Mrs. Robertson, Mildred Gover; Butch, William Haade; GoGo, Dick Rich.

"SHADOW OF THE THIN MAN"—M-G-M. Screen play by Irving Brecher and Harry Kurnitz. From a story by Harry Kurnitz. Based upon the characters created by Dashiell Hammett. Directed by Maj. W. S. Van Dyke, II. Cast: Nick, William Powell; Nora, Myrna Loy; Paul, Barry Nelson; Molly, Donna Reed; Lieutenant Abrams, Sam Levene; "Whitey" Barrow, Alan Baxter; Major Jason I. Sculley, Henry O'Neill; Nick, Jr., Dickie Hall; Claire Porter, Stella Adler; "Link" Stephens, Loring Smith; Stella, Louise Beavers.

"SULLIVAN'S TRAVELS"—Paramount. Screen play by Preston Sturges. Directed by Preston Sturges. Cast: John L. Sullivan, Joel McCrea; The Girl, Veronica Lake; Mr. LeBrand (Head of Studio), Robert Warwick; Mr. Jones, William Demarest; Mr. Casalsis, Franklin Pangborn; Mr. Hadrian, Porter Hall; Mr. Valdelle, Byron Foulger; Pretty Secretary, Margaret Hayes; The Doctor, Torben Meyer; Sullivan's Butler, Robert Grieg; Sullivan's Valet, Eric Blore; Mr. Carson (the sheriff), Al Bridge; Miz Zeffie, Esther Howard; Ursula, Almira Sessions; Tough Chauffeur, Frank Moran; Old Bum, George Renevant.

"SWING IT, SOLDIER"—Universal. Original screen play by Dorcas Cochran and Arthur V. Jones. Directed by Harold Young. Cast: Jerry Trainor, Ken Murray; Pat Loring, Frances Langford; Evelyn Loring, Frances Langford; Brad, Don Wilson; Maxwellton, Hanley Stafford; Clementine, Susan Miller, and Brenda and Cobina, Skinnay Ennis and his band; Kenny Stevens; Senor Lee; Lew Valentine; and The Six Sweethearts.

"TARZAN'S SECRET TREASURE"—M-G-M. Original screen play by Myles Connolly and Paul Gangelin. Based upon the characters created by Edgar Rice Burroughs. Directed by Richard Thorpe. Cast: Tarzan, Johnny Weissmuller; Jane, Maureen O'Sullivan; Boy, John Sheffield; Professor Elliott, Reginald Owen; O'Doul, Barry Fitzgerald; Medford, Tom Conway; Vandermeer, Philip Dorn.

"TEXAS"—Columbia. Screen play by Horace McCoy, Lewis Meltzer and Michael Blankfort. Story by Michael Blankfort and Lewis Meltzer. Directed by George Marshall. Cast: Dan Thomas, William Holden; Tod Ramsey, Glenn Ford; "Mike" King, Claire Trevor; Windy Miller, George Bancroft; Doc Thorpe, Edgar Buchanan; Sheriff, Don Beddoe; Tennessee, Andrew Tombes; Matt Lashan, Addison Richards; Comstock, Edmund MacDonald.

"THEY DIED WITH THEIR BOOTS ON"—Warners. Original screen play by Wally Kline and Aeneas MacKenzie. Directed by Raoul Walsh. Cast: George Armstrong Custer, Errol Flynn; Elizabeth Bacon, Olivia de Havilland; Ned Sharp, Arthur Kennedy; California Joe, Charley Grapewin; Samuel Bacon, Esq., Gene Lockhart; Crazy Horse, Anthony Quinn; Major Romulus Taipe, Stanley Ridges; General Phil Sheridan, John Littel; William Sharp, Walter Hampden; Lt. General Winfield Scott, Sydney Greenstreet; Fitzhugh Lee, Regis Toomey; Callie, Hattie McDaniel; Lt. "Queens Own" Butler, George P. Huntley, Jr.; Captain Webb, Frank Wilcox; Sergeant Doolittle, Joseph Sawyer; Senator Smith, Minor Watson.

Wait until the boys in camp see this picture! Sergeant Sid Avery, Hollywood news photographer now in service, gets an A-plus Ciro's welcome from Barbara Stanwyck and Claudette Colbert, registers an oh-boy, oh-boy expression in appreciation



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Stop Crying!

(Continued from page 60) slipped out of her hand for a time, she didn't have the money to go back. And finally, after she was definitely established at RKO, they worked her like a steam shovel. So much so that when, after many cancelled New York vacations, someone tried to commiserate with her, she got off her now classic crack:

"Oh, but I am getting a vacation, hadn't you heard? They let me sit down now between scenes!"

Under the department of Lowest Moments, Lucille says: "Mine was the day Mother, Fred and Dad (as she calls her grandfather) came to live with me out here. Sounds inhospitable, doesn't it? But you see, I'd just been fired and we were all supposed to live on the fruits of my first contract. As soon as Columbia had given it to me, I had wired for the family. But the studio closed down its stock company and we were all out—Ann Sothorn, Gene Raymond, a bunch of us. I had to go and borrow some money before I could meet the family at the train."

Luckily RKO decided to put on "Roberta" with a promising new dance team, Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, and Lucille bagged herself a bit as a dress model, her Hattie Carnegie technique making her a natural. This resulted in her first RKO contract—"Fifty bucks a week," she will tell you without batting one lush eyelash.

The RKO ladder hasn't been a dizzying one in point of speed. It took a lot of pictures to win her her first good comedy break in "That Girl From Paris" in which she got a chance to take a couple of high kicks winding up in a split, all done by the aid of soaped shoes. Came "Stage Door" and a few more well-timed sock lines and presently—if you could call two years later "presently"—"Dance, Girls, Dance." Unquestionably the role of the burlesque queen in that picture has been Lucille's best to date, though there is much bating of breath around the lot these days over the picture they whisper will make her a full-blown star, "Passage From Bordeaux," the film on which William L. Shirer of "Berlin Diary" fame is acting as technical director. Meantime she's doing very all right in "Valley Of The Sun."

BUT Lucille wouldn't tell you that "Dance, Girls, Dance" or "Valley Of The Sun" or even "Passage From Bordeaux" was her greatest break. Because it was on "Too Many Girls" that she met Desi Arnaz. And a rare meeting it was. They had their first look at each other in the studio commissary and the moment was one of instant and mutual dislike.

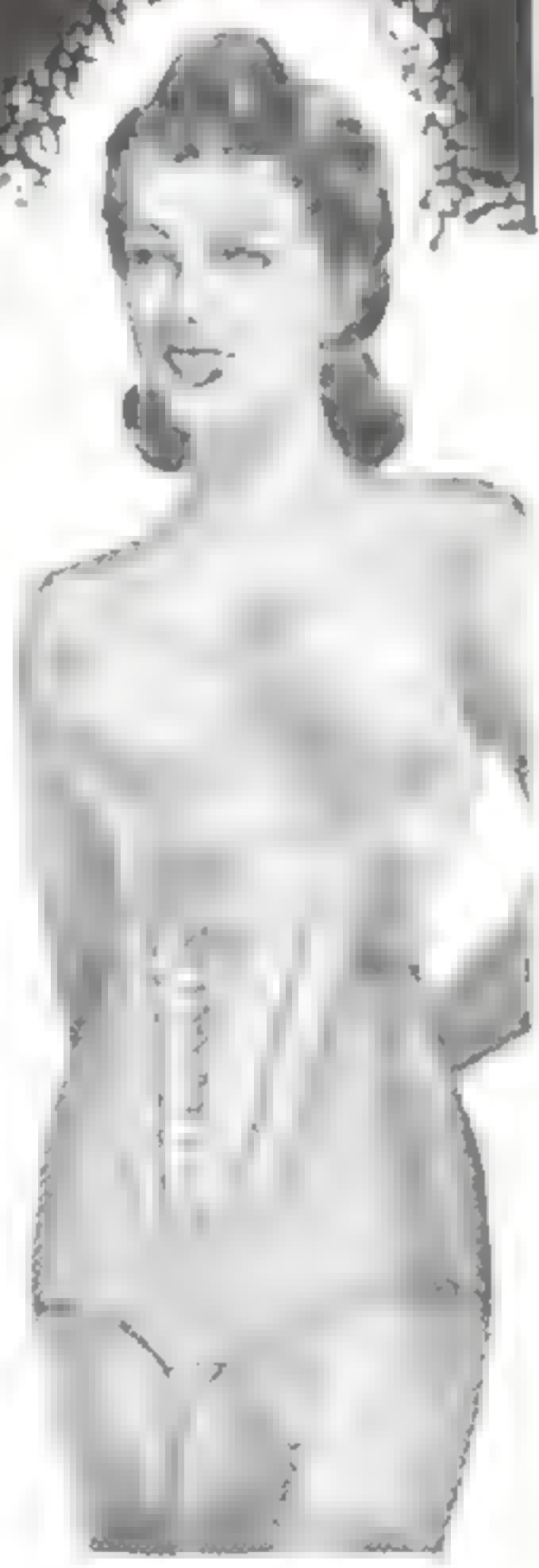
Asked if Lucille considers herself a hunch girl, one of those creatures who has an infallible first impression of her fellow man, Lucille says, "I should say not! Look at Desi. I did just that—gave him a look—just one good long one—and said to myself, 'Am I normal or can this really be the Cuban sensation that has knocked New York night life out of its floor show seats?'"

In all justice Desi was looking like anything but a glamour boy at the moment. He was dirty and perspiring in a greasy old leather jacket. The immaculate ebony hair comb was aimed in all directions. In fact, Desi had been rehearsing some football tricks for "Too Many Girls."

On the other hand, Desi matches Lucille for off-the-beam first impressions. He took one look at her as she breezed

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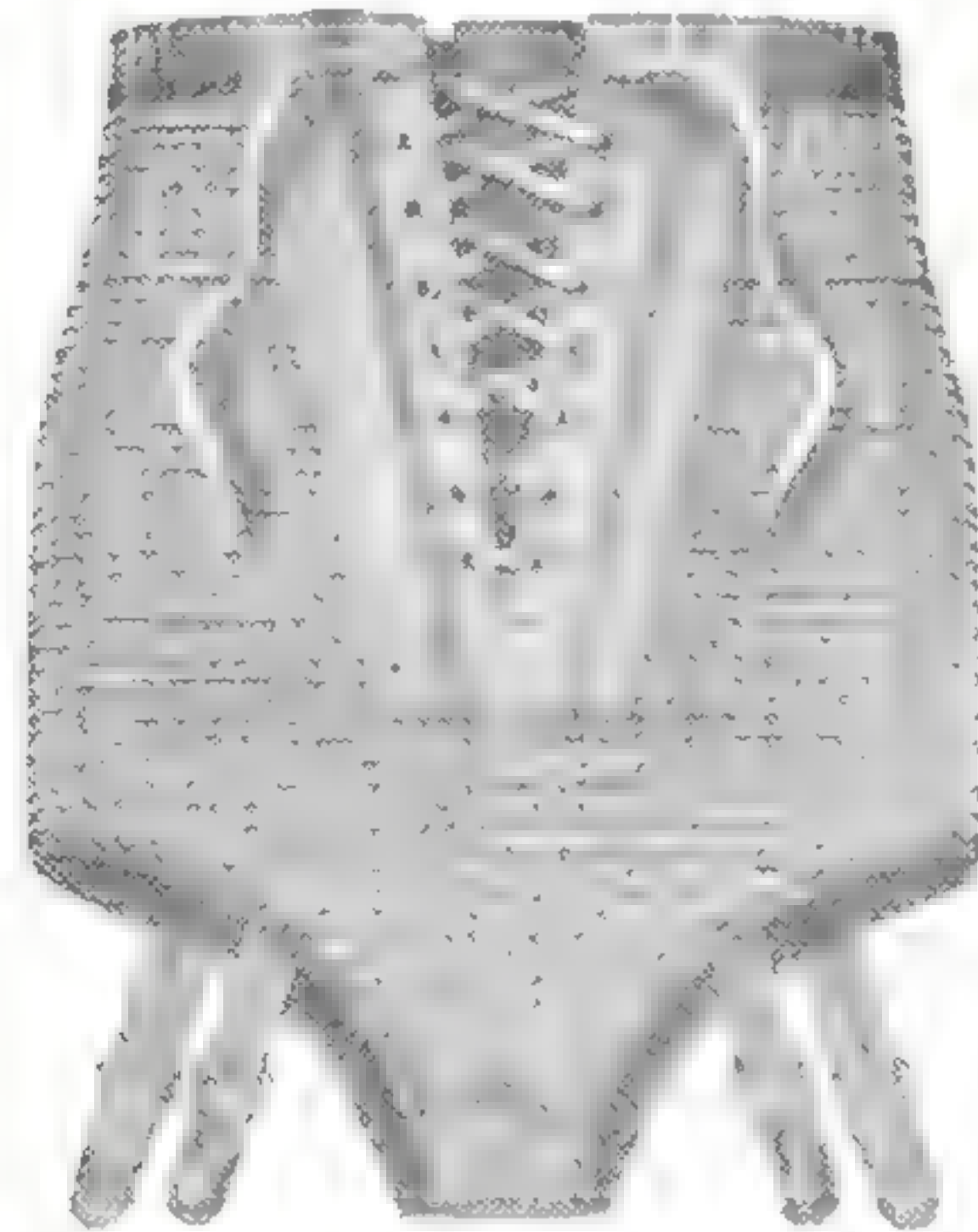


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into the room in an evening gown, burlesque style, with a white fox coat to the ankles in the best Broadway bad taste, her hair a mess, her face scratched up with one eye prominently blacked—a too perfect make-up job—and said "Caramba!" or its Havana equivalent. Lucille, you see, had been staging her battle with Maureen O'Hara in "Dance, Girls, Dance."

Three hours later, bathed and groomed, they met on the steps of the RKO Little Theater where George Abbott had issued a call for the cast of the picture in which they both were to be. Desi, looking every inch the Latin Launcelot, flashed a smile at the apparition of peaches and cream and gold. "Haven't we met somewhere?"

FROM that point they continued to meet with ever-increasing frequency. The picture was finished. Desi was scheduled to go back to New York for personal appearances and a winter's job at Miami. Lucille was tied down with picture commitments. They knew they wouldn't see each other for a year. Miserably they pulled up at a drive-in stand one night and tried to comfort each other by recounting all the reasons that a marriage between them simply wouldn't work.

So Desi left for Manhattan and Lucille was sent out by the studio on a personal appearance tour. Then the wires began to hum. More specifically, they began to explode. Desi was distinctly unhappy with Lucille so far away from him. At length George Schaefer, head of RKO, picked up his Cupid's bow and arrow and the long distance phone and called Lucille where she was playing in Milwaukee. "Why don't you take a run down to New York," he suggested. Just as if he didn't know Desi was appearing at the Roxy Theater there!

The result was a morning dash by Lucille and Desi to Greenwich, Connecticut, and a marriage license. There was no time to get a regular wedding ring, so Desi tore into a Woolworth's and bought his beautiful bride a ten cent ring. Lucille wears it to this day, along with the stunning square-cut diamond band he gave her on their second honeymoon. Oh, yes, they're having a series of honeymoons because each one has been interrupted prematurely, according to their notion of time. They've had five so far and they seem in a fair way to be celebrating a permanent one on their new North Ridge ranch in San Fernando Valley.

THE house is California ranch style and they chose it because the five acres on which it stands were virtually unplanted, even to the swimming pool, now a dream come true. This gave them an opportunity to leave the stamp of the Arnaz personalities in developing the flora and fauna. Regarding the latter, three canines have figured prominently, the Duke of North Ridge, Pinto the Great and Sir Thomas of Chatsworth (the name of the street on which they live). Then

one night what might be called an alley cat, except that a cat would have to go a mighty long way to see an alley in those parts, barged into the menage and promptly became the Duchess of Devonshire, to be augmented later by Queenie, another peregrinating feline.

Prize poultry has been installed, a hundred or more birds, and the Arnaz breakfast table now sees its own home-grown eggs at a mere twenty cents a crack.

As for the flora, Desi and Lucille planned to kill two birds with one rock by giving a housewarming consisting of a tree party (each guest brings a tree) in honor of the dogs. But tragedy struck. The Duke of North Ridge sickened and died, so the party had to be postponed. So did the trees.

Contrary to the usual Hollywood story of the men who make a star's career, it is to four women Lucille is especially grateful. Two of these are Ginger Rogers and her mother Lela who, in her capacity as head of the studio dramatic school at that time, taught Lucille most of what she knows about acting. Lela Rogers never had a more ardent student. When other glamour kids were making up excuses to cut classes because of a too-late party the night before, the Ball girl was there with eyes aglow, thankful for the chance.

Claudette Colbert is the third. Lucille has never more than met Miss Colbert on social occasions. Yet again and again word has come back to her that her right ear should have been burning because at dinner the night before, at the Zanucks, for instance, Claudette was singing her praises as one of the most promising younger stars. Or at a premiere with the Sam Goldwyns. Or when she was visiting Louis B. Mayer at Metro. Just one of those things that re-established your faith in Hollywood.

Last but not least is Carole Lombard. Their first encounter was when Lucille had wandered over to a friend's for dinner in her favorite article of apparel slacks, when who should walk in but the Gables. After one startled gulp the RKO comedy bombshell—and we mean Lucille—froze up like a Nesselrode pudding too scared to open her mouth. Not so Carole. She plopped herself down beside Lucille, told her what a future she believed she had and exactly what she should do about the next steps in her career. Lucille followed that counsel to her everlasting gratitude.

Then shortly after Desi and Lucille returned to Hollywood as newlyweds, they were having dinner at Dave Chasen's and spied the Gables at another table. Not wishing to intrude, the two Arnazes gaped and grinned at their idols like two dumbstruck fans. Presently the Gables waved gaily at them and before they could catch their breath over came a case of champagne as a wedding present from Clark and Carole.

So perhaps you can understand why Lucille has decided it's a swell world if you keep on laughing.

THE END

Coming!

To the readers who have written us—and written us... For a color portrait of Robert Stack, Universal's popular young star, and begged for a story on him... We joyfully announce both will be found in next month's issue with

ROBERT STACK SPEAKING!

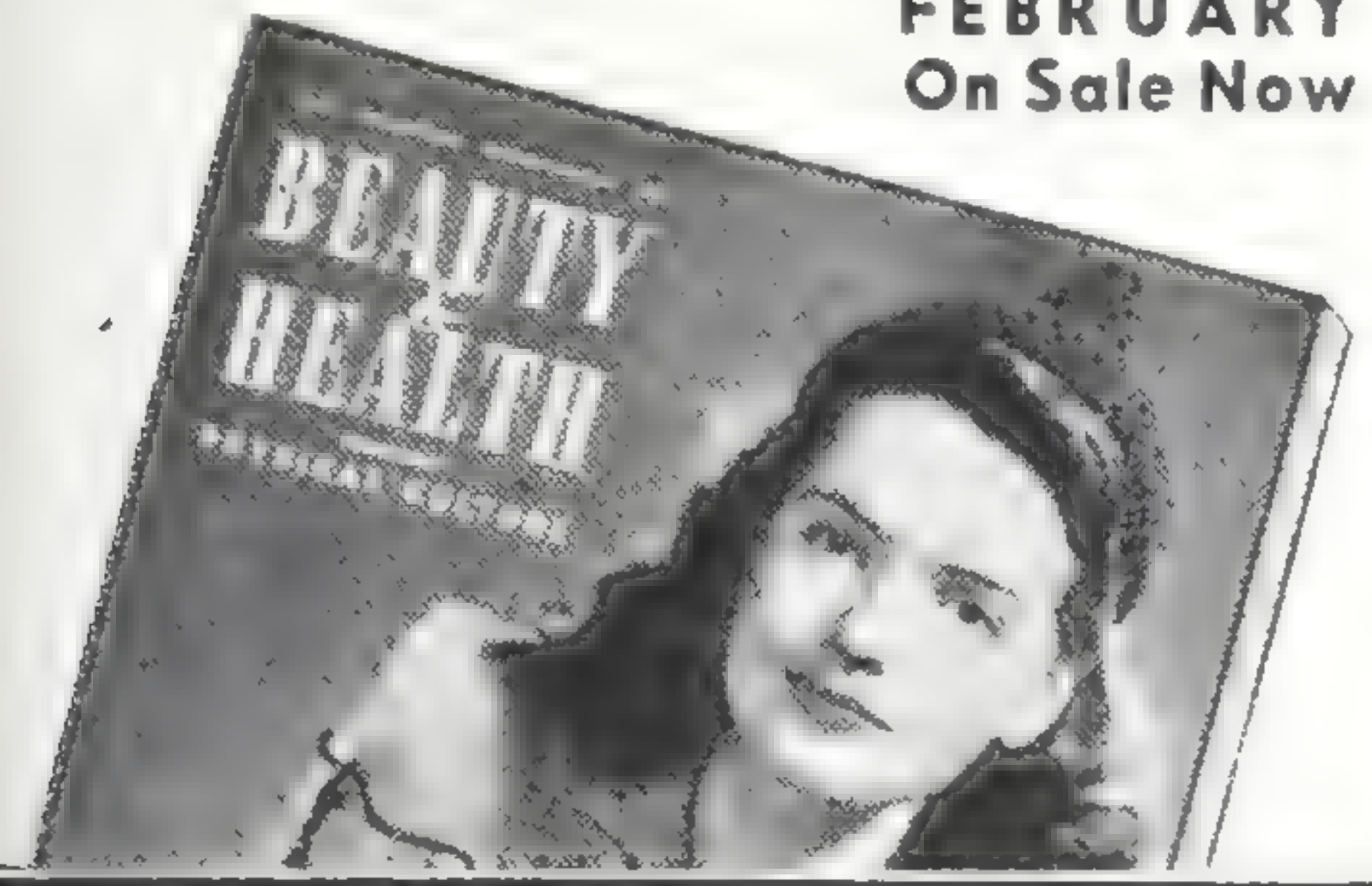
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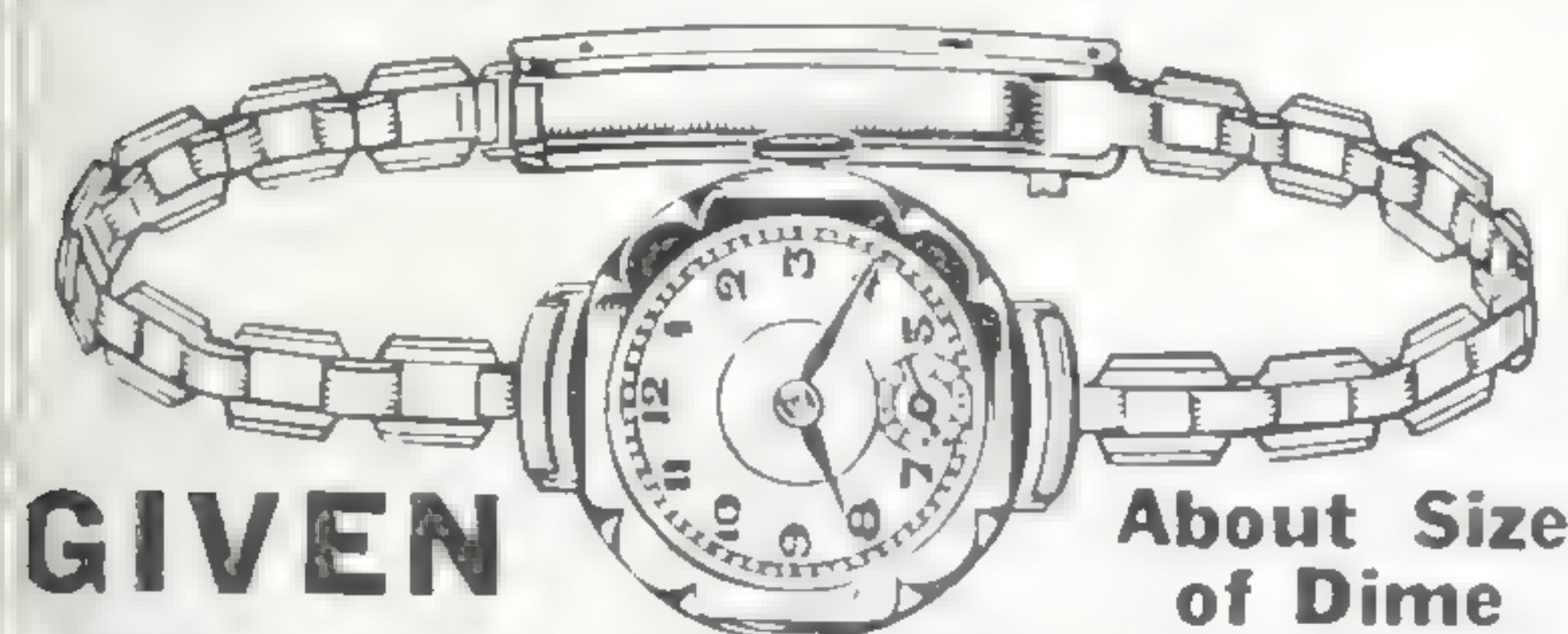
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Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 19)

thing new in the way of shuddery villainy and Peter Lorre is his accomplice. (Jan.)

✓ **MEN IN HER LIFE, THE**—Columbia: Conrad Veidt is a retired dancer who makes of ambitious Loretta Young a world-famous ballerina. In gratitude, Loretta marries him, renouncing John Shepperd, who's a handsome newcomer. The music, the exquisite dancing and the glamour and excitement of backstage life have been captured and projected by director Gregory Ratoff. (Jan.)

MERCY ISLAND—Republic: When attorney Ray Middleton and his wife, Gloria Dickson, are swept ashore in the Florida Keys and he discovers fugitive surgeon Otto Kruger hiding there, he becomes obsessed with the desire to return Kruger to justice. All three of the principals are quite good. (Jan.)

MEXICAN SPITFIRE'S BABY—RKO-Radio: When Leon Errol has a little war orphan brought over from Europe, he hopes it will fix things up with the troubled marriage of Lupe Velez and Buddy Rogers. The baby turns out to be a glamour girl, but the story gets duller and unfunnier. (Dec.)

MOONLIGHT IN HAWAII—Universal: Leon Errol and Richard Carle feud over a radio show and try to marry wealthy widow Marjorie Gateson, but it's Mischa Auer who finally gets her. The Merry Macs, Johnny Downs and Jane Frazee all float through the mild little story. (Jan.)

MR. CELEBRITY—Producers Releasing Corp.: A young veterinarian, James Seay, takes his nephew, Buzzy Henry, to Celebrity Farm to hide out from his grandparents and so retain his custody. There he encounters Francis X. Bushman, Clara Kimball Young and Jim Jeffries, who'll bring you nostalgic memories. It's sentimental, but lively and heartwarming, and young Buzzy is outstanding. (Dec.)

NEVER GIVE A SUCKER AN EVEN BREAK—Universal: In this picture Bill Fields attempts to sell a screen story he has written to a producer. In real life, he sold this one to Universal, but we don't know why because it isn't funny and it makes no sense. Gloria Jean is a bright spot in the dull business and Franklin Pangborn swipes a few scenes. (Jan.)

✓ **NEW YORK TOWN**—Paramount: Fred MacMurray, a sidewalk photographer in New York, shows naïve New Englander Mary Martin how to live off the town. But when he tries to marry her off to prosperous Robert Preston, he learns that all the best things in life are free. Akim Tamiroff and Lynne Overman aid MacMurray in this enchanting comedy. (Nov.)

NIAGARA FALLS—Roach-U.A.: In spite of Slim Summerville and Zazu Pitts' determined comedy efforts as the honeymooning couple who come to Niagara, the picture's not funny. Slim neglects his bride to meddle in the affairs of quarrelsome Tom Brown and Marjorie Woodworth. (Dec.)

✓ **NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH**—Paramount: In spite of its bewhiskered story, Bob Hope makes this picture a laugh-provoking winner. He bets \$10,000 of Paulette Goddard's money that he can tell the truth for twenty-four hours. Howls of laughter are the result. (Nov.)

✓ **OUR WIFE**—Columbia: All about one husband Melvyn Douglas, and his troubles with two women, one an ex-wife, Ellen Drew, and the other his fiancée, scientist Ruth Hussey. Charles Coburn is Ruth's father, also a scientist, and John Hubbard her non-scientific brother. It's got a lot of laughs. (Nov.)

OUTLAW TRAIL, THE—RKO-Radio: Intending to aid in a bank robbery, young Tim Holt turns hero instead when he aids the marshal in catching the robber band and when the marshal dies. Tim takes over his job and stays a good boy from there on it. Fans are sure to like Tim. (Dec.)

PITTSBURGH KID, THE—Republic: The usual prize-fight picture, this, relieved in its monotonous plot by the casting of Jean Parker as the manager of fighter Billy Conn. You're going to be agreeably surprised at Billy, who's not half bad as a screen personality. Jean's a cute trick, too. (Dec.)

REG'LAR FELLERS—P. R. C.: The cartoon strip characters, played by Billy Lee, Alfalfa Switzer and Buddy Boles, are back again for another series of fun. It's a picture for kids. (Nov.)

SAILORS ON LEAVE—Republic: Sailor Bill Lundigan's pals try to marry him off before a certain date so he can collect an inheritance. They pick night-club singer Shirley Ross as the girl, but Shirley hates sailors and Bill doesn't want to get married, which leads to many comical interludes, mostly supplied by Chick Chandler and Cliff Nazarro. It's a cute movie. (Jan.)

SCATTERGOOD MEETS BROADWAY—Pyramid-RKO: Scattergood Baines, the small-town Mr. Fix-it played by Guy Kibbee, helps William Henry, the village playwright, outwit Frank Jenks and Bradley Page and present a smash Broadway success. Its homey flavor is embellished by some bright comedy and corny but good gags. (Nov.)

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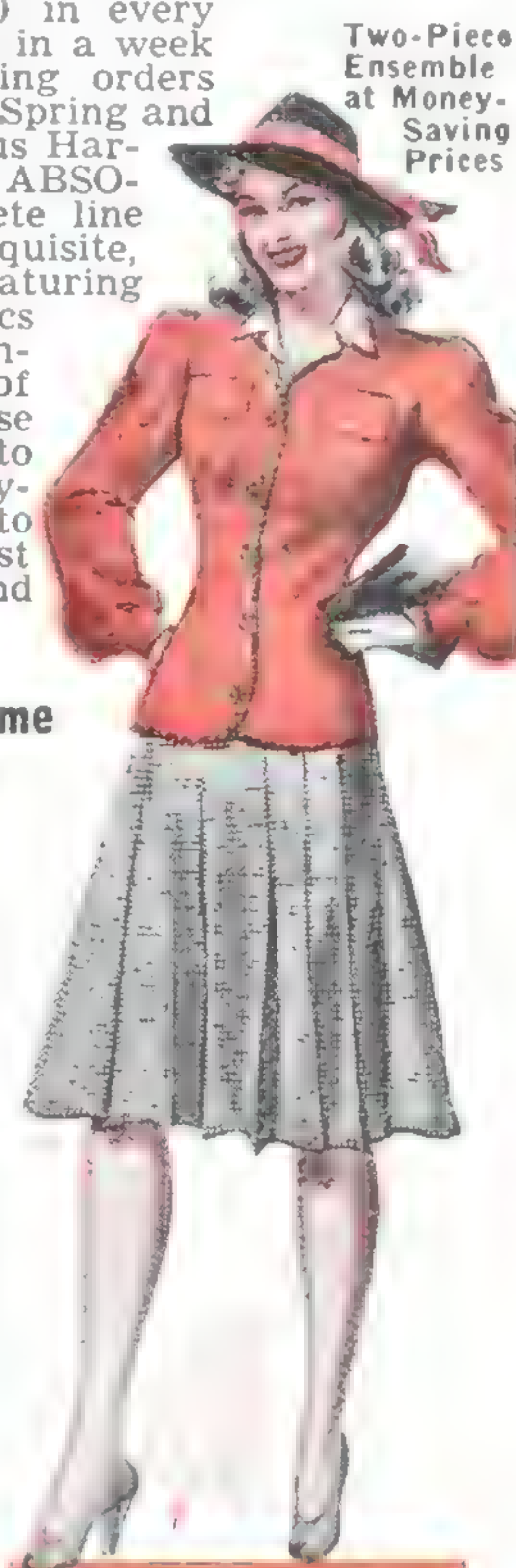
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SING ANOTHER CHORUS—Universal: Johnny Downs, aided by Jane Frazee, tries to get his college show on Broadway, but villainous Walter Catlett and his voluptuous co-worker, Iris Adrian, throw a monkey wrench into the works. (Dec.)

SKYLARK—Paramount: Claudette Colbert is the dissatisfied wife who leaves her devoted husband, Ray Milland, because his business entanglements prove too annoying. Brian Aherne is miscast as the other man in her life, but Milland and Walter Abel win our hearty approval. (Dec.)

SMILIN' THROUGH—M-G-M: Jeanette MacDonald has the dual role of the bride who loses her life and as her own niece years later; and Gene Raymond also plays a dual role as the rejected suitor and his son. Brian Aherne is miscast. For Jeanette's fans only. (Jan.)

SOUTH OF TAHITI—Universal: Here we are again, back in the old South Seas, with Brian Donlevy, Broderick Crawford and Andy Devine as a trio of pearl robbers who reform in order to thwart Henry Wilcoxon and his gang. (Jan.)

✓ **SUNDOWN**—Wanger: Sustained action is the keynote of this story of a British government outpost in Africa. Bruce Cabot as Commissioner of the post steals most of the honors, and George Sanders also shines, as does Gene Tierney as the beautiful half-caste. (Dec.)

✓ **SUN VALLEY SERENADE**—20th Century-Fox: Sonja Henie is a Norwegian refugee adopted by band player John Payne, who's in love with Lynn Bari, the band singer. When the orchestra goes to Sun Valley, Sonja goes along, determined to marry John. Sonja's enchanting and her skating numbers are excellent. (Nov.)

✓✓ **SUSPICION**—RKO-Radio: A triumph of direction and acting is this emotional, suspenseful masterpiece about a naive English girl, Joan Fontaine, who falls in love and marries Cary Grant, only to discover his worthlessness. Then dread and suspicion enter their lives and desperation brings on fearful consequences. (Dec.)

✓ **SWAMP WATER**—20th Century-Fox: A vivid picture, this, of the simple people living near the swamps of Georgia. Dana Andrews penetrates the dangerous swamp in search of his lost dog; finds Walter Brennan, an escaped murderer, living there and learns of his innocence. Anne Baxter, Walter Huston, Mary Howard and Virginia Gilmore are all excellent performers. (Jan.)

SWING IT, SOLDIER—Universal: For radio-minded fans, this gives you Ken Murray as a rookie who mistakes singer Frances Langford for her married twin, Don Wilson, Brenda and Cobina, and Skinnay Ennis and his band. The music is good and Frances sings several numbers. (Jan.)

TANKS A MILLION—Hal Roach-U.A.: This small-size panic is all about a draftee, a former railway information clerk, William Tracy, who annoys his superior officers by spouting from memory long passages from the Army manual. James Gleason is the enraged officer and Elyse Knox the eye-filler. But it's Private Tracy's picture. (Nov.)

✓ **TARGET FOR TONIGHT**—Warners release of a British Gov't. film: Its tremendous simplicity and straightforward honesty in telling make this story of boys in the R.A.F. one of the strongest war documents ever filmed. It tells the story of a raid on Nazi oil tanks by English bombers and boys of the R.A.F. and officers of the station are the only actors. Dramatic and suspenseful. (Jan.)

THIS WOMAN IS MINE—Universal: Luscious Carol Bruce is a stowaway on a trading vessel during the 18th Century with John Carroll, Franchot Tone and Walter Brennan all on the ship. The only exciting moments in the picture are the last scenes depicting the conflict between the Indians and the white men. (Nov.)

TILLIE THE TOILER—Columbia: First of a new series, this introduces Kay Harris, who is pert, pretty and talented and makes an ideal Tillie. William Tracy is Mac, Jack Arnold the smug Mr. Whipple, and Daphne Pollard Mumsy. It flounders around a bit due to poor writing and direction, but give Tillie time. (Nov.)

TWO LATINIS FROM MANHATTAN—Columbia: Trite, corny and uninspired is this story of a night-club press agent, Joan Davis, who substitutes her roommates Jinx Falkenburg and Joan Woodbury, a song and dance team, for two Cuban entertainers who failed to arrive. Of course, everything gets very complicated. (Dec.)

✓ **UNFINISHED BUSINESS**—Universal: You'll undoubtedly enjoy this gay movie about small-town girl Irene Dunne who meets and falls in love with debonair Preston Foster who promptly forgets her. Out of spite she marries his brother, Robert Montgomery. (Nov.)

✓ **WEEK END IN HAVANA**—20th Century-Fox: Frothy, gay and tuneful is this typical Zanuck musical. The featherweight plot has New York shop girl Alice Faye enjoying a Havana vacation at the expense of a steamship company and a romance with executive John Payne. Carmen Miranda's songs are hot-peppery. (Dec.)

✓✓ **WHEN LADIES MEET**—M-G-M: A star-studded picture, this, smart and entertaining. Robert Taylor is in love with authoress Joan Crawford who is in love with publisher Herbert Marshall who is married to Greer Garson with obvious complications. Both the girls do splendid jobs, but Bob Taylor walks away with every scene. (Nov.)

✓ **WHISTLING IN THE DARK**—M-G-M: M-G-M's new prize comedian Red Skelton proves himself a prize indeed as the radio crime story writer who's kidnapped by Conrad Veidt in order to create a perfect crime for Mr. Veidt. It's corn, we admit, but it's funny and gay. (Nov.)

WILD GEESE CALLING—20th Century-Fox: Henry Fonda is the boy with wanderlust who meets Joan Bennett, waterfront chorus girl, and marries her. But he follows disreputable Warren William to Alaska and meets disillusionment before he finally finds contentment. It's slow and aimless and dull, and Bennett is thoroughly miscast. (Nov.)

WORLD PREMIERE—Paramount: John Barrymore is a movie producer who takes the cast of his movie, including Ricardo Cortez as the star and Virginia Dale the heroine, to Washington for the world premiere. It should be funny, but it turns out to be very unfunny. (Nov.)

✓ **YANK IN THE R.A.F.**—20th Century-Fox: An exciting and timely show, with Tyrone Power as the fearless, cocky American who joins the R.A.F. and woos night-club dancer Betty Grable on the side. The scenes in the R.A.F. provide tremendous interest. (Dec.)

✓ **YOU'LL NEVER GET RICH**—Columbia: Fred Astaire is a rookie recruited from the ranks of dance directors and when Fred goes to camp, Robert Benchley tries to wreck his romantic plans with dancing cutie Rita Hayworth. It's gay and amusing and Rita is the best dancing partner Fred's had since Ginger Rogers. (Jan.)



Merrymaking at the Mocambo for service men: Michele Morgan dances with Sergeant Pasternaki; Marie Wilson takes over Private Guston. Private Guston himself takes over Photoplay-Movie Mirror on page 43

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Ida—the Mad Lupino

(Continued from page 53) softly after a while.

"We've been sitting in front of it for the last half-hour," Louis said.

Then, quite suddenly, Ida Lupino came together as a personality; she emerged, as does the picture in a jigsaw puzzle when you fit two or three pieces into their proper places and find you've got a herd of cows, or The Flying Dutchman. Except that Ida turned out to be a far more exciting picture; to the surprise of everyone, including her studio bosses, her delighted agents, even Connie and Louis, she became a really fine actress. On the screen, she metamorphosed her pure Cockney self into a neurotic little American slut, for "They Drive By Night," accent and all, to perfection. She did "High Sierra," and her mother and husband all but fell out of their seats at the preview, in sheer astonishment.

She did "Ladies In Retirement," with Louis. That's in your neighborhood theater now, probably. You can go see it, to know what I mean.

Along with normal adjustments and growing up, the new success wrought its good magic on Lupino as a woman, as a wife, as well.

She was still a little dramatic about Life, of course, as she will always be. Ida Takes Things Big—Love, her Profession, her Spring Cold, the State of Her Hair, her Newest Picture. All in capitals. All and each the most important thing that ever happened to anybody, anywhere. Some people live that way, and when they are great in what they do you do not call it a fault; it is an Idiosyncrasy, or even Temperament.

BUT the neuroses are not there. I don't believe really—and I've known Ida Hayward since she wore platinum hair—that ever, even for one moment, has that very shrewd, practical, imaginative mind of hers been twisted one iota off its true course. She has a few minor mental twists, with names: she has echolalia, which sounds dreadful but which is the normal rest-insurance of an active, tired mind (she counts out loud the letters in signs, and wants them to come out even). She has acrophobia. (So has Joan Crawford.) She has an exhibitionist complex (no one ever becomes an actress or actor without one) which she manifests inversely, by being frightened of crowds.

She finds it extremely hard, on an instant's notice, to tell the absolute truth about herself, or her life, or her personal history. That is because she has spent so many years trying to make events match with the essential lie about her age.

Outside of these things she leads as normal a life as any woman who is both an intellectual and a Hollywood actress can possibly lead. Her marriage is a thoroughly modern arrangement: More than half the time she and Louis pass each other in the hall and say, "Hi, how was your day? See you at eleven if you're still awake, don't forget our dinner date tomorrow."

Louis and Ida like the house they have, and the hill it's on. So they stay there, which is as it should be. But in that house a kind of harmony prevails, accented by blue notes and by occasional harsh tints (when Ida's nerves go to pieces and she makes a production out of something). There, too, any sensitive observer will recognize the seldom feeling, exciting because it is so rare in any house, that something creative has been, is, or is about to be done; and he will be right.

The End.



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The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 24)

✓✓ The Chocolate Soldier (M-G-M)

It's About: A jealous husband who tests the fidelity of his capricious wife.

THE big news of this gay song fest is a brown-eyed young charmer from the opera, Miss Rise Stevens, who becomes Nelson Eddy's singing partner in the chuckle-laden story of "The Guardsman" set to the Oscar Strauss music of "The Chocolate Soldier."

Another news flash emanating from this movie is the clever acting of Mr. Eddy who gives his very best performance since "Naughty Marietta." Perhaps the change of pace, as well as change of partners, accounts for Mr. Eddy's easy, natural manner, to say nothing of his surprising gift for comedy. As the married operetta star who tests the loyalty of his wife, Miss Stevens, Nelson is most amusing. He accomplishes this little trick by donning the whiskers and attire of a Russian baritone and then making love to his wife.

The music is out of this world. "My Hero," the hit of the original "Chocolate Soldier" show, and "Evening Star" from "Tannhäuser," the beautiful Strauss melodies, plus a few of Mr. Eddy's best loved selections, are sung in harmony with the story.

Nigel Bruce and Florence Bates are incidental, but nice incidentals, to the story.

Your Reviewer Says: A musical hit.

Keep 'Em Flying (Universal)

It's About: Two cronies bottleneck a naval training school.

IT was bound to happen! Those funny men, Bud Abbott and Lou Costello, have hit an air pocket in their too constant movie-making and zoomed down to a point one mile this side of nothing.

The boys are given a thin, anemic story with little of the humor that has packed their other stories. That the picture is nothing to shout about is certainly not the fault of the boys. The story simply isn't there and what there is of it is constantly interrupted with the singing of Carol Bruce (badly photographed) and her romantic interludes with Dick Foran, who also sings at odd moments.

The twin-sister routine played by Martha Raye missed a mile for our money. Martha's bag of tricks seems oddly shoddy these days.

But make no mistake, despite these faults, the boys will rate cheers per minute simply because they have ensconced themselves so thoroughly under the public's funny bone. Several of the gags are most amusing, indeed, such as the torpedo on the loose and the boys on their own in the air.

Your Reviewer Says: Funny men in a not-so-funny story.

The Perfect Snob (Twentieth Century-Fox)

It's About: A socially ambitious mama and a carpet-slipper dad.

SOMETHING old, nothing new, something borrowed and the audience blue! That about sums up this little wedding-march tale of a small-town

debbie who marries, against her ambitious mama's wishes, a young man who (wouldn't you know it?) turns out to be rich. Cornel Wilde, a newcomer, is the lucky man.

Charlotte Greenwood hardly seems the calculating mama type, but Charlie Ruggles, as take-it-easy Pop, is just right in his role. Why Lynn Bari was tossed into this little pot stew we'll never know.

Oh well, it means well and tries hard, this little moom pitcher, so maybe we shouldn't be too hard on it.

Your Reviewer Says: We'd rather throw snowballs.

Obliging Young Lady (RKO-Radio)

It's About: The odd position of a child caught between two dissenting parents.

JOAN CARROLL is the below teenage youngster who was permitted (pardon the understatement) to loiter about under contract to Twentieth Century-Fox Studios, so as to offer no competition to their starlet, Shirley Temple. Tired of the seclusion, Miss Carroll took herself to RKO; made a hit in "Primrose Path," moved on to New York to startle the customers in "Panama Hattie."

We give you this short resumé of her activities because one day we feel Joan will be news.

This movie is not the screen success we hoped it would be for Joan. It has her a hoydenish youngster taken by a friend of her parents to a secluded resort while her parents battle things out in court. Needless to say, Joan, the impossible, makes life hot for everyone, including reporters Eve Arden and Edmond O'Brien, who is sweet on Ruth Warrick, Joan's custodian.

While it's nothing to write home about, it has its moments and Joan keeps things lively, that we promise.

Your Reviewer Says: Fair enough but not good enough.

Playmates (RKO-Radio)

It's About: The efforts of two press agents to place their clients on the radio.

TAKE Kay Kyser and his band, plus John Barrymore and his grimaces, add Ginny Simms (Barrymore should love a girl called Ginny) gone glamorous and stir in, just for the fun, Patsy Kelly, Lupe Velez, May Robson and Peter Lind Hayes—and what have you got?

If you ever find out, let us know, for never have we witnessed such a conglomeration of tomfoolery and nonsense. As near as we could fathom, press agents Patsy Kelly and Peter Lind Hayes are "skimming schemes," as Amos and Andy say, to land their clients John and Kay on the air. They end up in a debauched Shakespearean spree that is mighty touching in some spots and mighty boring in others.

Kyser's peculiar talents for non-acting are a perfect balance for Barrymore's overacting.

The music is delightful, Ginny beautiful, May Robson cute as the grandmother and what more do you want for your money?

Your Reviewer Says: A combination salad—with ham.

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FEBRUARY, 1942

Swing It, Soldier (Universal)

It's About: A rookie who mistakes a singer for her married twin.

RADIO personalities move in bag and baggage to a cozy home in movie-town and proceed to entertain and at times amuse. Ken Murray is a likeable dumb-bunny soldier who carries a message from a rookie pal to his wife who is going to have a baby. Of course, Murray meets the single twin sister instead of the married sister and, well—you can imagine the amazement of Miss Frances Langford, who plays the dual role, at some of Mr. Murray's remarks.

The music is good. Frances sings several numbers, especially the old favorite, "Melancholy Baby," as only she can. Don Wilson, recruited from the Jack Benny show, and Blanche Stewart and Elvia Allman (Brenda and Cobina) are fugitives from Bob Hope's program.

Skinnay Ennis and his band, another Hope asset, provide some swell swing.

For those who are besieged with curiosity to see radio names take on life, this may have a special appeal. Otherwise it's just a movie.

Your Reviewer Says: For radio-minded fans only.

✓ Texas (Columbia)

It's About: *The fate of two boys who travel west after the Civil War.*

"TEXAS" is one of the best Westerns we've seen in a long time and for two very good reasons, namely—Glenn Ford and William Holden. If these boys aren't the two best younger actors in the business then we miss our guess. Their work is a joy to behold and to them goes the credit for lifting "Texas" into the "you should see" class.

The story has the two boys trekking westward after the Civil War, each to go his separate way. Ford takes the high road; Holden, the low unlawful path. He joins up with cattle rustlers bent on keeping the ranchers' cattle from reaching Abilene, Kansas, the legitimate market. Ford, of course, is on the side of the ranchers. More antagonism grows between the boys when both fall in love with the same girl, Claire Trevor.

There's a lot of punch injected into the story with a stampede that's a lulu, a shooting-iron climax and an old-time prize fight that's a honey.

Edgar Buchanan, as the unscrupulous dentist who pulls molars while hatching his deviltry (he's a dentist in real life, too), is terrific.

To get away from the eternal near-comedies, why not give yourself a change and a treat and see "Texas." You can't go wrong.

Your Reviewer Says: An A Western, loaded with talent.

✓ Rise And Shine
(Twentieth Century-Fox)

It's About: *The attempts of a gangster to kidnap a football star.*

THOSE fans who are eager to laugh at the slightest excuse will have that opportunity to indulge in their favorite sport when "Rise And Shine" comes to town. While not the best comedy ever made by a long, long way, the picture still has enough bright spots to coax forth the chuckles.

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Jack Oakie is marvelous as the dumb-hunky football star who is the saving grace of his college team. Sent to observe the star's condition by a betting gangster is George Murphy, himself an ex-all-American. The gangster bets as Murphy predicts until the final game when the gambler attempts to kidnap Oakie and place all his money on the opposing team.

With Murphy on his odd mission are Ruth Donnelly and Raymond Walburn. This pair, along with Milton Berle and Walter Brennan as a wooing old "Gramps," add to the confusion.

The best we've saved until the last (at least she's the prettiest) and that my friends, is Linda Darnell, cheerleader and daughter of an eccentric old professor, Donald Meek.

Youngsters, we think, will love the goings-on and who are we to say oldsters won't, as well?

Your Reviewer Says: College chi-chi.

✓ One Foot In Heaven (Warners)

It's About: The struggles of a young Methodist minister and his wife.

A QUIETLY beautiful story is this one of the young Canadian doctor who is converted overnight and enters the ministry. With his bewildered bride, Martha Scott, Fredric March as the preacher begins his work in a small Iowa village under the most adverse circumstances. Together they travel from church to church, living in one undesirable parsonage after another, their faith holding them together through the years.

The dream of his life is realized when the minister is able at last to build his own church.

Incidental homey events concerning his children, his congregation, his home life, dot the story with gems of human interest. March is ideal as the minister and Martha splendid as the wife.

Frankie Thomas and Elisabeth Fraser are the children.

Your Reviewer Says: A warm, tender story.

Favorite of the back-lot gang is "Tarzan's Secret Treasure." Johnny Weissmuller plays Tarzan; Maureen O'Sullivan is Mrs. T.; John Sheffield is the chip off the old brawn; monkey Cheeta plays her own inimitable self

Tarzan's Secret Treasure (M-G-M)

It's About: The jungle man routs a band of greedy interlopers.

THE great Tarzan series has developed into adventure yarns more suitable to children's taste than to adults'. The scenes have become repetitious and need an injection of clear originality to pep up the vine-swinging capers of Mr. Big Outdoorsy, played as usual by the bel-lowing Johnny Weissmuller.

This time a party of scientists, including villainous Tom Conway and Philip Dorn, kidnap Tarzan's wife (Maureen O'Sullivan) and son (John Sheffield) in order to force the jungle giant into revealing the location of an enormous gold vein. The climax is thrilling, with elephants and alligators and savages in a grand melee of revenge.

Your Reviewer Says: A whooper-doooper for the kids.

✓ Shadow Of The Thin Man (M-G-M)

It's About: The suave detective unravels a race-track murder mystery.

WELL, here's that man again, calmly cooking the goose of crooks and murderers and having a wonderful time during the process. Myrna Loy is still the playful helpmate of our charming sleuth Nick Charles, played as ever by William Powell. They are delightful, gay people, this pair, but their charm and gaiety are beginning to seem a bit repetitious if you ask us. Enough is too much sometimes; one is beginning to wonder when the Charles family is going to quiet down, if ever.

This time detective (retired—oh yeah?) Charles is on his way to a race track where he discovers a jockey has been killed. Later a reporter is killed under peculiar circumstances and Nick is right on the scent as usual. The unraveling of the mystery takes Mr. and Mrs. Smartypants and the audience through

innumerable alleyways of laughter and melodrama.

The police detectives are, as usual, portrayed as dumb ignoramuses who couldn't catch a fly with molasses, let alone glamour girl Stella Adler and the usual array of gangster types. Dickie Hall is the Charles's offspring, a cute youngster and a chip off the old block if ever we saw one.

Your Reviewer Says: Murder written to swing time.

✓ They Died With Their Boots On (Warners)

It's About: The life and times of General Custer.

WHOOPER-DOOPER "mellerdrammer" is woven into the life pattern of an American figure, General George Custer, and the result is rousing entertainment. The story depicts the life of Custer from the time he entered West Point, a fantastic figure in braid and brass buttons, followed by a trail of hound dogs, to his heroic death at the hands of battling Indians on the Western plains.

His romance with and marriage to Olivia de Havilland add the necessary colors to the completed tapestry. Olivia has never been so beautiful, to our notion.

Through his cadet days and his brave deeds in the Civil War and back to his home in Michigan we follow George Custer. Then comes his appointment to take over the Seventh Cavalry, stationed near Fort Lincoln. When Custer arrives, drunkenness, disorder and rowdiness mark the life of the soldiers within the fort. Under his guidance, it emerges a crack cavalry regiment which bravely rides with Custer to their death in one last stand against the Indians.

Anthony Quinn is very good indeed as the Sioux chief Crazy Horse. Charles Grapewin as the old codger who never quite gets to "Californey," John Litel as General Phil Sheridan, villainous Arthur Kennedy and Walter Hampden lend splendid support.

For those who love a good rousing three-cheers-for-the-red-white-and-blue story here it is. Under its swooping sway we may even forget that under no circumstances could Errol Flynn be termed a "damned Yankee."

Your Reviewer Says: America on the movie march.

✓ Blues In The Night (Warners)

It's About: A small dance band that falls heir to trouble in an infamous roadhouse.

"BLUES IN THE NIGHT" is an odd, sultry, moody and tempestuous sort of picture with men's emotions set to the throbbing music of Jimmy Lunceford's band. It serves as a vehicle to introduce to movie fans Richard Whorf, the young stage actor who has been associated in the past with Lunt and Fontanne. That he is a definite, distinct personality cannot be denied. In fact, we predict Mr. Whorf will very shortly become a star of the very first magnitude. Priscilla Lane and Betty Field share equal glory for their strong, outstanding performances.

The story tells of six young people, up from the deep South, eager to play the blue music in their souls. Whorf, who plays Jigger, is the pianist whom Priscilla Lane, wife of musician Jack (Continued on page 110)



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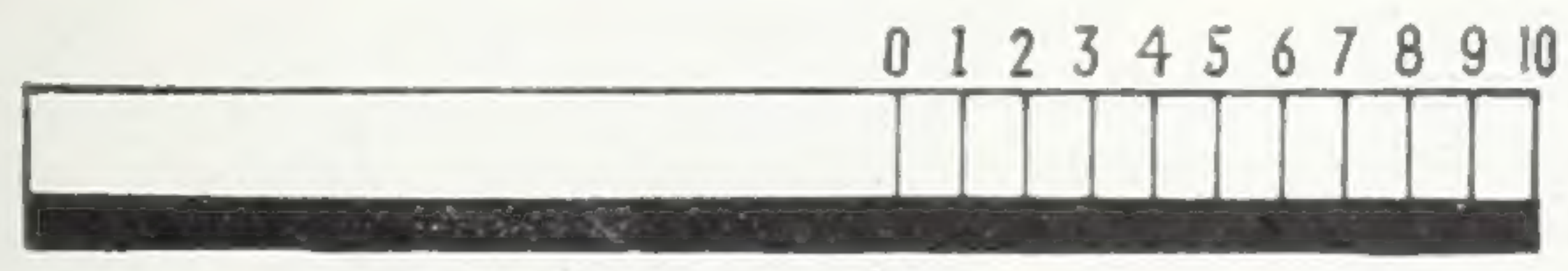
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(Continued from page 108) Carson, secretly loves. They finally land an engagement at a notorious roadhouse run by gangster Lloyd Nolan. Gutter rat Betty Field soon entices Whorf away from his band, then tosses him over. When she returns for more deviltry, Wally Ford, another of Betty's victims, arranges a very neat and quite horrible revenge.

It sounds queerly somber and it is queerly somber. But it's interesting, beautifully acted and the music is alluring.

Your Reviewer Says: A fascinating low-down-er.

✓ H. M. Pulham Esq. (M-G-M)

It's About: The traditional smugness of a died-in-the-wool Bostonian.

FRANKLY disappointing, is our candid opinion of the movie version of John P. Marquand's best seller. Robert Young as Pulham, the man who hasn't the stamina to break away from the traditional smugness that holds him to the old ways of life, is ideal and for his splendid performance, for the careful direction, the playing of Ruth Hussey as Kay Motford, the sterling performance of newcomer Van Heflin who plays King, we hand out our one-check approval.

Perhaps we're wrong—we have been in the past, heaven knows—but it seems to us a woman as beautiful as Miss Lamarr should listen to her producer's pleas to remain beautiful, alluring, sexy and "Algier-ish." We already have too many fair actresses and no beauty so rare as Hedy's.

Your Reviewer Says: Rather heavy in theme and execution.

✓ Design For Scandal (M-G-M)

It's About: A double-crossing news photographer and a beautiful judge.

WHEN female judges become as beautiful as Rosalind Russell, we predict a crime wave the likes of which this country has never seen.

Roz's beauty and charm are the undoing, alas, of nifty news photographer Walter Pidgeon who sets out to double-cross Judge Roz at the instigation of his boss, Edward Arnold, who wants his alimony reduced. Pidgeon and Arnold believe that if the judge herself can be embroiled in a little underhanded scandal she may listen to reason. Pidgeon, therefore, is out to provide the scandal, only Miss Russell catches on in time. But not before Mr. News Photographer is a dead Pidgeon, as far as his heart is concerned.

The whole mess ends in a very funny courtroom farce with Guy Kibbee a screamingly funny judge.

Lee Bowman, Mary Beth Hughes and Barbara Jo Allen get caught up in the nonsense that is meant to be entertaining fun and achieves its purpose.

Your Reviewer Says: A blues chaser.

✓ Babes On Broadway (M-G-M)

It's About: The attempts of amateur kids to crash Broadway.

YOU'VE seen this musical over and over again—it's the same old story of would-be actors finally hitting the big time—but still we must admit that Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland do manage to instill freshness into it.

Mickey, Ray McDonald and Richard

Quine have an act they haven't been able to get very far with and, of course, their main ambition is to get on Broadway. Judy Garland and a group of Settlement House kids sidetrack them for a while, but Mickey and Judy put on a show to raise money to send the kids to the country, a big producer, James Gleason, sees the show and everything turns out all right. Not surprised, are you?

Mickey's impersonation of Carmen Miranda is one of the high spots of the picture; Judy's singing and Ray McDonald's dancing are always delightful; and Fay Bainter is charming as the theatrical producer's assistant. The production numbers are staged with the lavishness characteristic of all M-G-M musicals; and you'll undoubtedly get some fun out of most of the proceedings, though some of them are pretty corny.

Your Reviewer Says: For Garland and Rooney fans.

Cadet Girl (Twentieth Century-Fox)

It's About: A West Point cadet and a beautiful blonde.

THERE'S not much to shout about, but if you think that little detail prevented the makers of and participants in this little number from not only shouting but waving around the red, white, and blue like mad, you are right out of your mind. In fact, so loud is the shouting, duty to Uncle Sam overcomes love and romance.

George Montgomery is a West Pointer who falls in love with Carole Landis, a singer with his brother's orchestra. They decide to marry even if it means George's expulsion from the famous training school. To bring Cadet Montgomery to his senses, his musician brother composes a rousing song, "Uncle Sam Gets Around," and Cupid, alas, goes down for the count of nine.

Good music, good looks and some special bits of acting here and there keep the picture lively at least. And is that Montgomery handsome in uniform!

Your Reviewer Says: An Uncle Sammy special.

✓ Glamour Boy (Paramount)

It's About: A star who is a has-been at nineteen.

MARK this down right now in your little date book as a movie worth seeing come rain, shine, thunder or lightning. It's not a great big smash-eroowoo, remember, but it's good, it's cozy, it's appealing and it's loaded with human interest. What's more, it has Jackie Cooper playing a semifactual role in experiences that somewhat parallel his own.

Once a famous child star, Jackie, now ignored, is called in by a studio to coach a new child star, Darryl Hickman (a real Quiz kid), in a remake of Jackie's former hit, "Skippy."

In the meantime, Jackie meets and falls for Susanna Foster, gets himself into plenty of grief and gradually emerges with a bracing new viewpoint, while smug little Hickman slips into a suit of human kindness.

Walter Abel's singing over the telephone to little Timmie Hawkins, Susanna's warbling and Jackie Cooper's viewing himself in "Skippy" are the highlights of this little breath of spring.

Your Reviewer Says: A goodie.

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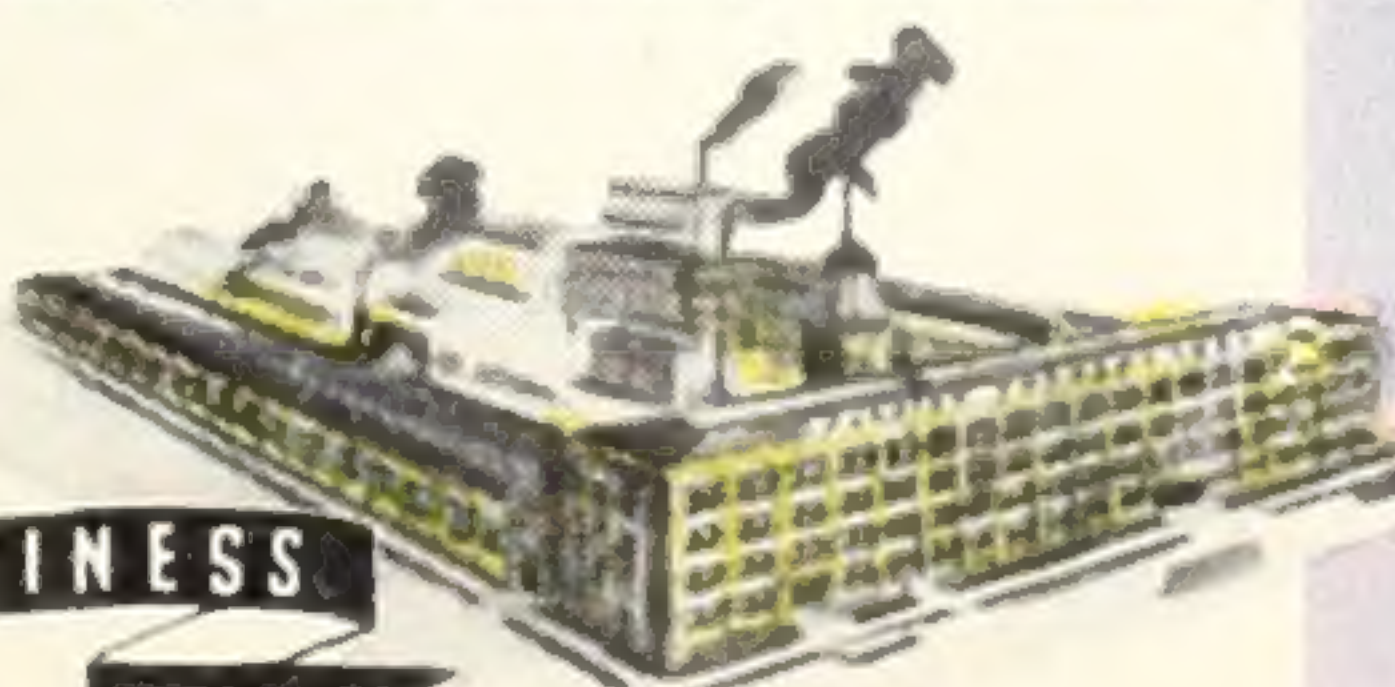
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Mrs. John Hylan Heminway, *New York*
Mrs. Alexander Hixon, *California*
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